

The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

10¢

LEILA
HYAMS

LOOKING
INTO THE
STARS'
SALARY
ENVELOPES

HOME TOWN STORY of RUDY VALLEE

ROAR, LION, ROAR

ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"—the greatest directors—the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources—pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as *THE BIG PARADE*, *BEN HUR*, *THE BROADWAY MELODY*, *MADAME X*, *HOLLYWOOD REVUE*, *OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS*, *THE ROGUE SONG*, *ANNA CHRISTIE*, *THE DIVORCEE*—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!



METRO-GOLD

"More Stars Than"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1 9 3 0 — 1 9 3 1

FEATURED PLAYERS

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Roland Young

DIRECTORS

Lionel Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille

A few of the big pictures to come

Ramon NOVARRO
"The Singer of Seville"

Greta GARBO
"Red Dust"

Marion DAVIES
"Rosalie"

Joan CRAWFORD
"Great Day"

Lon CHANEY
"The Bugle Sounds"

John GILBERT
"Way for a Sailor"

Lawrence TIBBETT
"The New Moon"

William HAINES
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

"Madame Satan"
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"
(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of Time"
(With 'more stars than there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"
with Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marietta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"
What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

SONG WRITERS

Martin Brookes
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Ward
Harry Woods

WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Block

Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker
Branden

Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Colton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymer
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
Williard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuchock
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wodehouse
Miguel de Zarraba



WYN-MAR
There are in Heaven"



The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. II

Features

No. 2

Cover Painting of Leila Hyams by Penrhyn Stanlaws

- Back to Her First Hate**..... *Dick Hyland* 27
Elsie Ferguson starts all over again in Hollywood.
- Looking Into the Stars' Salary Envelopes**.. *Tamar Lane and Fred'k James Smith* 28
Why star salaries are dropping—and the exact earnings of your favorites.
- The Thunder Thief**..... *Adela Rogers St. Johns* 32
She's Marie Dressler, who'll steal a picture in the flash of an eye.
- Won by a Nose**..... *Rosalind Shaffer* 34
The retroussé is the actress nose and all big stars possess concave nasal profiles.
- Hollywood's Successor to IT**..... *Dorothy Herzog* 38
The hemline came down and sounded the death knell of the flapper.
- The Last Days of Valentino**..... *Herbert Howe* 40
How the Italian peasant boy died a king with a broken heart.
- Home Town Stories of the Stars**..... *Perdita Houston* 44
The romance of Rudy Vallee, of Westbrook, Maine.
- The Unknown Charlie Chaplin**..... *Jim Tully* 50
More about the complex and many-sided genius of laughter.
- The Montana Kid**..... *Dick Hyland* 66
He's Gary Cooper and he's a young man of contradictions.
- The Drama of Lila Lee**..... *Evelyn Gray* 86
Act II in the absorbing life story of this popular actress.
- The Poor Little Rich Girl**..... *Antoinette Spitzer* 89
Hope Hampton believes that wealth is a detriment to success.
- We Have With Us Tonight**..... *Homer Croy* 90
NEW MOVIE gives another big Hollywood banquet.

Fiction

- A Fool and His Honey**..... *Stewart Robertson* 46
The funniest motion picture short story of the year.

Departments

- The Hollywood Boulevardier**..... *Herb Howe* 56
Mr. Howe tells you the real inside stories of moviedom.
- Reviews of the New Films**..... *Frederick James Smith* 83
Concise and accurate comments upon the important photoplays.
- First Aids to Beauty**..... *Ann Boyd* 98
Advice and rules for charm and attractiveness.

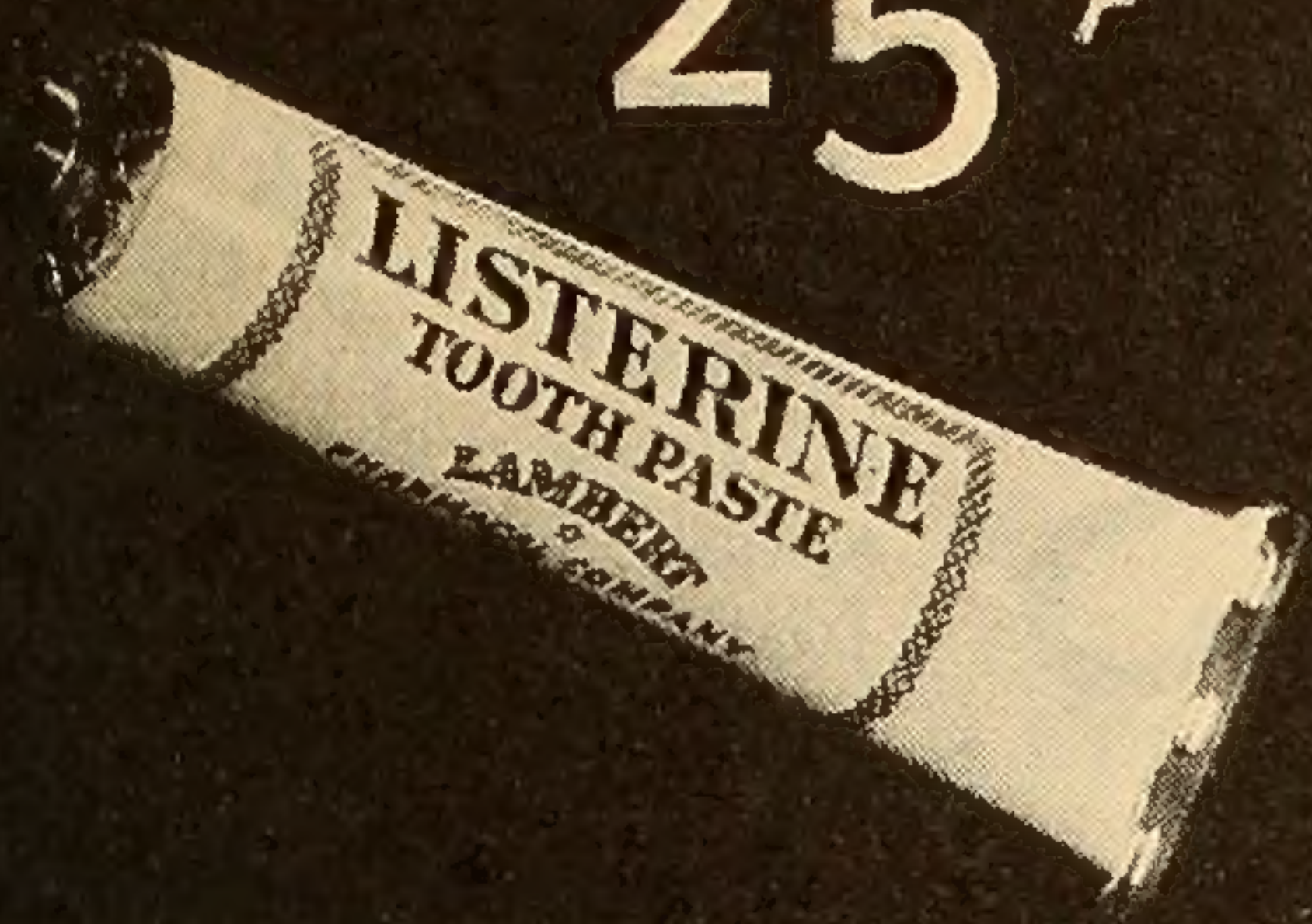
AND: Dollar Thoughts, 6; Where to Write the Movie Stars, 8; Gossip of the Studios, 13; How Hollywood Entertains, 74; Guide to the Best Films, 94.

Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor
Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

Published monthly by Tower Magazines, Incorporated. Office of publication at 184-10 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y. Executive and editorial offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Home office: 22 North Franklin Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Hugh Weir, Editorial Director; Catherine McNelis, President; Theodore Alexander, Treasurer; Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary. Vol. 2, Number 2, August, 1930, printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States \$1.20 a year, 10c a copy. Price in Canada \$1.80 a year, 15c a copy. Copyright, 1930 (trademark registered), by Tower Magazines, Incorporated, in the United States and Canada. Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter under the Act of March 3, 1879. Nothing that appears in THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without permission. The publisher accepts no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

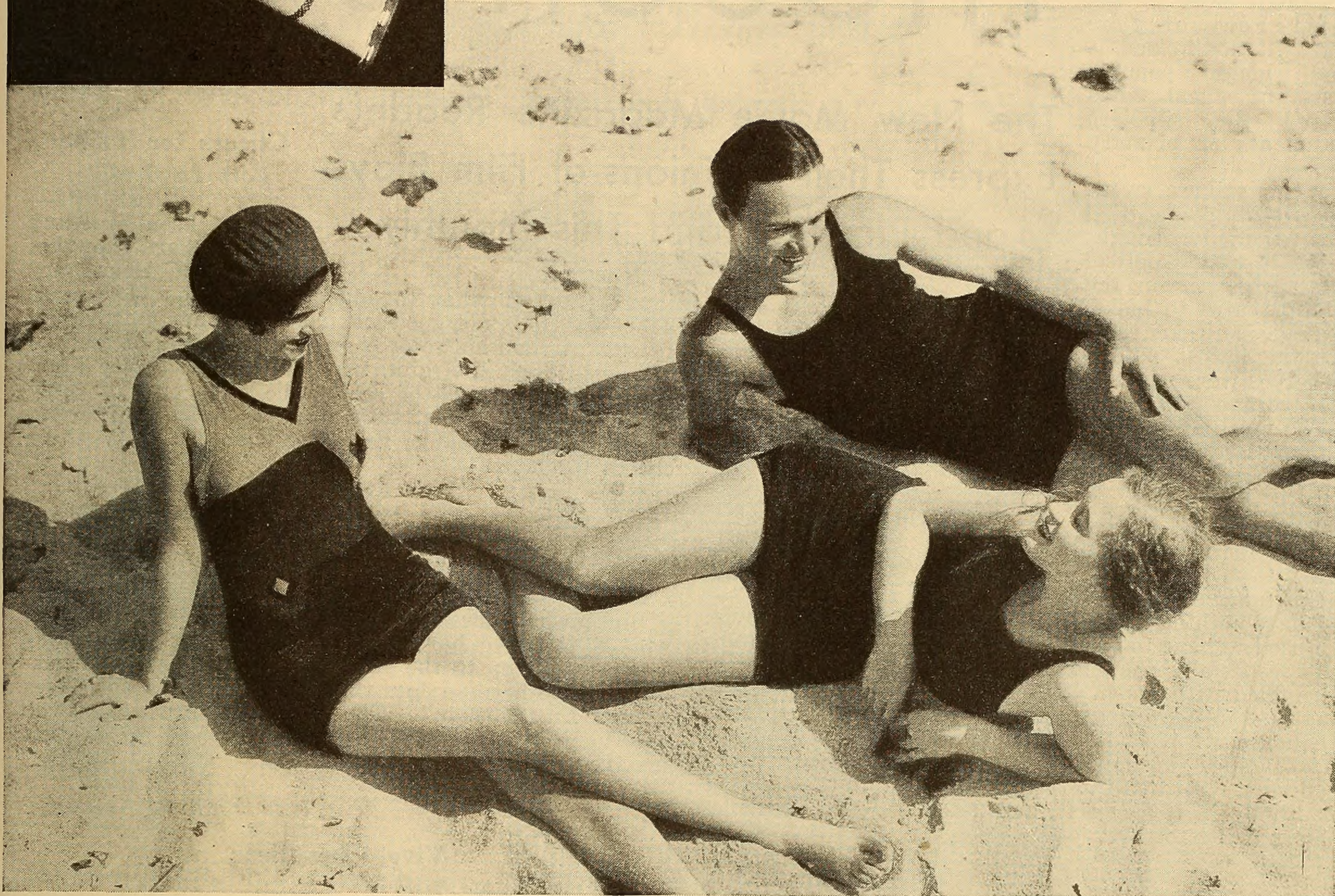
Applicant for Membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulations

25¢



Buy a bathing suit with
what you save

So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.



“We all agreed

that our teeth had improved — *and found we all used the same tooth paste*”

So writes a St. Louis woman devoted to Listerine Tooth Paste because of its very definite—and apparent—results, and its welcome economy.

It is really amazing how wonderfully well Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth.

If your teeth are closely set, off color, have blemishes, and are particularly hard to whiten, try a tube of this quality dentifrice for a week or more.

You will be delighted to find how swiftly but how gently it erases discoloration and tartar, leaving the teeth snowy white and lustrous. You will like the refreshing feeling it imparts to the mouth and gums.

And you will welcome that saving of \$3 it accomplishes. In every way, you will find it the equal of dentifrices costing twice as much or more. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

10c size on sale at all Woolworth stores

Illiteracy Myth Exploded

San Francisco, Calif.

The new movies, talking pictures, have disabused the public mind on one of the most important subjects of pre-talkie days... the illiteracy of "the stars". Gossip had it that many popular stars of silent films lacked the simplest rudiments of primary education.

When talkies swept the world like a tidal wave, the public sought theaters with skeptical tolerance expecting the talking stars to make idiots of themselves... and, instead, it awakened to the fact that not only the stars but the lowest paid, most unimportant movie maids or heroes were capable of speaking better English than the average person in the street.

The myth of Hollywood's illiteracy is exploded—people now believe that the stars sign their contracts with a signature instead of an "X".

*Gilson Willets,
890 Geary Street.*

For Entire Family

Cincinnati, Ohio—

I have nothing but the highest praise for NEW MOVIE. We used to have to watch what our sons and daughters read, especially the movie magazines, most of which were filled with trash. But now we have a respectable magazine in NEW MOVIE, and I am glad to see it around the house. I picked up a copy of last month's issue and thumbed through it to see what my children were reading. I became interested and read it through. I am highly in favor of it, and recommend it as wholesome reading for everyone.

*J. W. McKeown,
355 Baum Blvd.*

Well, Maybe

New York, N. Y.—

When one reads fifteen letters and ten of them are in praise of NEW MOVIE instead of about plays and players as the heading infers—one becomes just a bit disgusted.

Why not eliminate some of or all of the personal horn-blowing—for, if you don't, people will think they're entitled to a dollar for saying something flattering.

Isn't this thought worth a dollar?

*J. Lindsey Miller,
30 5th Ave., Apt. 9 A.*

Doesn't Like Vallee

Palmyra, Miss.—

Thumbs down for Rudy Vallee. His picture was handed to him on a silver platter and yet Marie Dressler got all the histrionic honors.

He sings O. K., his band is very good, but his acting is as if he were petrified.

I only wish my Vagabond Dreams would come true and there wouldn't be any Vallee.

Stewart Johnson.

Collecting Voices

West New York, N. J.—

With the coming of talkies I predict a strong come-back of the phonograph and Victrola record. We who collect photographs of our favorite stars will add to this hobby—collecting records of our screen idols' voices.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

Won't someone please tell Clive Brook, William Powell, Gary Cooper, Mary Pickford, Ann Harding, etc., to sail, motor, or fly to the nearest phonograph recording station and speak, sing or whistle for us—their adoring public?

*Lillian E. Miller,
1377 Boulevard East,
Apt. 2 F—South.*

Cheers for Tibbett

*Fort Lauderdale,
Florida—*

I've been reading your Dollar Thoughts and I find them very

interesting. I want to add this bit about Lawrence Tibbett. He is not good-looking but he has a charming personality and his voice is excellent—so full of feeling. If people don't like him, why do they go to see him? Most people get sick of seeing the same type of jazzy pictures all the time, they want something different, and it is a real treat to have a change. So I say, three cheers for Larry!

*Ridge Rountree,
201 Southeast Sixth Avenue.*

Another Movie Error

Chicago, Ill.—

Since when does the bride, on the arm of the man who is to "give her away," precede her bridesmaids as she walks up to the altar to meet her intended husband? The heroine does this in "The New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu." The producers are usually so careful in this respect but they slipped up in this instance.

*M. H. Bond,
7406 Phillips Avenue.*

Vive, Chevalier

New York, N. Y.—

Pearl O'Moore writes to NEW MOVIE that she can't see anything nice in Maurice Chevalier. Personally, I think he is just about perfect, but I don't try to bring everyone to my point of view. I can't bear Rudy Vallee or Buddy Rogers, but I realize that some people like these actors and Miss O'Moore should realize that a good many people like Chevalier.

*Pearl A. Katzman,
601 West 189th Street.*

Thrilled by Garbo Voice

Los Angeles, Calif.—

I have seen and heard Garbo in her first talking picture. What a joy and revelation to hear this glamorous girl speak so well. I sat spellbound through two entire performances, charmed and thrilled with her deep, compelling voice and the exquisite artistry with which she portrayed "Anna Christie."

*Helene Graefner,
1656 W. 47th St., Apt. 2.*

Loses His Illusions

Binghamton, N. Y.—

So you like Greta Garbo's voice as disclosed in "Anna Christie." Well, well! To me it sounded just like the delivery of the winter's coal. All my illusions were smashed by that hoarse voice. Why were the talkies invented, anyway?

*Jack Harris,
Chenango Street.
(Continued on page 104)*

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's lovely skin. You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!"

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.



NANCY CARROLL has lovely skin.

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap."

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even more close-ups than silent pictures."

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep their skin just



JEAN ARTHUR always uses Lux Toilet Soap.



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW says: "People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

Clara Bow

as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest



MARY BRIAN's skin shows flawless in a close-up.

"extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

WHERE to WRITE the MOVIE STARS

When you want to write the stars or players, address your communications to the studios as indicated. If you are writing for a photograph, be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps or silver.

If you send silver, wrap the coin carefully.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
George K. Arthur
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Lionel Belmore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Duncan Sisters
Marie Dressler
Josephine Dunn
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Leila Hyams

Dorothy Janis
Dorothy Jordan
Kay Johnson
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Bessie Love
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Aileen Pringle
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Virginia Bruce
Jack Buchanan
Nancy Carroll
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
June Collyer
Chester Conklin
Jackie Coogan
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Marlene Dietrich
Kay Francis
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
James Hall

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Rosita Moreno
David Newell
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
Zelma O'Neal
Eugene Pallette
Joan Peers
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Florence Vidor
Fay Wray

Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
Lorayne DuVal
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent

Beth Laemmle
Arthur Lake
Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky
Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Marjorie Beebe
Rex Bell
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Dorothy Burgess
Sue Carol
Sammy Cohen
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Charles Eaton
Charles Farrell
Earle Foxe
John Garrick

Janet Gaynor
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Kenneth MacKenna
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Milton Sills
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
John Wayne
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Armida
John Barrymore
Betty Bronson
Joe Brown
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
Lila Lee

Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Colleen Moore
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Alice White
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Evelyn Brent
William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt

Margaret Livingston
Jacqueline Logan
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

Now you can
TAKE THE GUESSWORK
OUT OF
"GOING TO THE MOVIES"

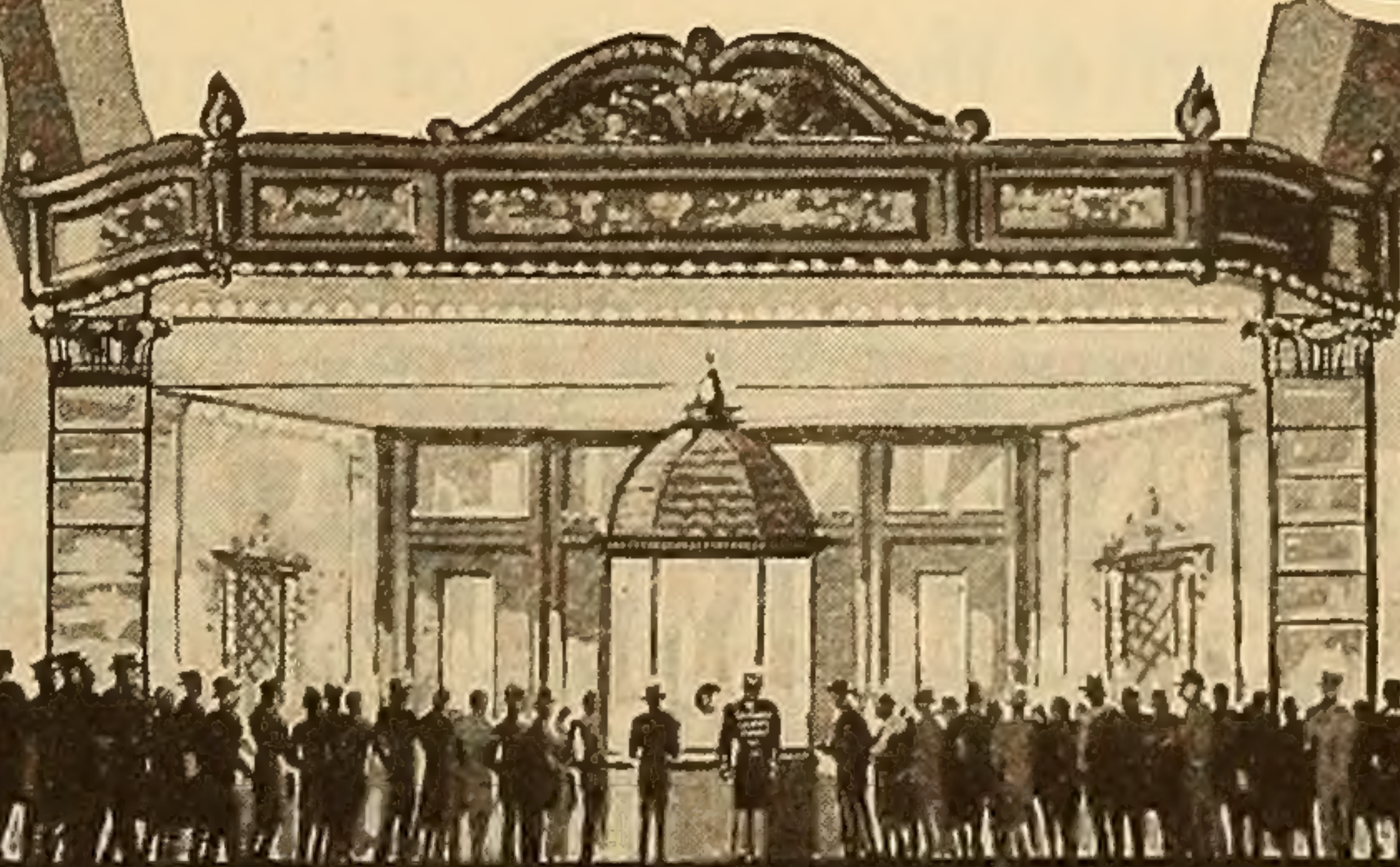
A NEW movie season is almost here . . .
Make sure it brings you better,
richer talking picture entertainment!

Wouldn't you like to have a say in
"booking" attractions for your local
theatre? Wouldn't you like to help
pick the pictures you're going to
see in the next twelve months?

Wouldn't you like to make
sure of seeing your favorite
stars, and the biggest hits
of the coming season?

There IS a way to do it
—if you act now!

here's how...



Tell your theatre Manager you want to see

WARNER BROS.

FIRST NATIONAL

and

ITAPHONE



RIGHT now your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He's trying to choose the ones YOU'LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He'll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists . . . Notice the wealth of famous stars . . . the brilliant stories by favorite authors . . . the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year . . . Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.

(Titles and casts are subject to change in a few instances.)

WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

JOHN BARRYMORE
in **"MOBY DICK"**

From the famous novel by Herman Melville.
With Joan Bennett.

JOHN BARRYMORE

In a second spectacular production.

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"

All in Technicolor

Their first original romance.
By Sigmund Romberg and Oscar
Hammerstein 2nd.

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"

From the long-run stage hit. With John
Halliday, Mary Brian and other stars.

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"

With the All-American Football Team
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

GEORGE ARLISS

in **"OLD ENGLISH"**

From the celebrated play by John
Galsworthy. With a star cast.

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"

The greatest musical comedy in years in
New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

"THE OFFICE WIFE"

By Faith Baldwin.

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

All in Technicolor

With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy
and others.

"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"

All in Technicolor

A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

AL JOLSON in **"BIG BOY"**

All Laughs!

"SIT TIGHT"

With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown,
Irene Delroy.

"RED HOT SINNERS"

With Winnie Lightner.

"NANCY FROM NAPLES"

Irene Delroy, Charles King and 10 other
stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"

Magnificent romance by Oscar
Hammerstein 2nd and Sigmund Romberg.

AND MANY OTHERS

Also **"VITAPHONE VARIETIES"**

The finest of all "Short Subjects."



FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in **"THE DAWN PATROL"**

A vast production and a perfect
Barthelmess story.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in **"ADIOS"**

The brilliant star in the kind of part that
made him famous.

**"THE GIRL
OF THE GOLDEN WEST"**

One of the greatest stage plays of all time,
to be filmed with Ann Harding, James
Rennie and 7 other stars.

OTIS SKINNER in **"KISMET"**

With Loretta Young

One of the stage's greatest stars in his
most famous hit.

"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"

All in Technicolor

From the glorious Victor Herbert hit,
"Mlle. Modiste," with a tremendous cast.

"MOTHER'S CRY"

From the famous best-selling novel.

"TOP SPEED"

Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great
Broadway success.

"THE BAD MAN"

Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a
celebrated stage comedy.

MARILYN MILLER
in **"SUNNY"**

By Otto Harbach and Oscar
Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

"WOMAN HUNGRY"

All in Technicolor

With Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler
and 5 other stars.

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"

All in Technicolor

With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8
more stars.

"RIGHT OF WAY"

From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert
Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young
and others.

"THE CALL OF THE EAST"

First original screen production by the
brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern
and Otto Harbach.

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-
packed pages of Rafael Sabatini.

**"THE HONOR OF THE
FAMILY"**

With Walter Huston.

AND MANY OTHERS



STARS and PICTURES



for 1930-1931

Cast your

VOTE

for

WARNER BROS.

FIRST NATIONAL

and VITAPHONE

STARS and PICTURES

for

**1930
1931**



Vitaphone is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor process.

YOU have just read on the preceding page the most ambitious array of super-productions any company has ever dared to plan!

Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

Many of them will be radiant with the resplendent tints of Technicolor...and ALL will have the perfect tone of Vitaphone.

If you enjoyed "Disraeli", "Gold Diggers of Broadway", and the scores of other great Vitaphone successes released last year, you will want to be sure to see the stars and new productions of the companies that have proved their preeminence by turning out hits like these.

To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC.
321 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

T

I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year. Please send me a photograph of

(Insert name of any star mentioned in this announcement.)

(Signed).....

(Address).....

(City & State).....

The New Movie Magazine



Gossip of the Studios

TALKIES have increased the earnings of the motion picture industry \$500,000,000 a YEAR! They have doubled the attendance.

seeing as how they are getting one million dollars for thirty days' work.

* * *



Charles Farrell: Wins newspaper popularity contest in New York and Chicago, defeating Buddy and Gary.

HAROLD LLOYD had to postpone his scheduled trip to Honolulu, where a number of scenes in his next picture, "Feet First" are to be shot. The reason: an uncertain and troublesome appendix. And to add to his tough luck for the month, a \$2,500 Great Dane prize dog died from poisoning.

* * *

COSMO HAMILTON, noted British writer and author of "The Blindness of Virtue," has come to Hollywood to see what can be done about making better pictures. His first blast on arriving was to say that present marriage laws are the bunk! "Marriage should be made so difficult that nobody would want it," he said. On the same thought he advocated making divorces so easy anyone could get one at any time for any reason whatsoever. He has been married once—and divorced.



William Powell: He slipped away quietly for a vacation touring Europe with his pal, Ronald Colman.

* * *

Signor Benito Mussolini ran Al Jolson's "The Singing Fool" in his private talkie theater in Rome.

* * *

look something like Rudie's and tried unsuccessfully to break into pictures, made a flock of charges against George Ullman, Rudie's friend and business manager, who is the executor of the estate. Ullman showed in court that, far from mishandling the estate, he had built it up from being a half-million in debt to where over \$300,000 was in the clear. That was done by the judicious exploitation of Rudie's pictures after his death. No other screen star's pictures have made money after his death.

* * *

Hollywood has 160,000 population. In the last ten years 75 corner lots between Western and Highland on Hollywood Boulevard show an average increase of \$116,408 each in valuation.

* * *

BILL HART is all right again after having had his tonsils removed. Lon Chaney was in the hospital at the same time, having a small operation on his throat.

* * *

"CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK" is the name of the picture Amos 'n' Andy will make in Hollywood. And a right good name, say we,



VIVIENNE SEGAL, New York stage star and now a Warner Brothers star has a pet punch she serves. One quart of grape juice, one pint of orange juice, one-half cup of sugar, four bottles of ginger ale and one-third cup of lemon juice. This makes three quarts of a rather tasty beverage.

* * *

On his way back from Europe, Doug Fairbanks flew from New York to Hollywood.

* * *

THE DAILY NEWS (a New York tabloid), held a contest to decide the most

The Who's Who of Hollywood—what the



Mary Pickford: She stops work abruptly on her new picture and sets Hollywood talking.

popular screen players. Charlie Farrell led Buddy Rogers by over ten thousand votes. Janet Gaynor won the girl's end of the contest and beat Greta Garbo by a big margin.

The Chicago Tribune held a contest and while the vote was not as heavy, Gaynor again beat Garbo and Farrell beat Gary Cooper.

* * *

A PARTY of Hollywood people, including Alexander Gray,

Warner Brothers player, recently decided to live fifty years ago. So they dolled up in old time costumes and took a four-day horseback trip into the mountains—using nothing in the line of equipment except things which could have been used fifty years ago. That's an idea for some fun, at that.

* * *

Gary Cooper was born on May seventh.

* * *

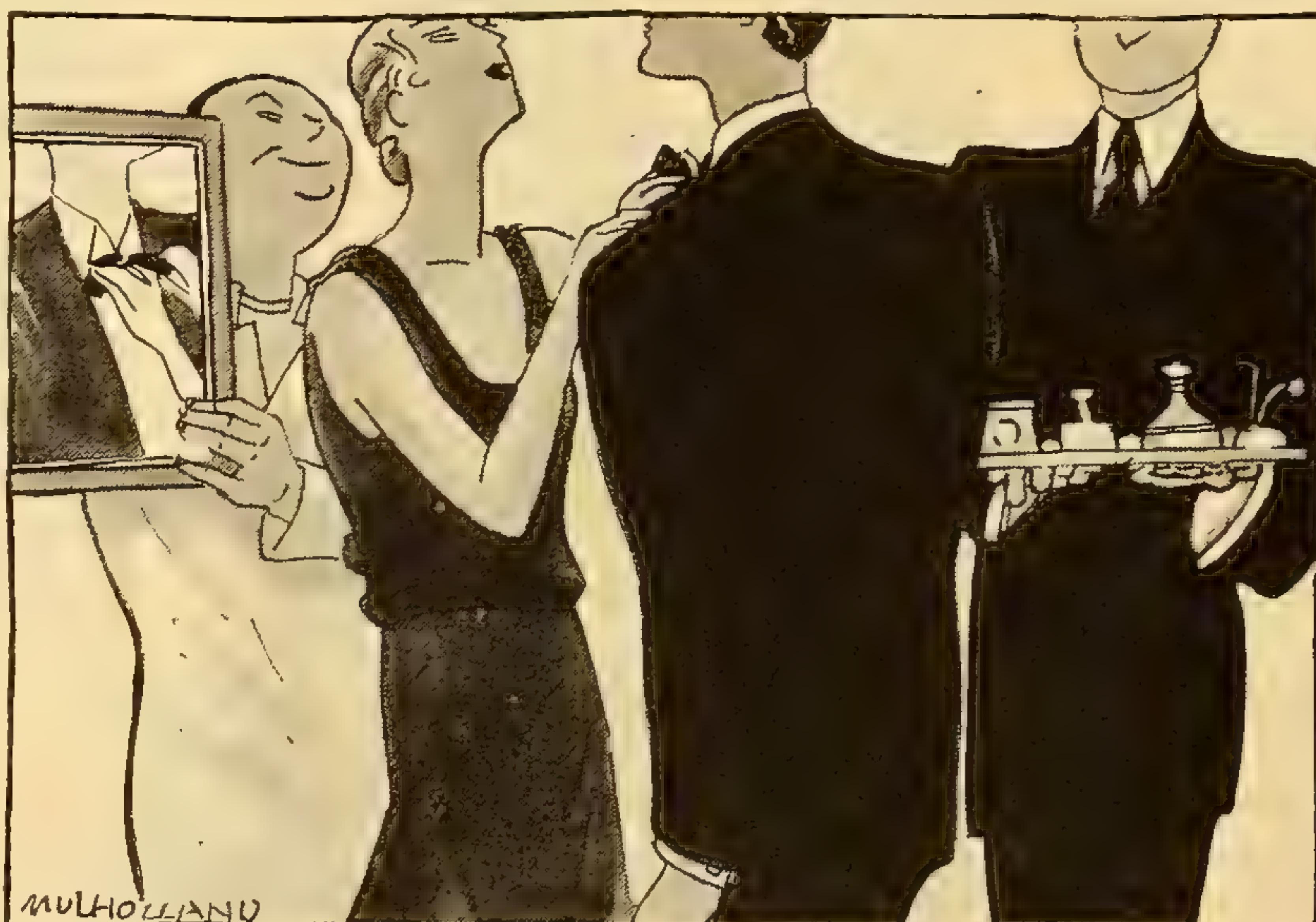
LAWRENCE TIBBETT is back in Hollywood after a concert tour. His next picture will be "New Moon" with Grace Moore, another opera singer, as his co-star.

* * *

A BANDIT held up the Santa Fe's crack train, The Chief, just as it was pulling out of Los Angeles for Chicago. He took a \$6,500 engagement ring and a \$1,000 diamond encrusted dinner ring from Marian Nixon. He gave her back her wedding ring, which he had taken, when she began to cry. He took \$400 in cash from Marian's husband, Edward Hillman. He knocked on the door of Mrs. Al Jolson's compartment but she had locked herself in and refused to unlock. She had caught a glimpse of the bandit and had dodged into her compartment. The bandit overlooked a \$5,000 necklace around Miss Nixon's neck.

* * *

THREE thousand feet over Hollywood an airplane sailed through the clouds. In it were thirteen people. They held a telephone and radio conversation with Premier Mussolini, who was in Rome, for seven minutes. They talked to Ambassador Charles Dawes in London for five minutes. They gabbed with Director Milch in Berlin for fourteen minutes. And then called up Mexico City, Ottawa, Canada and New York. That's an air chatter record.



Here is one Lilyan Tashman, who is regarded by many as the best dressed woman in pictures, is telling on herself. During a recent visit to New York she and her husband, Edmund Lowe, were guests at a dinner party at the fashionable Central Park Casino. Miss Tashman had a gorgeous new white gown for the occasion and couldn't understand why she felt so uncomfortable all evening. It wasn't until after the second dance that she found she had the dress on hind side before.

* * *

RUTH CHATTERTON was forced to stay in bed for a week with a very bad cold which threatened to develop into pneumonia. She is okay again now. Ralph Forbes, her husband, and Ruth have rented Anna Q. Nilsson's house at Malibu Beach for the summer.

* * *

ALMA RUBENS and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, have come to the parting of the ways. Alma is suing for a separation, not a divorce.

* * *

JOE SCHENCK offered George M. Cohan \$1,000,000 to come to Hollywood and make talking pictures. Cohan accepted and started. He stopped off in Chicago to play in his drama, "Gambling," and it went so well he decided the stage was more fun AND TORE UP THE MILLION-BUCK CONTRACT.

* * *

Ten years ago Beverly Hills had a population of 674. Today it has 17,428. An increase of 2465.7 per cent. Motion picture stars moving into Beverly attracted a lot of people!

* * *

MARSHALL NEILAN and Blanche Sweet, recently divorced, were seen lunching at the Embassy Club the other day. Blanche looked exceptionally pretty in a frock of green linen and a big floppy green hat.

* * *

TANIA FEDOR, a French belle who does not speak a word of English, landed on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and had the boys running around in circles looking for dictionaries. She is um-yum pretty and going to make French versions until she learns to parlay Onglaze.

* * *

Latin America bought more Hollywood pictures last year than all Europe. No wonder the producers have gone "Spanish version" mad.

* * *

BERNICE CLAIRE had the flu for a while last month and no one knew it. Incidentally her real name is Johnigan. She was born in California and is an Oakland girl.

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

SPEAKING of Harold Lloyd and his dogs, forty of his prize-winning animals are going to be given away. \$15,000 worth of dog. The reason is that the neighbors complain they are too noisy. When Harold built his kennels there was not a house within a half mile. Now the neighborhood has built up and although there first, the bowwows must go.

* * *

ERIC PEDLEY, of Hollywood and one of the best polo players in the United States. Mrs. T. H. Dudley (formerly Louise Williams), who was doubles champion of the United States with Mary K. Browne, and Marion Hollins, who was women's golf champion a few years ago, sat at a dinner seven years ago. They said that whichever one of them made a million dollars first would give the other two \$25,000 apiece.

Marion Hollins sold some oil rights in Kettleman Hills last month and gave another dinner. Underneath Pedley's and Mrs. Dudley's plates were checks for the 25 grand.

* * *

Raquel Torres' real name is Raquel Von Osterman.

* * *

ENTERTAINING for the first time since her return to Hollywood, Mrs. Frederick Worlock (Elsie Ferguson), and her husband, gave a dinner party at the Assistance League in Hollywood.

This tea room is run for the benefit of charity, and many of the wives of prominent actors, writers and sometimes the stars themselves who can find the time, have contributed by serving at luncheon and dinner. The tea room is the top floor of a house, converted into a really charming old-fashioned dining-room. Mrs. Abraham Lehr is in charge of the activities.

The room was lighted with many candles and decorated with pink and yellow spring and summer flowers. The small tables were set with quaint china and old silver, and everyone voted Miss Ferguson a lot of thanks for finding so new and charming an atmosphere for entertaining away from home.

The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lighton (Hope Loring), Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Ilka Chase, Ruth Shipley, Leonora Harris, E. Sidney Howard, Arthur Richman, Paul Dicey, Achmed Abdullah, A. E. Thomas and others.

* * *

MARY PICKFORD gave a luncheon recently in her pretty bungalow on the United Artists lot in honor of Mei Lan-Fang, the famous Chinese actor. As her guests she invited Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Mey, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Swanson, Joseph Schenck and C. C. Chang.

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli are being seen everywhere together again now.

* * *

BILLIE DOVE entertained with a supper-dance at the Embassy Club following the premier of "Hell's Angels." The gowns of the women guests were particularly lovely. Small tables were set about the dance floor. Miss Dove was in a soft taffeta gown of green-blue, ornamented in gold stars, with a short jacket coat of the same material. The guest list included Charlie Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire), whose blonde beauty was set off by a white gown, with heavy silk fringe across the skirt; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), in a lovely gown of pale blue with a tight little jacket of blue and gold metal cloth; Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, John Considine and Joan Bennett, in white tulle; Jean Harlow also in white; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, James Hall and Myrna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Mrs. Mae Sunday and Wallace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dwan, Gloria Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer), Estelle Taylor Dempsey, in a backless gown of beige lace; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bard (Ruth Roland), Joseph Schenck, Virginia Cherrill, Will Hays, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hobart.

* * *

Bill Powell is in London with Ronny Colman.

* * *

THE most brilliant dinner-dance of the season was given by Marion Davies at her beautiful beach home in honor of Baron De Rothschild, who was her house guest during his brief stay in Hollywood.

The magnificent table in Miss Davies' dining-room was set for sixty guests and there was dancing in the lovely gold and ivory ball room, overlooking the ocean.

On Miss Davies' right was the Baron and on her left Florenz Ziegfeld. Miss Davies wore a gown of pale blue chiffon, and magnificent sapphires, in a ring, bracelet and necklace.

Her guests included Gloria Swanson, in a gown of silver gray lace, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld (Billie Burke), Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Worlock (Elsie Ferguson), Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton, looked particularly beautiful in a dancing frock of pure white chiffon), Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr and Mrs.



Harold Lloyd: Postponed his sea trip to make new film, because of appendix.



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Lupe Velez: She is still the storm center of popular Gary Cooper's affections.

George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Colleen Moore, William Haines, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Beatrice Lillie, Dorothy Mackaill, Gene Markey, Cedric Gibbons, Grace Moore in a white satin gown trimmed with brown feathers; Dolores Del Rio, all in black with magnificent diamonds; Marilyn Miller, Betty Bronson, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages, Edmund Goulding and Seena Owen, Mrs.

Sadie Murray, Anita Murray, Matt Moore, Virginia Cherrill, Andre Luguet, Tania Fedor, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert (Ina Claire).

* * *

HOLLYWOOD society has been remarkably gay of late. Parties for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon occupied many high spots on the social calendar.

Among the most interesting affairs was a luncheon-shower given by Mrs. Townsend Netcher (Constance Talmadge) at her beautiful beach home. The small tables were decorated with little dolls, dressed as bride and groom, and lovely spring flowers. Among the guests were Mae Sunday, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, Louella Parsons, Mrs. Edwin Knopf, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mrs. Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, Bessie Love, Corinne Griffith, Carmelita Geraghty and Seena Owen.

The girls wore gay sport suits and Connie herself was in brilliant yellow pajamas, with a white satin waist and a long coat.

* * *

Hoot Gibson has a new Packard speedster that steps up to 125 miles an hour.

* * *

MRS. SADIE MURRAY of New York, who has taken a home in Beverly Hills since her daughter, Anita Murray, went into pictures, gave a beautifully appointed dinner-dance for Miss Daniels and Mr. Lyon. A buffet supper for a hundred guests was served. The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Don Alvarado, Colleen Moore, Leatrice Joy, William Haines, Beatrice Lillie, Polly Moran, Dolores Del Rio, Marilyn Miller, Lloyd and Carmen Pantages, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, Rube Goldberg, Lew Cody, Mr. and Mrs. Millard Webb (Mary Eaton), Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, Marion Davies,

Cedric Gibbon, Jimmy Shields, Ivan Lebedeff, Fifi Dorsay, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, Elsie Janis and Mrs. Janis, Jack King.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON, whose husband, the Marquis De la Falaise, is still in Paris, and from whom it is rumored she may soon be divorced, is being seen out nowadays with a number of very distinguished and handsome young escorts. Among them Gene Markey, the writer, and Sidney Howard, the playwright. Small wonder she's popular. There has never been and probably never will be as attractive a woman in the film colony as the stunning Miss Swanson.

* * *

William Farnum is fifty-four years old.

* * *

GEORGE OLSEN'S Supper Club, on the road between Hollywood and Santa Monica, is getting a great play from the film colony. Any evening you drop in there you are sure to see a number of stars dining and dancing. Mae Murray and her husband, Millard Webb and his pretty wife, Mary Eaton, were there with a party recently. Mae Murray looked stunning in black, with a little black and silver hat. Buster Collier and Marie Prevost were there, too, Marie in a white sports costume. Colleen Moore and Julianne Johnson, accompanied by Willis Goldbeck and Harold Grieve, Hollywood's favorite interior decorator, were having a gay little supper party. Eddie Cantor and his wife entertained a big dinner party.

* * *

JOHN BARRYMORE and his wife, Dolores Costello, are planning to go to Alaska soon for the salmon fishing, aboard Jack's marvelous new yacht. They haven't decided yet whether to take little Miss Barrymore, who is only a few months old, but probably they will leave her at home in Beverly Hills.

* * *

JANET GAYNOR is still at outs with the Fox Studios over stories. She says that she does not intend to do any more "High Society Blues," a picture she detested. However, now that Winnie Sheehan is back on the West Coast, the little star will probably have her difficulties adjusted. In the meantime she has taken a beach house at Playa Del Rey with her husband, Lydell Pack, and seems to be enjoying her vacation. She likes to slip away now and then and dance at the public dance hall on the Venice Pier, where no one ever recognizes her.

* * *

Everyone in Hollywood is taking French or Spanish lessons.

* * *

HOOT GIBSON and Sally Eilers expect to be married some time this summer. Not a big wedding, just a few inti-



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

mate friends. Sally is reported on the verge of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, and now that Ziegfeld has named her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, she ought to be much sought by producers. Hoot is concentrating on his new ranch at Saugus. He aims to make his yearly rodeo second only to the Pendleton Round-Up.

* * *

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, for many years one of the great actresses and great beauties of London, is in Hollywood—just for a visit, she says. She recently closed a London season in "The Matriarch." It is well-known that Mrs. Campbell has for years studied the art of the speaking voice, which is her great hobby. Hollywood thinks she may remain to instruct young screen stars in proper dramatic speaking. An interesting addition—for Mrs. Campbell is one of the old school of the famous actresses around whom legends center. Once when she played in New York the manager had to cover the streets for blocks with tan bark, because she said the noise of traffic disturbed her when she was playing.

* * *

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S wife is a very pretty little Frenchwoman, with blue-black hair and a vivacious manner. Her accent is fascinating and her sense of humor always ready. The other evening at a dinner party at Sadie Murray's she turned the tables on a "comic butler," imported for the occasion, and was much funnier than he was. She is a devoted wife, and the Chevaliers lead a very quiet life, always going home early from parties. Mrs. Chevalier has the same delightful French accent that marks her husband's speaking on the screen.

* * *

Ten million dollars was paid for a tract of land in the mountains between Santa Monica and Beverly Hills. Eastern capitalists say they will make plenty of money on the deal.

* * *

WITHIN ten days of the end, Mary Pickford has called off her new picture, "Secrets," and the latest report is that she will start all over again with a new cast, director and cameraman—especially cameraman. The news shocked Hollywood, since it was rumored that she was getting a great picture out of this once successful stage play. Marshall Neilan was directing.

* * *

THE Embassy is very gay at lunch time these days. Saw Evelyn Brent there the other day, lunching with Micky Flynn. Monta Bell, just back in Hollywood after directing in New York, at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn. Carmel Myers with a group of girl friends. Warner Baxter and his beauti-



ful wife. Jesse Lasky and Walter Wanger — Mr. Lasky has just returned from Europe to resume active control of the Paramount forces. Dolores Del Rio, very lovely in a sport suit of green, with her most intimate friend, Mrs. Don Alvarado. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Mae Sunday, in a white skirt and an orchid sweater, and Beatrice Lillie.

* * *

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, born in Denver, Colorado, had a birthday May 23rd. The stars that day said: Self-confidence, perseverance and enthusiasm are characteristics of those born today. Their actions reflect daring, courage, forcefulness and thought and, while they are artistic, they also possess business ability. Which is a pretty good description of one Doug Fairbanks as Hollywood knows him.

* * *

Vilma Banky says she never did realize what happiness was until she retired from the screen and became a home-maker for Rod La Rocque.

* * *

HARRY LAUDER says they make talkies better in Hollywood than in England and that is the reason he is going there to make his first talkie.

* * *

WINNIE SHEEHAN, newly elected head of Fox Films, was given a monster banquet upon his return to Hollywood from New York. One hundred and thirty-five people, among them Will Hays, Will Rogers, Flo Ziegfeld, Sam Goldwyn, Al Jolson, Sid Grauman, Rube Goldberg, Irving Thalberg and Cecil B. De Mille whooped it up in his honor.

* * *

GARY COOPER and Lupe Velez were riding on the roller coaster at the Venice Pier, a beach near Hollywood. Gary wanted to get off after the second trip but Lupe adores the roller coaster, so they rode seventeen times more. Afterwards they visited all the concessions and Lupe went home loaded with vases and kewpie dolls, ornamented with feathers. The strong, silent young man of the films seems to be wax in Lupe's hands.



Mrs. Maurice Chevalier: A former Paris favorite, she has a ready wit.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD FOLKS ARE TALKING ABOUT

DOUG MACLEAN just returned to Hollywood from a trip around the world on a freighter. He is busy writing a play.

* * *

Who has forgotten "Seventh Heaven"?

* * *



George Bancroft: Goes to New York to negotiate a new Paramount contract.

KNUTE ROCKNE is going to make a series of short football talks—illustrated—for Pathe. What with the movies, newspaper and magazine writing, after-dinner speeches, and whatnot, it is getting so that football coaches are doing everything except coach football.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is fast becoming the literary center of the world.

Theodore Dreiser (*The American Tragedy*), P. G. Wodehouse (*Jeeves*), Richard Haliburton (*Royal Road to Romance*), Louis Bromfield (*Green Bay Tree*), W. E. Woodward (*Meet General Grant*), Sinclair Lewis, Will Durant, Zoe Aiken, Frederick Lonsdale, Rupert Hughes, Gene Markey, Maxwell Anderson and a flock of other noted authors are all in the cinema city.

* * *

Blanche Mehaffey has changed her red hair to blonde and her name to Joan Alden.

* * *

IRENE MAYER and Dave Selznick, newlyweds, took a honeymoon trip across the continent without even as much as a toothbrush for baggage. Their grips were sent to the wrong station in Los Angeles, so missed their train. Then Papa Louis B. Mayer put the bags into an airplane hoping to catch the train at Albuquerque. But engine trouble forced the plane down and the young couple were shirtless until Chicago.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN held up traffic by blocking the streets in Beverly Hills. But he did not intend to. He just shot some scenes in the street and people flocked around until the cops had to be called.

* * *

BEN LYON'S fan mail dropped from over five hundred a day, which he was getting when he started "*Hell's Angels*," to twenty-five a day at the end of the picture. That's because he was almost three years off the screen. But now the postman is beginning to get weary again.

* * *

THEODORE DREISER, the famous author, in Hollywood on both

business and pleasure, says that before he made any money he had trouble dodging bill collectors. Now that he has money he has more trouble dodging bond salesmen. "And of the two the bond boys are the toughest," he says.

* * *

A MOVEMENT is on foot among educators of children to make the talking picture the next text-book. Historical and geographical subjects will be made into one-reelers and shown school children in the classroom. Nature studies will be photographed in color.

Can you imagine the difference between reading about Washington at Valley Forge and seeing it in a motion picture? Or the Battle of Bull Run? Or the Gettysburg address? Or the duel between Burr and Hamilton? Instead of having their minds on the ol' swimming hole on a hot May day, the kids will no longer lose interest.

* * *

ACHMED ABDULLAH, magazine writer now breaking into the movies, says he is just a laborer, "turning out stories instead of laying bricks."

* * *

SIX alligators got loose on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and could not be found. Buster Keaton, in making his latest picture, walks into a seven-foot-deep mudhole and disappears. He came up gasping and got out of the hole in a hurry. Looking at a tear in his panties he yelled, "Tell that zoo one of their damn alligators is in my hole."

* * *

AL JOLSON has given funds to be used to erect a Catholic Church at Palm Springs, desert resort not far from Hollywood muchly frequented by movie folk. This in order that tourists who wish to go to church can do so without crowding the small, homely building now used by the Indians.

* * *

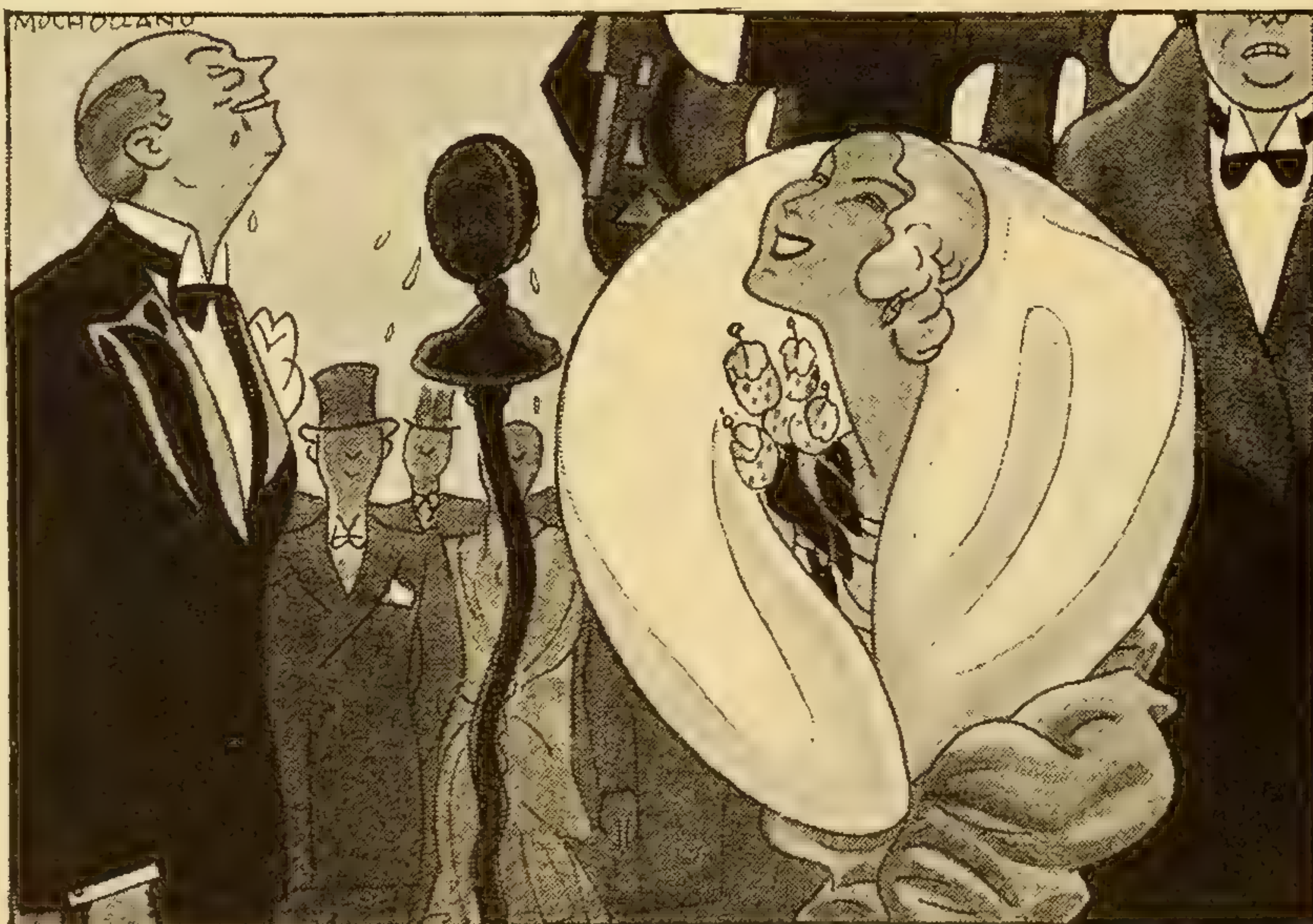
Shades of red and blue are the most popular colors in Hollywood.

* * *

LORETTA YOUNG has a new contract which calls for \$875 a week for the first year, \$1,250 a week the second year, \$1,750 the third, \$2,250 the fourth, and \$2,750 a week the fifth year. First National has the option of canceling the contract at the end of any year. But figure it up, if they don't. (Continued on page 97)



John Barrymore: Going on his yacht to Alaska with his wife, Dolores.





Photograph by Autrey

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL



Photograph by Hurrell

RAQUEL TORRES



Photograph by Richee

WILLIAM POWELL



Photograph by Hurrell

NORMA SHEARER



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

RICHARD BARTHELMESS



Photograph by Hurrell

CHARLES BICKFORD



Photograph by Hurrell

MARION DAVIES



AL JOLSON

Back to Her FIRST HATE

By DICK HYLAND



Elsie Ferguson left pictures because she wanted to use her voice. She wasn't happy and she went back to the stage. Now she has returned to the talking screen.

ELSIE FERGUSON has returned to her first hate.

She is back in motion pictures.

Eight years ago, Elsie Ferguson voluntarily abdicated her Hollywood throne. She turned her back upon the world-wide fame which the screen alone can give an actress. She gave up a salary which paid her thousands of dollars every week.

A star whose beauty and ability had raised her in a few pictures to rank with the greatest, she simply and without explanation walked out on Hollywood.

Now she has come back. The great position she left was not waiting for her. That doesn't happen. Where once her name was twenty-four-sheeted in movie palaces, as it had been for years on Broadway, her first rôle after her return was a supporting one with George Arliss.

As there was much talk when she went away, there is much talk now that she has come back. Seeing her one evening, slim and lovely and serene as ever, I wondered why she had left the screen and why she had returned. Her fans had been sad when she went away and would be happy, even after many years, to know that she was once more before the camera.

I WENT to the Beverly Hills Hotel to ask her. I went a little timidly, because I had heard plenty of tales relating to the Ferguson temperament.

My fears were groundless. A more gracious lady I have never met. Charming, frank, easy to talk to, the loveliest speaking voice I have ever heard, little flashes of humor illuminating her serious talk, she gave me three of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent in Hollywood.

"Why did you leave the screen?" I asked her.

She mused a moment. I studied the graceful line of her head, the clean-cut features. She is the patrician, poised type of beauty, with the perfect features that

years do not touch, unless to make more attractive.

"Have you ever been in a stuffy room for a long time," she asked me, "and suddenly felt that you just *had* to go out and get a breath of fresh air? That is the way I felt about pictures. You see, to me fame and money don't mean much if you're not happy. I wasn't happy making motion pictures. So I left and went back to the stage."

In that last sentence is more than appears upon the surface. Elsie Ferguson loved the stage and the opportunities it gave her.

Coming from the stage to silent films, Elsie Ferguson's beauty and acting ability made her a great success. But not for long would she be content.

ELSIE FERGUSON'S voice was a great part of her work. For years, while New York audiences packed theaters to see her in "Outcast" and other plays, she had trained herself to achieve much of her dramatic effect through her voice alone. For only a short time could she be happy without using it. For a while she struggled along, feeling bound and handicapped, growing restless and unhappy. Then the urge to get back to the stage became so great that it could no longer be denied.

But the day she heard her first talkie a new vista opened. The advantages of the camera with its wide scope, plus the possibility of using the voice, thrilled her and awakened in her (Continued on page 119)

"I have no false pride. It doesn't bother me that I was a star and am not one now. I'm still Elsie Ferguson."



Al Jolson
\$1,000,000 a year.



Harold Lloyd
\$700,000 a year.



Mary Pickford
\$500,000 a year.



Doug Fairbanks
\$500,000 a year.

Looking into the Stars'

Motion Picture Salaries are Tumbling After the Most Radical Upheaval That Ever Hit Hollywood

ARE movie salaries coming down? The most radical salary upheaval that ever hit Hollywood followed the advent of the talkie. Indeed, any number of stars were eliminated—salary, position and all.

Past reputations in the silent drama meant nothing. New singing faces and dancing feet were imported from the Broadway stage. The screen went musical comedy mad.

Favorites of years standing were pushed to the wall. Some of them, as Richard Barthelmess, survived—and went on to new heights. Others, such as Tom Mix, Emil Jannings, Pola Negri, Thomas Meighan and Adolphe Menjou, were shunted aside. Right now more stars seem about to be pushed from prominence. Among these are Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove. Such favorites of yesteryear as Jack Gilbert and Lon Chaney have their careers hanging in the balance.

Even worse than the havoc wrought among the stars has been the situation confronting the featured players. The avalanche of stage players and dancers has crowded them into the background.

There is little question that—in this puzzling year of 1930—the star is waning and movie salaries are going down. The tendency has been in that direction for the last two years. As to the future, the authors of this article disagree. Mr. Lane believes that the star is done and that salaries will drop from twenty to fifty per cent further. Mr. Smith thinks that the talkie will develop a new set of stars, since the fundamental appeal of the screen—silent or noisy—is personality. And, with the development of new stars, he believes that salaries, after an era of adjustment, will head upward again.

Before detailing the salary damages of the last two years, it is interesting to note how movie acting remuneration climbed steadily upward for fifteen years.

IN 1915 Mary Pickford was drawing the fattest salary envelope. Every week she received a check for \$2,000. Charlie Chaplin was banking exactly \$1,000. Frank Keenan was getting the top salary for a dramatic star, \$1,000 each week, from the late Thomas H. Ince. Francis X. Bushman topped the screen lovers at \$750 a week. Two stage stars came to films for brief engagements in 1915. Billie Burke received \$40,000 for one picture, "Peggy." Geraldine Farrar was given the same amount for three pictures.

Turn now to 1920. Five years have passed. The highest salaried player is Alla Nazimova. Metro paid this bizarre star \$13,000 a week. Next among the salaried stars were Elsie Ferguson, who is just starting a Hollywood come-back, and Geraldine Farrar. These two stars received \$10,000 a week.

In 1920 Mary Pickford, as head of her own company, profited to the tune of \$500,000 on the year. Charlie Chaplin made something less than a half million. Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart each earned close to \$500,000 during 1920. Bill Hart ran up the total of \$900,000 in earnings in the two years of 1919 and 1920. In 1915 he had been drawing \$300 a week.

Theda Bara was receiving \$4,000 a week. Other highly paid stars of 1920 (earning between \$1,000 and \$5,000) were Marguerite Clark, Pearl White, Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh. Charlie Ray, one of the idols of the day, was getting but \$500, how-

In 1915 Mary Pickford topped movie salaries at \$2,000 a week.

In 1920 Alla Nazimova was drawing the highest salary, \$13,000 each week. As head of her own company, Mary Pickford had climbed to \$500,000 and Charlie Chaplin was close behind. Bill Hart earned \$900,000 in the years of 1919 and 1920. Theda Bara was getting \$4,000.

In 1925 Harold Lloyd topped the field, running close to \$1,500,000.

This year Al Jolson leads, at \$1,000,000. Just behind are Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge.



Gloria Swanson
\$400,000 a year.



Norma Talmadge
\$250,000 a year.



Richard Barthelmess
\$450,000 a year.



Greta Garbo
\$300,000 a year.

SALARY ENVELOPES

BY TAMAR LANE AND FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

ever. Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were drawing even less.

James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall topped all leading men in 1920 in earning capacity. These two actors received \$1,000 each. The average leading man received \$750 or less. Leading women earned \$500 or so, and prominent in popularity were Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, Wanda Hawley, Naomi Childers, Lois Wilson and Anna Q. Nilsson.

MOVE on five more years. It is 1925. Harold Lloyd, not visible to the naked eye in 1915, has flashed from nowhere to nearly \$30,000 a week. His earnings were totaling close to a million and a half every twelve months. The big money earners in 1925 were Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, at about a million each; Charlie Chaplin, something less, due to slow production; and Norma Talmadge, a million.

Here were some of the big salaries of 1925: Tom Mix (the biggest flat salary), \$15,000 a week; Rudolph Valentino, \$100,000 a picture; Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan, \$8,000 a week each; Pola Negri, \$5,000; Richard Barthelmess, \$2,500; Barbara La Marr, \$3,000; Corinne Griffith, \$3,000; Milton Sills, \$2,500; Ramon Novarro, \$2,000; Richard Dix, \$1,500; Lon Chaney, \$2,500; Raymond Griffith, \$1,500.

Conway Tearle and Eugene O'Brien topped the leading men with a weekly salary envelope containing \$3,000. Tom Moore was right behind at \$2,500. Florence Vidor led the leading women at \$2,000.

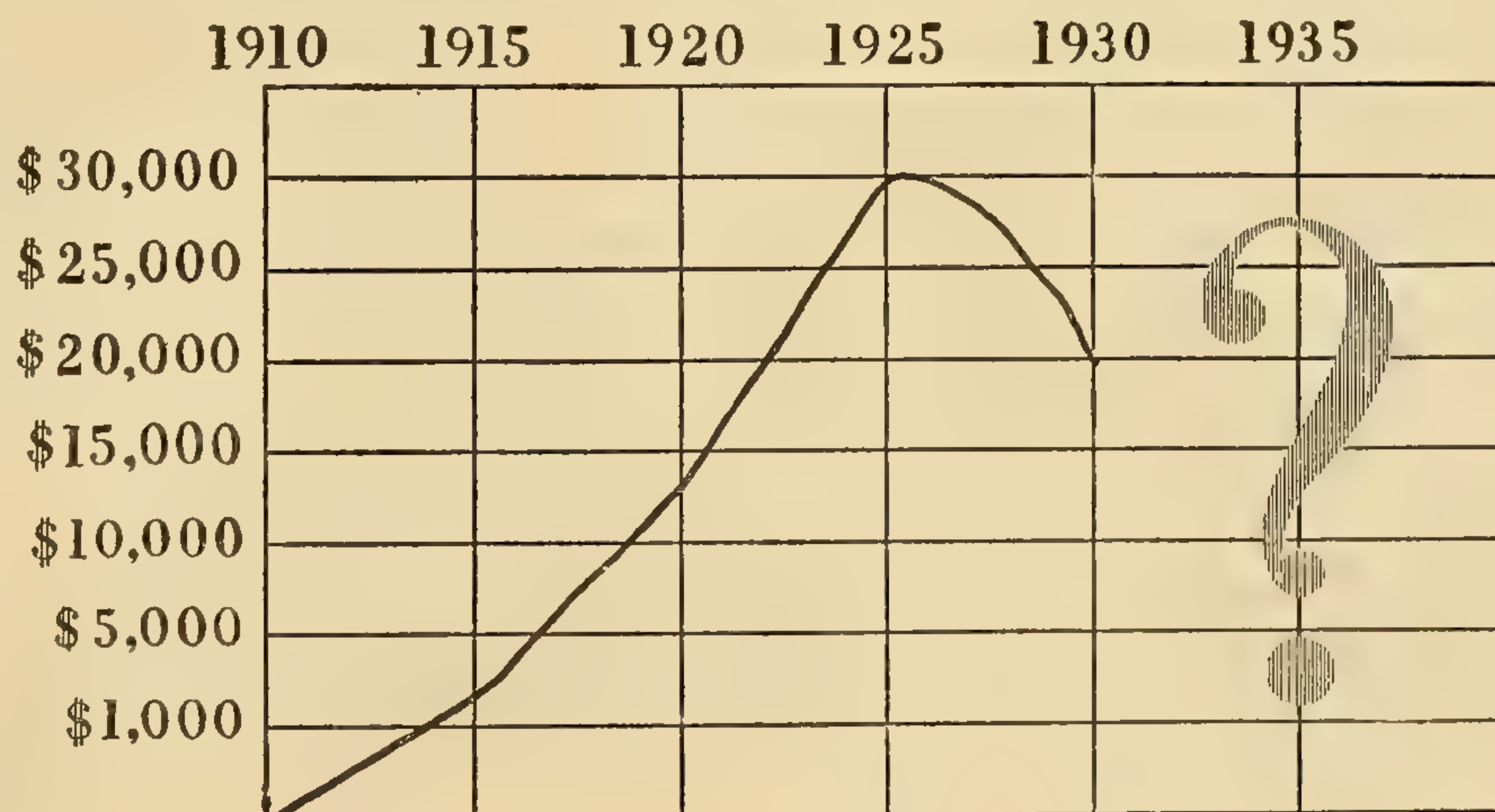
WITH which we come to 1930. Today we find Al Jolson riding at the top, with yearly earnings running over the \$1,000,000 mark. The big six, just behind, are Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria

Swanson and Norma Talmadge. These stars have their own companies and their earnings depend upon the film profits. These profits have slumped in varying degrees. Lloyd has moved down to \$700,000, Chaplin to \$250,000, Miss Swanson to \$400,000, and Miss Talmadge to \$250,000. Miss Pickford and Mr. Fairbanks are making about \$500,000 each.

Two of the highest salaried stars are Dick Barthelmess and John Barrymore. Mr. Barthelmess is averaging well over \$8,000 a week to make only two pictures a year. These two pictures occupy about three months in the making, leaving the rest of the year free. John Barrymore gets \$150,000 a picture.

One of the record salaries of the year was paid to John McCormack, the Irish tenor. He received \$50,000 a week for a period of slightly less than ten weeks to make "Song o' My Heart." Marilyn Miller is said to be getting \$200,000 for each film in which she appears. George Arliss draws down \$50,000 a picture. Lawrence Tibbett's salary has been reported to be as high as \$75,000 a picture.

The newer stars still draw what are termed moderate salaries. Buddy Rogers was getting \$1,000 a week until recently, Nancy Carroll draws \$1,200, Gary Cooper \$1,500, Richard Arlen \$1,000, and John Boles \$1,000. These players are on the edge of big money.



The talkie has knocked the Hollywood pay envelope to bits. The trend for two years has been downward. What has 1935 in store for the movie actor?

GEORGE BANCROFT has been paid \$4,500 a week and has been asking \$8,000. Hence his recent disagreement with Paramount. However, an adjusted increase has been given him.

Here are a few of the bigger salaries, quoted at random: Ruth Chatterton, \$2,250; William Powell, \$1,700; Janet Gaynor, \$3,000; Richard Dix, \$5,000; Warner Baxter, \$2,000; Ramon Novarro, \$5,000; Norma Shearer \$5,000; Ronald
(Cont'd on page 102)



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

The beautiful young First National star as the heroine, Rosalie, of the new talkie version of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." Conrad Nagel will play the role of Beauty Steel.

FLASH BACKS to 10 Years Ago

By Albert T. Reid

LILLIAN GISH,
STARRING IN
"WAY DOWN EAST"



GLORIA SWANSON
SHOWING WHAT THE
DARING SENNETT
BATHING BEAUTIES
WERE WEARING-



WALLIE REID-
STANDING THEM
UP IN THE
"CHARM SCHOOL"



HAROLD LLOYD PUTTING
HIS NAME ON A CONTRACT
THAT MADE HIM ONE
OF THE RICHEST MOVIE
STARS IN THE WORLD



Albert T. Reid



Marie Dressler is Poison to the Stars of Hollywood. No Picture is Safe when she's around

THERE is a thief abroad in Hollywood.

At the mention of that name the greatest stars in the business tremble as Scotland Yard once trembled at the name of Raffles. No one is safe—not even the immortal Garbo.

Give her enough footage and she'll steal any picture from anybody.

Stealing a picture is an achievement almost as difficult as robbing the Bank of England. In Hollywood it is the secret ambition of every actor and actress who isn't a star.

Stealing the show is an old stage custom which has elevated many a name into electric lights.

Stealing a picture is the latest short cut to high salary in the movies.

It means that in a subordinate rôle someone has overshadowed the star. A player cast in a rôle less important than the star's receives the best notices, the most applause and stands out as the person to be remembered in that particular picture.

Marie Dressler has made an art of it.

CHARACTER women, especially comedy character women, are not supposed to steal pictures. It's agin nature. They are supposed to remain in the background as props and supports for the glittering youth, male or female, who happens to occupy the major portion of the title sheet.

The background hasn't been invented that can hold Marie Dressler. She just naturally pops out.

Walking across the M-G-M lot the other day, I heard someone say: "Well, she's done it again."

Inquiry revealed that Miss Dressler had just finished stealing "Let Us

There are two reasons why Marie Dressler is able to dominate scenes and pictures: First, she has a tremendous personality, vibrant with fascination, with sheer humanity, second, she has had forty years on the stage, at everything from chorus girl to star.

Be Gay" from Norma Shearer, Rod La Rocque, Sally Eilers and Gilbert Emery. Miss Shearer is young and beautiful—more beautiful than she has been at any time in her screen career. Besides being an excellent actress she is the wife of Irving

The THUNDER THIEF

By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Thalberg, dictator extraordinary of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions. He'd be a funny man if he didn't see to it that his wife didn't get any the worst of it in stories, directors and production value.

Nevertheless, Marie Dressler had succeeded in taking the honors.

BILL HAINES, who is one of her greatest friends, said to me the other day: "Look what she did to me, the old thief. Why, she just took 'The Girl Said No' right out from under my nose. Once you let her on the set you're finished.

"She said to me, 'Oh, Bill, my teeth. I've had such trouble with my teeth. It's funny, since we've got such fine dentists, how much more trouble you have with your teeth than you ever did before. What is this picture? I'm sure I can't do it. My teeth bother me so. They say I did well in 'Anna Christie.' Well, Bill darling, if you really want me—I was going to Europe—still—"

"I wanted her all right—and look what happened."

Rumor hath it that she has stolen "The Swan" (now called "One Romantic Night") from Lillian Gish. Greatest of all, in a part that ended early in the picture, she ran a neck and neck finish with Garbo in "Anna Christie." If she'd had another reel it would have been just too bad. I know the thing I remember best in that picture is Marie Dressler.

Why?

THERE are two reasons, I think, for Marie Dressler's power to dominate scenes and pictures.

First, she has a tremendous personality, vibrant with fascination, with sheer humanity. In every little moment, in every big scene, she is so *human* that she stirs the memory-mind of each individual in the audience. Her comedy and her pathos are part of her and they are expressions of the comedy and pathos in our own lives.

Second, she has had forty years on the stage, at everything from chorus girl to star.

Give anyone a fine natural gift and forty years in which to perfect the tools to carry on that gift and you have something so deep and mellow and powerful that youth itself must fall before it.

Into her work Marie Dressler pours all that she is as a woman, and her long experience of dramatic technique projects her wide understanding of life right out of the screen and into the very heart of a crowd always hungry for the tears that are close to laughter and the laughter that is close to tears.

And as a woman Marie Dressler is—let me see—



No woman wants to be a comic. Marie Dressler never wanted to be a comedienne. She has always longed to do big dramatic roles. Then—close to sixty—her dream came true with the role of Marthy in "Anna Christie."

she's—no, there is no one phrase, no short sentence that can contain her. As well try to describe the state of California in a few words.

She's ornery—just plain ornery. She's magnificent in honesty and generosity. She's a veritable upheaval of emotion. Her heart is as big as the Grand Canyon, but her mind is keen and shrewd, quite capable of looking out for Marie Dressler and her interests. Her vocabulary contains more superlatives than any other in Hollywood. Her likes and dislikes are as positive as Mussolini's. She is afraid of nothing and nobody—in fact she is one of the few people in this business who seem free of the fear complex in some form or another. Approaching sixty, her vitality and interest in life would shame sixteen.

Altogether, she is a grand person.

TAKE Marie in a bridge game. She adores bridge and plays an amazing game.

But the excitement! The tenseness! The battle of it!

You sit down at a bridge table with Marie. She scoops up her cards and without deigning to give them a glance, bids one no trump. If her partner fails to bid at any time, she is seriously annoyed. "You've got thirteen cards, haven't you?" she says. Having over-bid recklessly, she then (Continued on page 122)



Left to right, Dolores Costello, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee and Fay Wray—all owners of retroussé noses. The retroussé indicates pliability to direction, love of the beautiful, an emotional rather than a reasoning quality, and a capacity for memory. Also a large love nature. The retroussé has its drawbacks, too.

WON by a NOSE

WON by a nose! How often one hears that expression to describe a close race. Then there is the story the colored comedians always tell about the horse that stuck out his tongue and won the race. Modify this story a little and you have a true story. The girls in Hollywood tip-tilt a perky nose, languidly lift the upper lip a trifle, and they win a race, too—the race for fame and fortune. It is amazing when one considers the number of retroussé noses, often accompanied by a short upper lip, that there are among the very successful stars in Hollywood.

The saucy tip-tilted nose was much preferred by

gentlemen in the days before Anita let loose her flood of propaganda about gentlemen preferring blondes. Anyone can be a blonde; but a nose is different. Anyway, in those halcyon days, a group of directors set up a vogue for the retroussé nose and the short upper lip. No actress lacking these two characteristics was considered to conform to Hollywood's standard of beauty. Interestingly enough, the retroussé nose and the short upper lip often go together.

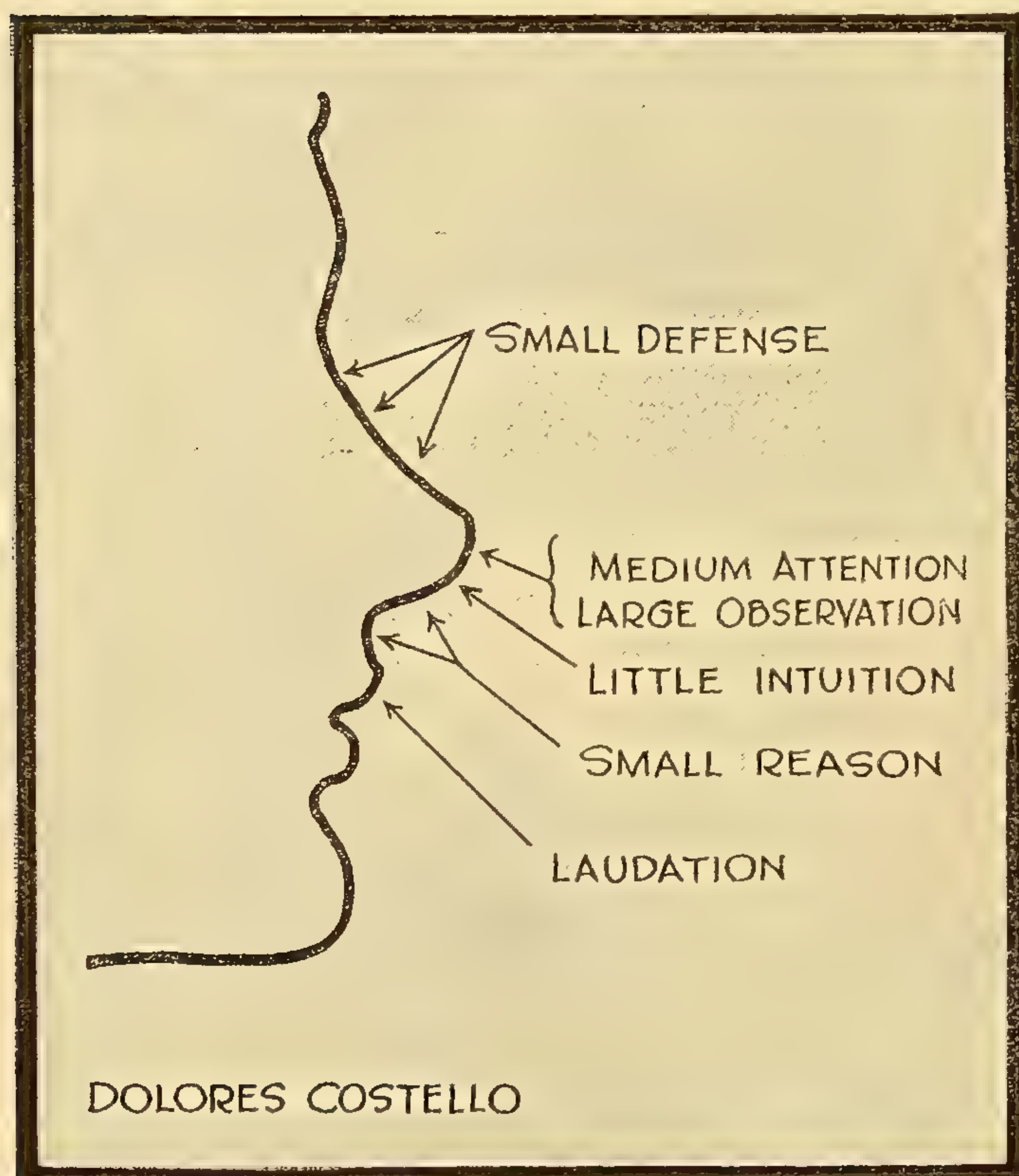
The days are past when the type of nose and lip determines a girl's eligibility for pictures. There are, of course, many very successful actresses who do not possess a retroussé nose; the really astonishing thing is the number who do. A list of thirty names, drawn from the actresses of prominence in Hollywood, shows retroussé noses, many with the short upper lip.

A suspicion is bound to dawn in anybody's mind that the preponderance of retroussé noses might have some explanation. It can not be explained by the old cult for retroussé noses, for many of the retroussé noses of famous stars would never be considered beautiful. This is so true, and so much realized by some of them, that it is almost impossible to get a profile picture showing the retroussé unadorned. When some of these stars do consent to pose in profile, the result is so much touched up, or foreshortened by the cameraman's craft, that it is a little difficult to recognize the profile of the star concerned. Colleen Moore, Betty Compson, Jetta Goudal and Mae Murray never have had profile pictures made.

A few are brave enough to challenge critics and say, "Here's my nose! Take it or leave it, admire it or criticize it, but it is my nose!" Among these are Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, Ruth Chatterton and Dolores Costello, the four most distinguished retroussés of pictures. None can deny their beauty and talent.

Aristotle, who lived before they had motion pictures, was the

Dolores Costello's face charted in detail. Miss Costello's nose belongs to the between type, not very long and not very short, with broad upturned tip. This type are not possessed of inspiration, as are their longer nosed sisters.





Reading across: Lupe Velez, Laura La Plante, Betty Bronson and the glorious retroussé, Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson has the long pointed retroussé that marks the most distinguished actresses. This indicates the ultimate in inspiration and intuition. No great actress can be without this type of nose.

The Retroutssé Is the Actress Nose and All the Big Stars of Hollywood Possess Concave Nasal Profiles

BY ROSALIND SHAFFER

first phrenologist, the first man to associate character traits with the features. Many thinkers since Aristotle have said that the features indicate one's real character.

JUST what is a retroutssé nose? A true retroutssé nose is one which has a concave outline from its tip to its base between the eyes. It may be slightly concave, or it may be very concave, its tip may be pointed or blunt, it may be slightly bumpy, or of a quite clean-cut curved outline. Looking at it from the front, it may be wide all down the face, or it may be narrow. It may have narrow nostrils or wide ones. But it is a retroutssé nose if the profile shows its outline to be concave.

Retroutssé noses group themselves generally into three classes, the long, slightly pointed retroutssé of Gish, Swanson, Chatterton, Barbara LaMarr, Pauline Frederick, Louise Dresser and Joan Crawford; the rounded tipped, slightly shorter nose of Costello, Vivian Duncan and Clara Bow; and the shortest tip-tilted retroutssé of Anita Page, Nancy Carroll, Jetta Goudal and Rénée Adorée.

Before we get down to sticking pins in these gorgeous butterflies, and putting them in separate boxes, it will be in order to sit awhile in the sunshine and observe the glorious lepidoptera in a general way.

Don't laugh when I tell you that a girl with a retroutssé nose has no strong will. When Aristotle tucked up his toga and waded into this subject way back in the days before the Gish Sisters were discovered, he noticed that there are three places along the bridge of a girl's nose that are either prominent, so as to form the arc of the Roman nose, or lacking, so as to produce our concave nose, the retroutssé. After watching the gals in the forum and out, he noticed that the ones with the Roman noses said "No" quite by instinct, and usually remained old maids, while the girls with the retroutssé said "Yes" after more or less arguing, according

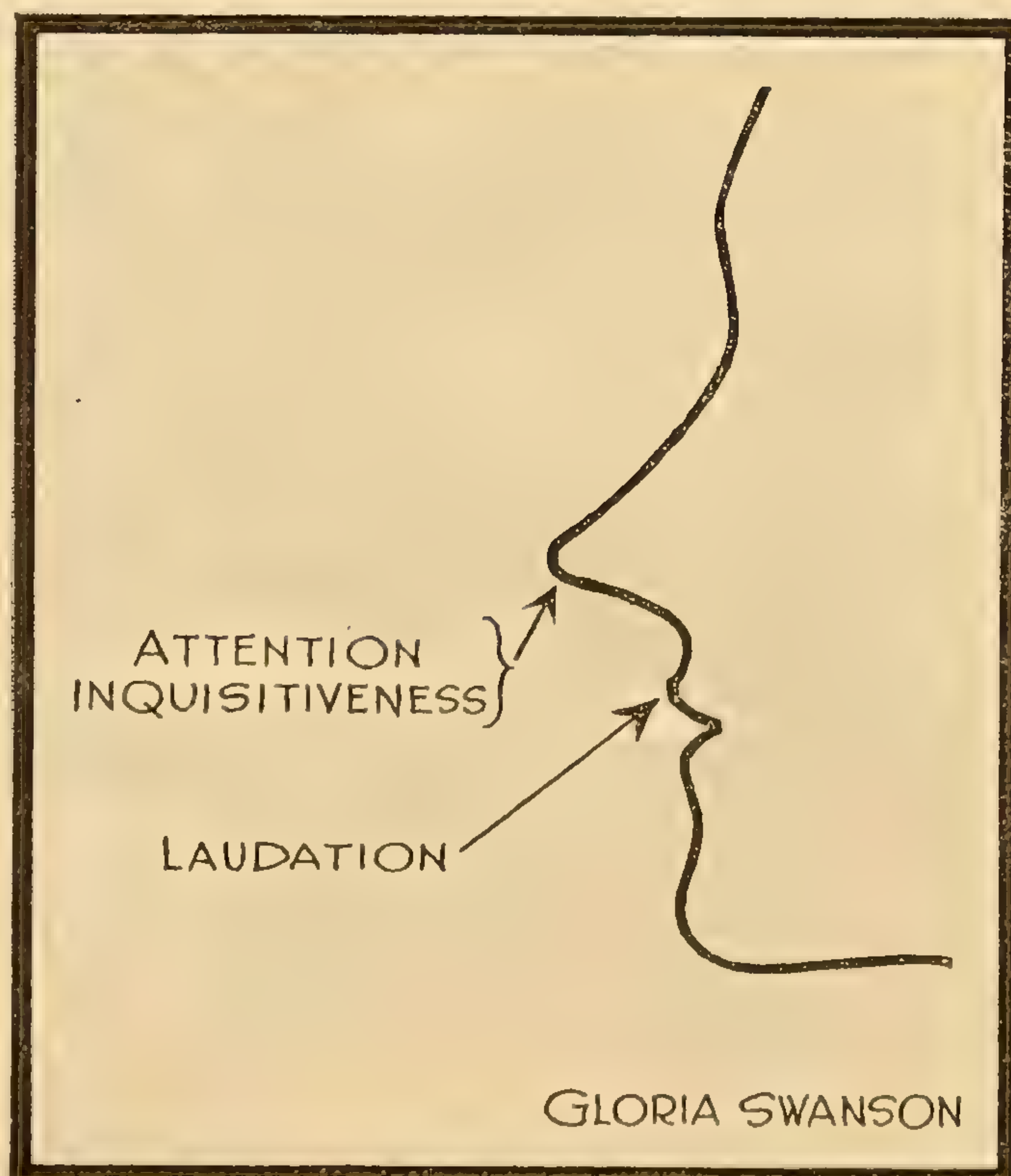
to how retroutssé the nose under consideration was.

Getting serious, the three points mentioned are referred to by the phrenologists as aggression, protection and self-defense. (See the facial map on page 36.) They all group under defense.

ANALYZING these three points separately is necessary, for often a girl will have a slight hump at one of the three spots, on an otherwise concave nose. That means that she has exactly what that hump stands for, though she may not have the other two of the three points under defense.

The point coming first after the root of the

Gloria Swanson's famous profile charted in detail. The long septu, or nose bone, means the possession of inspiration. Lillian Gish, Pauline Frederick and Barbara La Marr belong to this interesting retroutssé class.



READ YOUR REAL INNER CHARACTER IN YOUR NOSE

nose, the first possible elevation after the dent where the eye fits into the profile, is the point of aggression. This point determines the practical business ability of the person. People with no elevation at this spot are poor business people. *Retroussés* are of the creative type, interested primarily in emotion, and practical affairs mean little to them. It is certainly well known and accepted that few stars are good business women. Only recently Gloria Swanson has put her affairs into the hands of a manager who invests her money and pays her bills; this after years of making enormous money.

Lillian Gish could be expected to be as foolish financially as Swanson, if it were not that her nose shows such a pronounced depression at the base, right at the eye depression before it joins the bulge of the forehead. This depression, which shows a capacity for deep thought and analysis, counteracts the bad sign of no aggression shown in the contour of her delicately *retroussé* nose.

Jetta Goudal also has this depression, which proved itself in the way she sued and collected from Cecil De Mille for a broken contract. Miss Goudal may be seen in the markets selecting her own vegetables. No one will fool her about money, in spite of her *retroussé* with its lack of aggressiveness.

Clara Bow, another unwise person about saving her money, which she has scattered with prodigal and thoughtless generosity on her father and her friends, is an improvident *retroussé*. Betty Bronson is still another who did little saving and haymaking while the movie sun shone.

Louise Dresser lost a very sizable sum in an unwise investment a couple of years ago. A *retroussé*, she was rather easily victimized and did not investigate all the ramifications of the deal in which she was "taken" for a small fortune.

Barbara LaMarr was continually enmeshed in debt and was most unwise and incapable in business affairs. Her death found little but debts at the end of a brilliant career, instead of the possible sizable fortune.

Mrs. Lucille Webster Gleason found herself so unable to cope with the stream of gold coming into the Gleason coffers from her husband Jim and her son Russell, as well as herself, that she, too, has acquired a manager.

Mabel Normand, realizing her incapacities to manage money, selected a business manager long before her death and invested her money through him so that she was independently wealthy.

Madge Bellamy, another charming *retroussé*, found herself with a forty-room mansion, full of expensive furnishings, when her disagreement at the Fox Studios left her with an uncertain income. The *retroussé* is a menace!

Joan Crawford found that she and her husband, Douglas



Lillian Gish might easily be a spendthrift. But she is saved by a pronounced depression at the base of her nose. This shows a capacity for deep thought and analysis.

Fairbanks, Jr., had overreached themselves in expenses. They sold their house and have gone into an apartment. The *retroussé* pursues them still.

On the other hand, look at Bebe Daniels, with her Roman nose; everything Bebe touches turns to money. Witness the four beach houses she recently built and furnished, and sold for a profit. Mary Pickford, acknowledged by everyone to be a competent financier, shows this bump.

AUTHORITIES on phrenology have something interesting to say about the reason this particular spot on the nose represents aggression. They declare that no baby is born with an arched nose. The breathing of an individual, be it forceful or weak, according to the basic character, develops or does not develop the arch in the nose by reason of the very force or lack of force with which the breath is expelled. This particular spot is hit by the volume of air as it

enters and leaves the lungs through the nose. Incidentally, for this same reason, women with a *retroussé* nose are subject to pulmonary disorders.

The *retroussé* is most impressionable, and is frequently much influenced by surroundings and companions. Lovers of pleasure, it is hard for them to stand alone and fight the big fight if surrounded by undesirable companions. It was the surrounding circumstances and friends of Barbara LaMarr and Mabel Normand that cut short two brilliant careers.

The second bump represents a person's ability to retain mental integrity against all suggestion from outside. It is named Protection. No actress with this bump, unless this trait is denied elsewhere in her features, can succeed, because she would be impervious to direction and could not lend herself to interpreting a rôle. She could not be pliable and adaptable in interpreting a characterization foreign to her own character. Pliability and adaptability, the power to project self into any character or rôle, is the gift of the *retroussé*, which lacks the bump of Protection.

The gift of mimicry is closely allied with this spot on the nose, for the reasons above given. It is certainly a very important thing to an actress.

Generosity, too, is signified by lack of this bump. Carried to extremes, it represents prodigality, as does the first. Certainly generosity is a trait of all actors.

The third of our trio of bumps is named Self Defense. Lacking in aggression. (Continued on page 126)



The three nasal bumps shown in detail. The point of aggression indicates business ability. Protection represents one's ability to retain mental integrity against outside influence. Self defense indicates ability to fight off aggression.

LAUGHS OF THE FILMS



What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay \$5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, \$5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Hemline Came Down and Sounded the Death Knell of the Who-Cares Flapper

BY DOROTHY HERZOG

HAS anybody here seen a flapper? I doubt it. There isn't a flap the length and breadth of Hollywood Boulevard. Nor is one left on the studio census roll. The original Clara Bows, Alice Whites, Colleen Moores, have set with the fashion sun of 1929. They are today's ash to yesterday's flame of youth.

Even the choruses in musical comedy pictures no longer flap, and there were the ideal whoopers: petite, slight, totally unconscious of display as they strolled around the lots in "shorts" or thimble attire. But they no longer flap. They are serious-minded young girls. A flapper camouflaged her seriousness under a wild oat.

Modistes claim to know the answer to the abrupt change in feminine temperaments.

Nothing more or less than long skirts. Clothes, they contend, motivate personalities. In a skirt to her knees a girl flits and flaunts. In one below her knees, she does neither. That hemline quiets her.

AS a matter of fact, a dreadful thing has happened to Hollywood. It has gone stylish and ultra. For years, the little celluloid center did what it pleased and was a romantic law unto itself. The names of Barbara LaMarr, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson and Mary Pickford in the old days symbolized the reality of freedom. Pictures were in their infancy. Coddling clothes and coddling habits could be careless. The players banded into a magic circle. The outside world's imagination contributed the flow and fascination.

Along came Elinor Glyn. Her slightest interest in an actress or actor scared her or him into alluring print. She interpreted Hollywood in terms of love. She boiled this down to two words, sex appeal. Later, she coined the million-dollar slogan, "IT." Aileen Pringle, Jack Gilbert, Clara Bow and Corinne Griffith benefited. Mrs. Glyn wrote their names in celluloid gold by singling them out from the many. She really started the modern girl racketeering.

The flapper—with her unruly bob, her indifferent dress, her cynical wise-cracking, her rakish independence—took the world by storm. The flapper reigned—until a meeting of dress designers in Paris last Fall.

But it was Warner Fabian who gave the sex-appeal fad its final push into the spotlight. He did this with "Flaming Youth." To him, "Flaming Youth"



HOLLYWOOD'S Successor to IT

DRAWINGS BY RAY VAN BUREN

behaved as she pleased with a verve that withstood the shocked criticism of her horrified elders.

Colleen Moore brought the story to the screen. She launched the flapper.

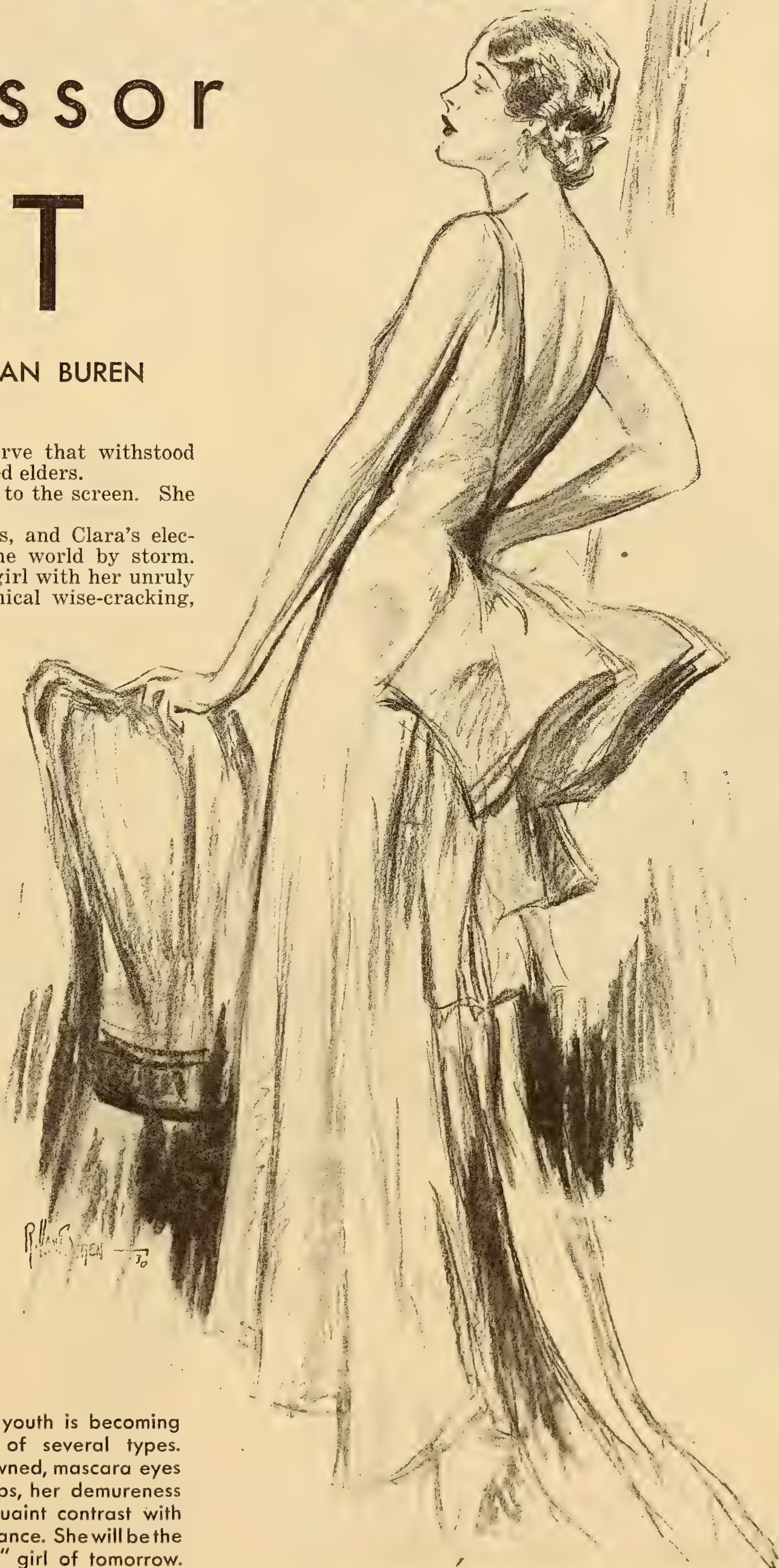
Clara Bow picked up the cudgels, and Clara's electrical efforts took the youth of the world by storm. She came to represent the modern girl with her unruly bob, her indifferent dress, her cynical wise-cracking, her rakish independence.

Because of her tremendous popularity, other flappers spread the glad message. Joan Crawford's name reached the lights. Alice White rose from the ranks in one lingerie. Likewise, Sally O'Neil, Sue Carol, Laura La Plante. Ruth Taylor (the Lorelei of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") failed to make good because she didn't qualify as a flapper. Ruth—in front of the camera—embodied more the shrewdness of the gold-digger. A flapper never "gold-digged." It was 50-50 with her.

THE flapper reigned for an extraordinarily long time. Until last fall, in Paris, 10,000 miles from Hollywood, a group of designers ordained the long skirt and fastidiousness in style. That sounded the death knell for the who-cares children.

Naturally, Hollywood youth objected. But Hollywood had reached the thoughtful point already. The talkies brought stage players from Broadway by the trainload. One saw the Park Avenue sleekness of Ann Harding, Ina Claire, Constance Bennett, Grace Moore, Alice Gentle, Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, *et al.* Their well-groomed appearances at the Embassy, the Montmartre, the Roosevelt, the Brown Derby and the Ambassador prompted
(Continued on p. 108)

Hollywood youth is becoming a merger of several types. Smartly gowned, mascara eyes and ruby lips, her demureness will be in quaint contrast with her appearance. She will be the "soft pedal" girl of tomorrow.





The Last Days of VALENTINO

How the Peasant Boy from
South Italy became the
Caesar of a Fantastic Empire
and died a King with a
Broken Heart

BY HERBERT HOWE

"I'M sick of everything," he said, "sick of marriage, sick of the ingratitude of friends, sick of business and Hollywood pretense. . . . I want just to have a good time, to live a little."

Lusty lover of life, he grasped its beakers in both hands and thirstily drank. It was as though the astrol-ogists had predicted his death three months hence.

Actually he was seeking the intoxication of life in order to forget it. Perhaps we all are.

He was like a man who, having drunk too much the night before, awakens with a head and drinks again in order to go on.

If he had been wholly a sensualist he might have succeeded, but Rudie was sentimental and idealistic far beyond the realization of those who count themselves idealists. True idealists are never conscious of idealism.

IN those last days of reckless splendor the legend of Valentino soared to a crescendo that echoed Imperial Rome. The maze of fortune through which the boy had stumbled was

The public struggled so frantically to witness the last earthly ceremonies over the body of its idol that these cards of church admission were given to his friends. Without one of these, it was impossible to pass the police lines.

Solemn Requiem High Mass
will be celebrated in the
Church of the Good Shepherd
Beverly Hills
for the repose of the soul of
Rudolph Valentino
on Tuesday morning, September seventh
at ten o'clock

ADMITTANCE BY CARD



An unpublished picture of Rudolph Valentino in medieval armor. This portrait was given to his friend, Manuel Reachi, in Rudie's early Hollywood days of 1919. It was signed Rodolfo di Valentina.

as fantastic, as monstrous and incredible as the mad purple scenes in which a dancer, a gladiator, a common soldier, one after another, was capriciously cast upon the throne of Rome to be defiled, worshiped, then slain or driven to suicide.

Rudie was the symbol of Southern Italy. He was the product of its sun and earth. When I think of him I think of Apulia, out of which he came. In Apulia everyone fears the Evil Eye. They make the sign of the horn with their fingers to protect themselves against it. In Apulia, if the facts were known, it would be

HERB HOWE tells how VALENTINO'S Last Mad Days



This was one of Rudie's favorite pictures. It was made just after his marriage to Natacha Rambova and was taken at their Whitley Heights home.

said that Rodolpho Guglielmi, son of the respected horse doctor of Castellenata, was victim of the Evil Eye. I shall not dispute them.

He came a peasant boy out of Italy, out of the heel of Italy, where poverty is abject, counted in tattered lire. Yet the people have in their blood the sun that ripens the grape, and with its blood they salute one another, touching glasses when the sun dies and work is done.

He came out of the poverty of Apulia into the wealth of Hollywood. His name was trumpeted through the world, reverberating further than any Cæsar's. It might be said of him as of the Emperor Hadrian, "The world rose to him as a woman greets a lover."

Fortune prostrated herself before him, offering an estate, motor cars, a yacht, jewels, ivories, works of art and all the luxuries of an emperor. The whole world was his realm. No urchin ever dreamed such a fabulous dream as was given the peasant Rodolpho Guglielmi.

WHEN he returned in 1925 to Europe, which he had left an emigrant a few years previous, it was on a triumphal tour costing a hundred thousand dollars. In Paris he received grand dukes and princesses, artists and diplomats. The peasant of Italy, who once was punished for running away from school in Perugia to see his king pass by, was himself a greater king, the whole world turning out to see him pass.

And like a king he died in the abject poverty of spent

illusions and with a broken heart.

"My life has been all up and down," he said to me one day in his New York apartment, adding fatalistically, "I expect to die in the gutter."

The gutter he anticipated was poverty. Actually it was worse.

Rodolpho, the genial, generous, simpatico peasant, son of a horse doctor, was cast for the brilliant rôle of irony in life. At the height of his fame, the world kissing his hand, he could not forget the three days he spent in the Tombs prison of New York on a false charge. Pathetically he showed me clippings from newspapers retracting the libel. The retraction was small compared to the headlines that had damned him. He told me how he had been framed when he was the dancing partner of Joan Sawyer. I know he told me the truth.

WHEN I talked with him in New York he and his wife, Natacha, were living on borrowed money, yet he was world famous. He had quarreled with the Paramount Company. Only that day he had refused Adolph Zukor's offer of \$750,000 a year to return to work because he felt, on Natacha's advice, that the company had no artistic capacity. He wanted to be an aristocrat of the arts. He would have liked even more to have been a patron of them, a Lorenzo the Magnificent. He dreamed as a boy of being a great medieval prince. That explains his taking of the name "di Valentina" from the Borgias.

Without the benefit of culture other than Italy offers its humblest, which is perhaps equal to what America gives its highest, he had a pathetic eagerness to under-

stand and appreciate the arts. This passionate desire drew him to the superior mind of Natacha Rambova. An American girl, Winifred O'Shaughnessy, she had taken the Russian name to quicken her artistic recognition. Rudie adored her. He worshiped her as a goddess. Valentino, the idol of millions of women, idolized one woman and she did not love him, or so he believed.

If Rudie had answered the cablegram which Natacha, then his ex-wife, sent him in Paris on his last Christmas he might be alive today. Hope might have stemmed his headlong recklessness, but hope was impossible.

He wanted to answer that cable. Discreetly worded, it offered an opening to reconciliation. Forgetting a banquet awaiting him, he sat down at the desk in the damask paneled room of his hotel and wrote a dozen replies, then one after another threw them in the open fire. His heart dictated, his pride prevented. Perhaps I should say his reason. His heart had dictated forgiveness before, when he felt she did not love him. Proffered everything in the world save one thing he desired and that was denied him!

IN Hollywood, when Rudie and Natacha agreed after many trials that divorce was the only solution, he accompanied her to the train and kissed her good-bye. From the station he went to the home of Manuel Reach. Manuel was his first friend in Hollywood. Their friendship had ended when Manuel urged him to accept Mr.

of Reckless Splendor Echoed Imperial ROME

Zukor's offer in opposition to Natacha's counsel. When the servant announced that Mr. Valentino was downstairs, Manuel thought it some practical joke.

"Who is there?" he called.

"I, Rodolpho, Manuel."

"What do you want?"

"Natacha has gone."

"Well, what has that to do with me?"

"Well—I had no place to go, so I came to you, my friend."

Manuel, Mexican, with the sensitiveness of the Latin, rushed downstairs and embraced his friend.

When I collaborated with Rudie on his life story he spoke of Manuel.

"He was my first friend in Hollywood," he said. "He loaned me money and gave me his Rolls-Royce for visiting studios looking for work. He was Mexican vice-consul in Los Angeles. When the Mexican government ordered a speed boat, Manuel allowed me to act as his agent. When the lowest bid had been determined I was able to get a commission of two hundred and fifty dollars for completing the transaction. It was a life saver for me."

MANUEL told me of meeting Rudie. It was in New York, when Valentino was simply Rodolpho, the dancing partner of Bonnie Glass. Manuel, commercial agent for the Mexican government, visited the café one evening and was impressed by the Spanish tango which Rudie did. He applauded and invited Rudie to the table for a drink.

"The management does not permit me to sit with guests," said Rudie.

Manuel arrogantly summoned the manager. The manager unctuously permitted the humble dancer to sit with the Mexican diplomat and his guests. Two years later Manuel was appointed vice-consul to Los Angeles. Entering the Alexandria Hotel, he saw one familiar face. It was that of Rodolpho, the dancer. "Hello," said Manuel, shaking hands with the boy.

Rudie was living in a garret room. Two months' rent was due. The landlady decided to throw him out. Manuel said, "Come live with me. There is plenty of room in my house."



In the days when Pola Negri was pre-eminent in Rudie's heart. This picture was taken at a costume ball of the Sixty Club at the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles. It shows Rudie, Manuel Reach and Miss Negri.

Two years later Rudie appeared in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and excited adulation without comparison in our generation.

The best indication of Valentino's nature was his undying appreciation of Manuel's friendship. When lonely, disillusioned and eager for "just a good little time," his thoughts turned to his first friend in Hollywood. He asked Manuel to accompany him to Europe.

I met them in Paris. Manuel was exhausted in his effort to keep pace with Rudie and his whims.



Two weeks after he returned from Europe, Valentino narrowly escaped death when he almost ran into the path of a train. His car hit a post and swerved around, grazing the locomotive. Rudie jumped out and snapped this picture of the scene himself.

"The boy is mad," he said. "He thinks only of Natacha. For two days on the boat he talked of nothing but her. He goes on an endless round of parties which I'm sure he doesn't enjoy."

Rudie slept only two hours a night during twenty-two days in Paris. As (Cont on page 128)



Hubert P. Vallee, otherwise Rudy Vallee. Rudy is a native Vermonter. His father is of French-Canadian extraction and his mother of English-Irish parentage. The Vallees moved to Westbrook, Maine, when Rudy was six years old.

ALWAYS myriads of people have milled and swarmed around the great gods of Fate and Luck, tossing bright coins called careers into the laps of these strange controllers of destinies. Sometimes the gods have exchanged the coins for fame—that phantom many men seek but few capture. No matter how fleeting the life of this wraith, those who have beheld it are in the public's eye—sometimes as subjects of conjecture, other times of fascination, but always themes for discussion.

One who has captured the phantom of fame is Rudy Vallee. While others made their obeisances to popular gods he chose a less known convey, the god of hard work and protector of one's own convictions. Strangely, Rudy's success is intangible—you cannot lay a finger very definitely on the reason, although he gives supply to the demands of the public.

FILED away in a certain newspaper office is an envelope containing all the clippings on Vallee, Hubert P. (Rudy), Musician. To this might be added, dreamer, hard worker, author, motion picture actor, and matinee idol. Though you say there are thousands of envelopes that show the same specifications for thousands of other men, this story is only about Rudy. No one knows when this thing called fame will disappear, certainly there is no one living who can gauge its elusive qual-



Rudy's pet dog, Barney, especially posed for NEW MOVIE. Barney resides with Rudy's parents at Westbrook, far from the great street of night clubs.

How Rudy Vallee, the Idol of the Air, Went Out to Seek Success from the little town of Westbrook, Maine

ity until the person who earned it has gone forever. But one can write about its attainment.

Rudy Vallee roosts on the pinnacle today. He used to sweep peanut shells out of a theater in Westbrook, Maine. Now he's one of the highest paid radio stars in America. He used to lead a college band. Now he owns his own New York night club.

A native Vermonter, born in Island Point, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Vallee, the father of French-Canadian extraction and the mother of English-Irish parentage, he was six years old when Mr. Vallee moved to Westbrook and opened a drug store. Rudy and his brother worked in the drug store but Rudy soon broke away and got a job projecting motion pictures in the Star Theater. He used to sleep in box cars to escape the wrath of his father caused by playing the saxophone. Then, too, he rode a bicycle back and forth from Portland to save 15 cents carfare. Mrs. Vallee, a gentle-voiced woman, was torn between fostering her son's ambition and loyalty to her husband's desire for Rudy to become a druggist. Lean, discouraging years for the boy. He haunted the bigger play houses in Portland, absorbing back stage atmosphere and listening to the musicians who

were always stumbling over "that kid." But there are always compensations in life and Rudy found a solace in the mutual love he and his sister had for music. This mutual bond kept them close together. They had similar taste in music, both preferring the best in musical composition.

TODAY, the sister, Mrs. Kathleen Vallee Lenneville, of Westbrook, says of her brother, "he very kindly gives me credit for nurturing a love of the best in musical appreciation in him. I rather think we both inherited it but I did try to keep at his music with him and now he seems to appreciate my effort although at the time, I, as his instructor, can assure you that I had no greater apparent success accomplishing my task than any other young sister has trying to boss a situation with a brother. As a matter of fact I will not hesitate in saying that I consider my piano teaching efforts in Hubert's (she always refers to Rudy by his right name) behalf a decided failure, but it seems that we both got something out of it because

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

By
PERDITA HOUSTON
of The Press Herald,
Portland, Maine

Vallee Home Town Photographs
Especially Made for NEW MOVIE

our real musical tastes are identical to this day.

"As a little shaver," the sister continues, "at home Hubert was no different from any other little fellow. He could be very, very good and, while never very bad, had his off moments and a very decided will of his own." This strong will is expressed in Rudy's achievements again and again—he has a determination of iron that nothing can melt or corrode.

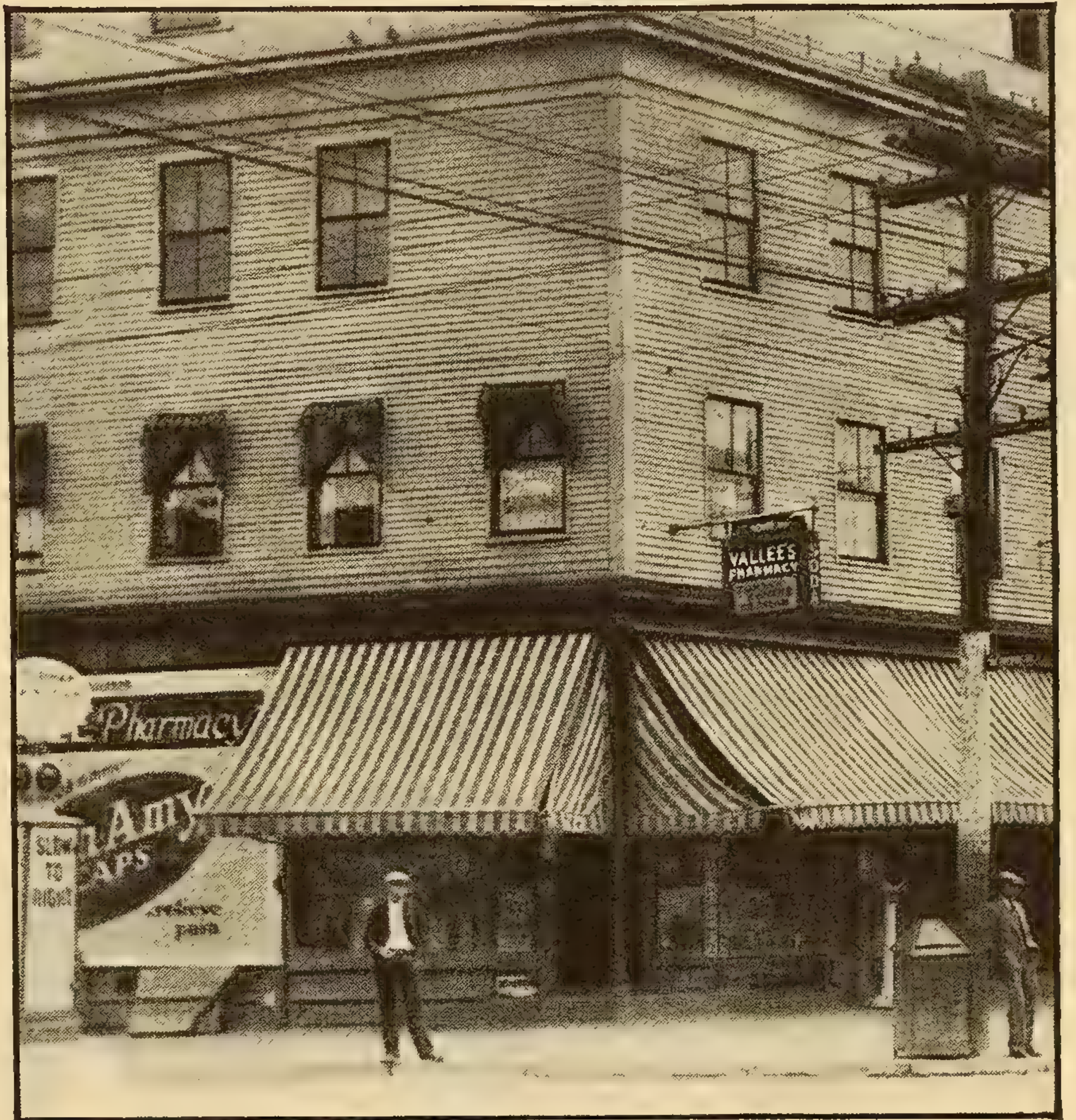
Being a sister of a celebrity sometimes means great anxieties, according to Mrs. Lenneville, who was greatly upset a short while ago when she heard over the radio that "Rudy Vallee was more safely guarded than the President of the United States owing to threatening letters demanding \$100,000 or his life."

"This has been an entirely unlooked for phase to his fame and one that is decidedly disquieting," the sister commented.

IN her opinion, the old adage that a man is without glory in his own country does not hold exactly true in Rudy's case. It has come to her ears again and again that Rudy Vallee has lost his head and is very high hat. This she strongly denies, saying that the boy is extremely busy and hasn't a minute for small talk but is loyal to and fond of every single person that he ever knew in Westbrook or elsewhere.

"As a whole, his home town has been fine to him, so the adverse criticism does not bother him or us." Mrs. Lenneville told an interesting story of his latest visit home several months ago. His time was limited to one day's stay only and he arrived very early in the morning. The first thing he said after exchanging affectionate greetings with his family was, "I want to have just one good nap in my own bed," and he did just that. His room at home is always ready for him,

The Vallee home at Westbrook, Maine. Mrs. Vallee, Rudy's mother, posed in front of the residence with Barney. Rudy's room is kept ready always, awaiting his home visits.



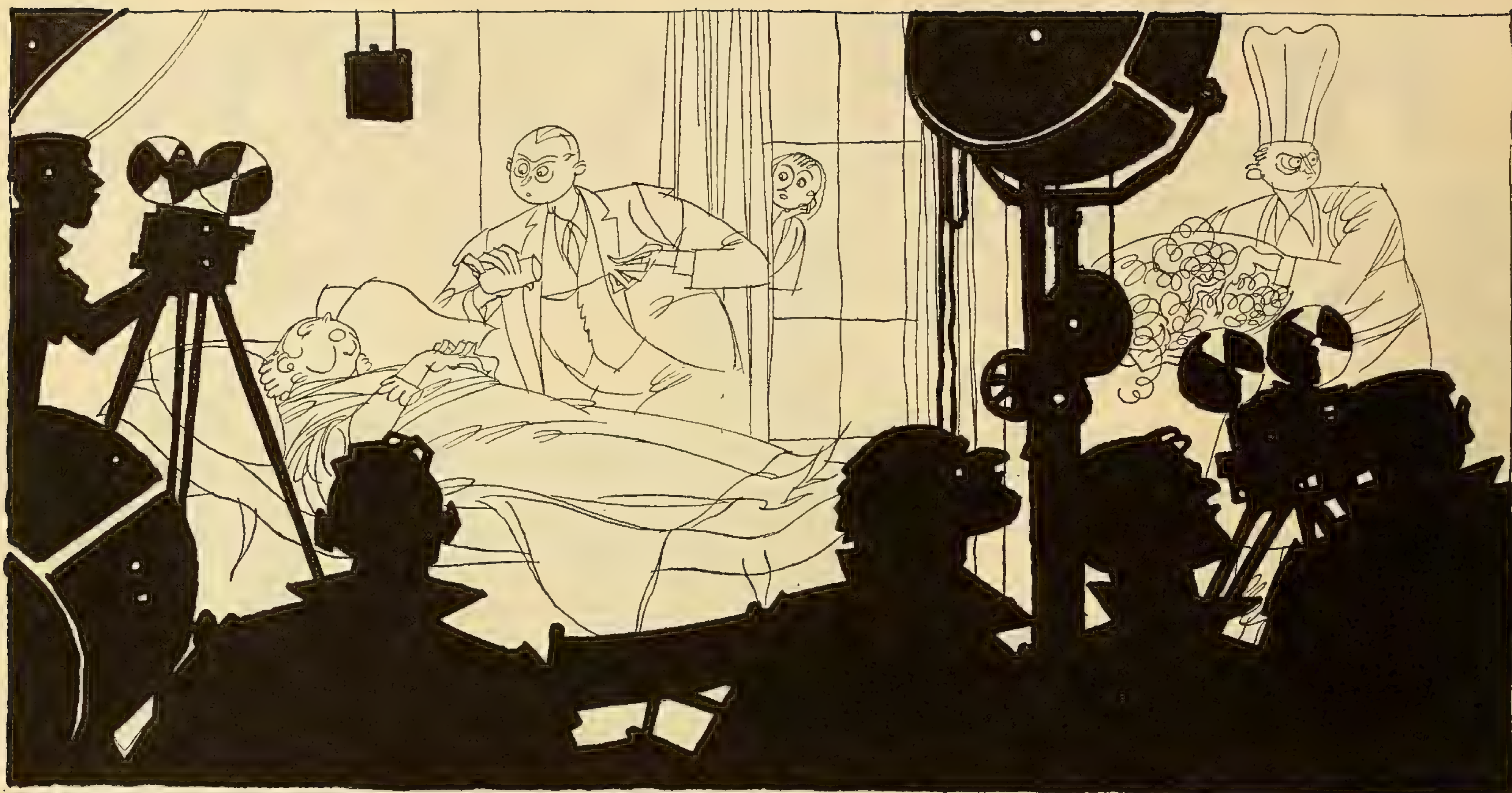
The Vallee drug store at Westbrook, Maine. For years this was owned and managed by Charles A. Vallee, father of Rudy.

exactly the same as when he lived there and he was overjoyed at the chance to sleep once more in his own bed.

A younger brother, Bill Vallee, is a student at Fordham and will later enter Yale. Mr. and Mrs. Vallee spend most of their time in New York with Rudy and this leaves Mrs. Lenneville the only member of the family in Westbrook.

Finally Rudy landed down in the little town of Orono, a freshman in Maine University. He carried his sax, tenderly, much to the disgust of the upper classmen who thought the freshie just learning to play. As a classmate said of Rudy at that time, he was shy, different and kept in the background. But, in spite of this, he was the showman of the college. He dreamed. He worked. His object
(Cont'd on page 124)





The Chortle Comedy Studio was in a mad whirl of noise. The serious business of being funny was Stage B sheltered a couple of comedians setting fire to a sheriff's whiskers, while in the third enclosure

A FOOL and His

The Laughable Yarn of a Clown who Longed to be a Combination Hamlet and Romeo

AS all the world knows, the boulevards of Los Angeles are positively swarming with glossy automobiles which function perfectly under the guidance of carefree, incredibly handsome drivers. At least, it looks that way in the tourist folders, so that an optimistic Chamber of Commerce would have had good reason to feel irritated at the sight of a large and flabby gentleman abusing a decrepit old bus on the fringes of Elysian Park.

Groaning loudly, this traitor was tearing off the fenders, after which he lifted the radiator cap just in time to have a rattlesnake wriggle forth, a sight which caused him to sit down heavily upon a passing piglet. Then, egged on by the cries of a pretty redhead in the front seat, he rushed around to peer into the exhaust, receiving a spray of soot that sent him into a fit of the juvenile jumps, ending in a vicious kick at where the car's kidneys ought to be. This treatment miraculously started the motor, so the fat man grinned idiotically, hopped in beside the girl, and prepared for a pleasant ride.

"Gangway!" he shouted happily, and, as though to mock him, down came a torrent of rain that filled the car to overflowing in less than a minute. Then, clasping the redhead, he sank with a despairing screech beneath the surface, leaving a pathetic string of bubbles as farewell to a world that had done him dirt.

THEY reappeared a second later, and the flabby man cocked a fishy gray eye at one of the onlookers. "How was it?" he gasped anxiously.

"A knockout," said the director, waving aside the microphone fishing pole and the overhead rain machine. "When this sequence gets on the screen it'll

send 'em home in hysterics. No kidding, Jelly Roll, that big moonface of yours certainly can look dumb."

Mr. Osbert (Jelly Roll) Wick considered this as he scrubbed his countenance with a towel. "And I'm beginning to think it isn't skin deep," he admitted. "Whew! Four times this afternoon before you're satisfied. A fat lot you care, all dressed up like a haberdasher's delight, but it's pretty rough on Marjorie and me."

"Oh, I don't mind," said the flaming-haired Miss Berry, twinkling her laughing blue eyes. "It's rather fun, I think, and everyone who has a car will appreciate the picture. You can't make comedies and be dignified at the same time, so snap out of it, Jelly Roll."

"That's just it," sighed the flabby man. "What am I, after all? A clown. A piece of driftwood on the river of life, wasting myself on cheap two-reelers when I should—" He broke off as the peppery little director advanced threateningly.

"So you've been reading books!" snarled the megaphone wielder. "Going artistic on me, eh? Two thousand a week is hard to take, I s'pose, for making the nation forget its troubles. Say, listen, nobody can pull that tear-behind-the-smile stuff around me. Why, if you didn't have that silly-looking pan you'd be a deckhand on a submarine or something. Get some dry clothes on, both of you, and don't forget those restaurant retakes first thing in the morning."

MR. WICK shambled away to change in a nearby tent, and later, driving Miss Berry back to Hollywood in his glittering roadster, he resumed his fishing



going on at top speed. On stage A a newlywed was feeding roach powder to his mother-in-law. Wick, in a misfit dress suit, was being industriously decorated with a mass of slithery spaghetti.

HONEY

By STEWART ROBERTSON

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

for sympathy, against which she was prepared.

"What I've got in here," he croaked, thumping his chest, "is ambition. Look at Chaplin and Lloyd—they're making six-reel features, so why can't I? And, furthermore, my dream is to graduate from slapstick and do drawing-room comedy, the deft kind that the critics rave over."

Marjorie studied him anxiously. "You're crazy," she said sharply. "Chaplin and Lloyd have the audience pulling for them, out the fans laugh at you. And the idea of you being deft! Heavens, Jelly, you may have no more sex appeal than a roomful of authors, but you'll be a star long after the collar ad boys have folded up."

"But I'm in a rut and——"

"If you are, it's a comfortable one. Is it really so bad to be famous and to have me caring for you, even though you disappointed me by not proposing last week?"

Mr. Wick groaned tragically and tried out a Shakespearean gesture. "I was going to," he said earnestly, "but then I got to thinking I'd wait until I was more important. I want you to be somebody in the social racket, and you know darned well that two-reel people are just another bucket of sand at Ocean Park."

The girl was silent, fully aware that her companion was correct. One of Hollywood's favorite sports consisted of tossing the gay and festive snub at the layer just below, and she knew that Jelly Roll, even though his pictures had saved many a feeble program, would not be able to breathe the same air as the fashionable stars without getting pneumonia.

"I don't care anything about the society end of it," she said at length. "I'd rather eat at my own house than spend my life in other people's homes. Ask me now, Jelly."

"I can't," said the comedian. "I'm too disheartened. Did you hear Joe tell us about the café retakes

tomorrow? Well, the news crumpled me up like a paper towel, because that's where I get socked with the bowl of spaghetti. It's tragic, I'm telling you, for a guy with the soul of Hamlet to be playing the jester. It's—cockeyed censors!"

"Come out of your trance!" screamed Miss Berry, jabbing him in the ribs. "Didn't you see the red light, you idiot—oh, now we're going to get a ticket, and I'm starving. I can just see the judge taking Hamlet as an alibi."

A MEATY-FACED policeman was coming toward them on the run. "Guys like you should be roostin' on a load of hay instead of a car!" he bellowed. "Gowan, tell me the one about your wife is havin' triplets, you big—" Then, as he drew nearer his expression changed to that of a child staring at his first rhinoceros. "G—gee," he stammered, "if it ain't Jelly Roll Wick, himself. Say, Mr. Wick, I guess probably you was gazin' in that lady's eyes instead of watchin' me, and what I says is who wouldn't?"

"Do I know you?" asked the comedian frigidly.

"Naw, but I know you. I could recognize that punkin face of yours a mile off. Say, Mr. Wick, just send me an autographed pitcher an' we'll call it square, see? Here's my address. I think you're swell, an' so does me wife, an' kids, an' when you fell offa roof into a barrel o' tar in that last fillum, I pretty near passed out. Happy days, Mr. Wick, you sure got a mush that would make even a landlord laugh."

The crimson Jelly Roll muttered a mingled thanks and curse, and rolled away, while the policeman stood looking after him.

"He didn't seem any too pleased," he said perplexedly. "Still maybe he's bashful, like most of the great. This is somethin' to brag about, me chinnin' with old Jelly Roll. Haw, haw—he's a good old stiff, but if it had been one of them shellacked sheiks I'd of give him the works."

What Happened When a Fat \$2,000-a-Week

ELEVEN o'clock the next morning found the Chortle Comedies Studio in a mad whirl of noise. The serious business of being funny was going at top speed with three sound stages recording views of minor crimes that always culminated in assault and battery. On Stage A a newlywed was feeding roach powder to his mother-in-law. Stage B sheltered a couple of comedians setting fire to a sheriff's whiskers, while in the third enclosure Mr. Wick, in a misfit dress suit, was being industriously decorated with a mass of slithery spaghetti.

Finally, after three tries, the director signaled his approval and the exhausted Jelly Roll sank weakly into a chair and registered martyrdom.

"I'm through!" he wheezed. "When my contract runs out next month you can find some other lunatic. Socked with spaghetti—is that art? Is that creative? Is——"

"Aw, relax your larynx," rasped the director. "And lay off the sob stuff, you hear me? If I could get my hooks on the sap who started the Laugh Clown Laugh gag, I'd separate his voice from his body."

"But I'm serious. Look here, Joe, before I crashed the movies I hung around the parks so much I was beginning to think my name was Benchley, and believe me, I'd rather go back to that than grow gray getting smeared with pies."

"You've got to do better, if you expect me to break down," sneered Joe. "Just for being up-stage, I'll have a sequence in your next picture where—ah, good morning, Mr. Squibb, happy to see you, Mr. Squibb. Quick, somebody give Mr. Squibb a chair!"

The cause of this startling politeness was a sawed-off little man with the features of a gargoyle, but who carried himself with the assurance of a Turk owning a hundred wives. Mr. Eppus Squibb, seventh vice-president of Fascination Films, the huge producing concern that controlled Chortle Comedies, was aware of his importance, and now he leered triumphantly upon the lowly two-reelers.

"Comedy," squawked Mr. Squibb, "is the oats in the manger of life. Am I a liar?"

No answer. Everyone stiffened expectantly, and Mr. Squibb prepared to throw the art of speech for a loss.

"FASCINATION has bought the rights to 'The Pirate's Princess,'" he declared oilily. "It's one of them costume dramaticals where the hero is pretty loose with his tenor. Swords, songs and saving the gal—the old stuff that always gets 'em, but it needs contrast. Ham needs eggs, Minneapolis needs Saint Paul, and when a story is dripping with romance and tears, a few belly laughs wouldn't do it no harm. Could I be wrong?"

Jelly Roll began to tremble and he listened to the voice of opportunity without knowing that Marjorie was close beside him.

"So I says to myself," proceeded the little man, "we'll write in a part for Jelly Roll Wick, and so I gave the job to our memory man, who's got all the good stuff from every hit since 1920 right at his fingertips. And so, Joe, I'm here to take him off your set. He'll move in swell company—Adrienne Effingham and Boylston Tremont, from the original Broadway cast, are going to warble the leads. It's all in color, too, which will give him a chance to wear a red nose."

"But listen," said Mr. Wick hopefully, "if I'm to play opposite those gaspers I'll have to be kind of refined, won't I?"

Mr. Squibb interpreted a knowing wink from the hovering Joe. "Well," he said cagily, "it all depends. I want you to be a relief for too much slush, because, between you 'n me, this Tremont feller may be a panic with the dames, but you can't depend on these tenors for everything. Most of 'em have been On the Road to Mandalay so long that they've got fallen arches. That's why you're going to have a swell song called 'My Brother is a Private Still, for He's a Private Still.'"

Jelly Roll's pop eyes took on the glaze peculiar to poets and punch-drunk pugilists. "Gosh," he mumbled, "I guess this must be what they call Fate. Here I was getting ready to leave the picture game on its back, and look what's dished up to me." Then he responded loyally to the pressure against his arm. "And can you make a place for Marjorie?"

"Sorry," said Mr. Squibb. "Everything else is completely set. Say, you two are engaged, or something, ain't you? Well, girlie, you don't need to worry about losing this man mountain when he gets up among them high-priced hyenas."

"That's what you say," pouted Miss Berry.

"Who'd want him?" inquired Mr. Squibb rudely. "Of course, I ain't saying he lacks good points—love's got eyes like a hungry eagle, they tell me—but the general impression around headquarters is that Jelly Roll's got no chimes in his steeple."

The unfortunate Mr. Wick fidgeted miserably, not daring to cross the seventh vice-president, so he guffawed amiably and tried to change the subject.

"I suppose that foreign director is going to handle things," he ventured. "You know, that Cin—Cina—uh."

"Cinabinarino? No, he's out. I fired him because he was too lavish."

"Oh, yeah?" piped Jelly Roll.

"That's funny, I thought all the time he was a Cuban."

Mr. Squibb smacked himself on the forehead and staggered back. "See?" he yelled to the indignant Marjorie. "What did I tell you?"

THE advent of Jelly Roll Wick onto the Fascination lot, important as it was to him, caused no particular stampede. The screen players of established fame in the pre-talkie days greeted him with the patronizing familiarity of royalty hobnobbing with the peasants. The director was cordial, and Mr. Boylston Tremont, lonesome for his dear old Broadway, grew friendly enough as he realized that Jelly Roll offered no competition to his charms. And then, humming an aria, he led the comedian to his doom.

Scrunched in a quiet corner was a vivid female who lurked amid the dingy surroundings like a tigress in the jungle. Olive-skinned, hair like black satin, and with a sultry pair of yellowish eyes. Miss Adrienne Effingham proceeded to exert the lure that made gullible New Yorkers pay \$6 for a chance to breathe the same air.

"Charmed," she fluted musically, and then waited, it seemed a trifle anxiously.

Mr. Wick goggled at her, fascinated. Accustomed as he was to seeing beautiful women, they seldom failed to regard him as anything but a banana peel on the doorstep of progress, whereas this vision was smiling a dazzling welcome. He advanced, trembling with anticipation.

"Me, too," he said fervently. "Gosh, Miss Effingham, you're even more gorgeous than I expected! This

Comic Took the Laugh-Clown-Laugh Gag Seriously

is a proud day for me, to be working with the Toast of Times Square. Swell weather we're — uh — say, you're a honey!"

A wave of relief swept across the lady's oval face, quickly followed by a flash from the tawny searchlights. "You're the nicest man," she cooed. "Please sit down and tell me about yourself. You know, you're really my favorite actor; many a time I've forgotten my troubles by watching you tumble down a flight of stairs."

Mr. Wick's artistic soul writhed at the praise. "I've left all that behind, I hope," he said grandly. "What I'm pointing for is deft comedy; that sly humor with class all over it, like George Arliss in 'Disraeli.'"

"Just like all the comics," tinkled Miss Effingham, turning a desire to laugh into a fit of coughing. "They always think they could do a better job with King Lear, but it's easy to see that you're superior to the common herd. Genius always feels thwarted, doesn't it, Mr. Wick? Look at me. I've come out here to sing my first picture, and the movie crowd have been simply horrid. You're the only one who's behaved like a gentleman."

"Under your hat," said Jelly Roll, peering carefully around. "They're jealous of you, that's all, because the old silent gang is afraid they'll get knocked off their pedestals by you warblers. That's why they ritz you, and they give me the mackerel eye as well."

"Don't you mind," said the glamorous Adrienne. "Why, we are both in the same boat. You don't object to *that*, do you?"

MISS EFFINGHAM uncoiled herself, joined Mr. Tremont, and went into action with a few sample cadenzas that caused the old Hollywood settlers to curse in anguish. The prima donna's flood of golden melody was equaled only by the nonchalance of her acting, and the only apparent fault was that she seemed entirely too sophisticated to be the timorous princess called for in the script. Here, plainly, was another of the increasingly frequent cases where Broadway's verbal artillery put down a creeping barrage on the faltering screen players.

The morning passed with several trial scenes that drew chuckles from the director, and at noon Adrienne, her eyes laden with enticement, inquired if dear Mr. Wick would take her to lunch. Mr. Wick would—and did. At the end of the day he motored her back to



In the corner was a vivid female who lurked among the dingy surroundings like a tigress in the jungle. Miss Adrienne Effingham proceeded to exert the lure that made gullible New Yorkers pay \$6.00 for a chance to breathe the same air. Mr. Wick goggled at her, fascinated. "Gosh, Miss Effingham, you're more gorgeous than I expected," he declared fervently.

the gilt-edged Musclebound Arms, that haven of the sacred who refuse to have their telephone numbers in the directory, and although he had intended to bid her a Prisoner of Zenda farewell and return to the waiting Marjorie, he was dimly surprised to find himself cantering about the Cocoanut Grove with La Effingham in his arms.

As the evening went, so went the ensuing week. A premiere blazoned forth with its Coney Island antics, and Jelly Rolly could be seen escorting the aloof Adrienne, whose nose was acquiring a pronounced tilt. They appeared as a team at (Continued on page 110)

The Unknown CHARLIE CHAPLIN

CHAPLIN'S moods are as variable as April in Alabama. He has always reminded me of a powerful eight-cylindered engine—with most of the cylinders missing.

There is in him, however, a deep strain of compassion and understanding. He has no antagonisms toward any race or creed. Once, when speaking of Negroes and their humor, he said to me: "I never laugh at their humor. They have suffered too much, it seems to me, ever to be funny."

The words struck me forcibly. I watched his expression closely. His eyes were narrowed in the same manner as when he had gazed at a beautiful sunset without admiration.

"Every race has suffered," I said, after a pause, "and some had sensibilities greater than Negroes."

His mind evidently on other things, he made no comment, seemed not to hear.

Few men in any walk of life would have made such a remark—and fewer actors.

CHAPLIN has the gift of ready wit.

Madame Elinor Glyn, upon meeting him, was said to have remarked: "You don't look nearly as funny as I thought you would."

"Neither do you," was the comedian's reply.

One story pleased Chaplin greatly, and he told it often, with variations. It concerned his accidental meeting with a girl who was not aware of his identity. His friends always listened patiently, as they were willing to allow him all the vestiges of romance possible. His usual version was about as follows:

"I met a pretty little girl down on Broadway one day. She worked at a soda fountain and I had an ice-cream soda. I had no necktie on and my shirt was open at the throat and I hadn't shaved in three days. I was terribly low and I didn't know what to do with myself, so I just strolled into the place. Just as I was finishing my soda the girl was going off duty. She'd smiled at me before, so I said, jokingly, 'Can I walk down the street with you?' And she came right back with 'Surely.'"

"**W**E walked out of the store together. Finally the girl asked, 'Where do you work?'"

"Over at Robinson's in the shoe department. I'm on my vacation now," I told her.

"Gee, you got a good job, ain't you?" She looked at me admiringly when she said it.

"You bet I have. I'm getting thirty a week the first of October. I came out here from the East and fell right into it a year ago."

"Gosh, you was lucky," said the girl. "My brother



Jim Tully, here done in caricature by Joe Grant, continues his study of Charlie Chaplin this month. Next month he will tell NEW MOVIE readers of further adventures in interviewing.

didn't get work for four months after we come here. Work's hard to get here, when you don't know no one."

"I'll say it is," I told her.

"We looked at some hats in a window."

"That's a peach," I said, "for six dollars."

"Gee, it's a dandy, but they ain't no hat in the world worth that much—not when you jerk soda for a living. I make all my own hats."

"That so?" I said. "The hat you got on now looks nice. Did you make it?"

"I sure did."

"**I**'VE never seen a prettier girl than that little girl. She had beautiful auburn hair. It glinted in the sun under her hat. She had a little doll mouth and great big blue eyes that always seemed to be asking questions. We went over in Pershing Square and sat

down and I kept my cap low over my eyes so no one would notice me, and the little kid talked on, just like she was hungry to tell someone her troubles.

"You like it in California?" I asked her.

"Yes. We had so much trouble back in Iowa I was glad to get away. Father owned a big farm there, and then everything happened at once." She shuddered, and I didn't press the matter, but changed the subject.

"I'd like to see you some evening," I suggested. "I think we'd get along fine."

"She said, 'Yes, I'd like you—as long as you was kind to me.'"

"She looked so sad when she said it that I turned away from her, afraid that the tears might come."

"I may have to go back to Iowa any day now. My father—they put him away—he got sunstruck one time and never quite got over it."

"Gee, that's too bad. I understand—really I do." She looked at me, a hundred questions in her eyes.

"I made up my mind right then to be her friend."

"Let's go and have something to eat," I suggested. She was willing, and we walked along Fifth Street. When we came to Boos Brothers' Cafeteria, near Broadway, she kind of sidled toward it.

"**I** TOLD her I didn't want to go there and that I knew a better place."

"She said, 'Where?' and I said, 'The Alexandria.'"

"She gasped right out and said, 'Gee, no—it's too swell. It'll cost you a week's wages for a meal there.'"

"I told her I wanted to celebrate and that one of the waiters roomed where I did and that it would be all right."

"But you ain't got no tie on," she told me.

The Complex and Many-Sided Genius of Laughter is Vividly Described in his First Real Analysis

BY JIM TULLY

"I told her that we'd sit over in the corner. Finally she went in with me.

"We had the finest time. She soon forgot herself and began to talk to me some more about her life on the farm and her driving a Ford to high school every morning. That her brother could call hogs so that they could hear him two miles off.

"Then I told her how one time I nearly bought a hog ranch in Texas and settled down to raise hogs. I intended to do that one time just before I went into pictures, and I came darn near letting the cat out of the bag, forgetting that I was just a shoe clerk to her. When she said, 'It takes money to buy hog ranches—even in Texas,' I came down to earth.

"We sat there a long time and kept getting chummier and chummier till finally Norma Talmadge came in. She came running up to me, saying, 'Hello, Charlie Chaplin,' and the game was up. The little girl looked startled and tried to stammer something when I introduced Norma to her. She excused herself for a minute"—Charlie would pause for a moment, and then continue wistfully, "and she never came back. She never returned to work at the same place, and I never could find any trace of her. And that was that."

CHAPLIN was not always so considerate of romantic young ladies. I was with him once at the beach in Santa Monica. It seemed that nothing would happen to break the monotony of our companionship. At last a diversion occurred.

A woman asked me if the gentleman with me was not the great Mr. Chaplin. I frankly admitted his identity. She had once traveled to Hawaii on board the same ship with him and she knew him by sight.

An extraordinarily beautiful young girl of sixteen was with her. Introductions over, we chatted on the beach until dinner time. Chaplin invited them to dine with us.

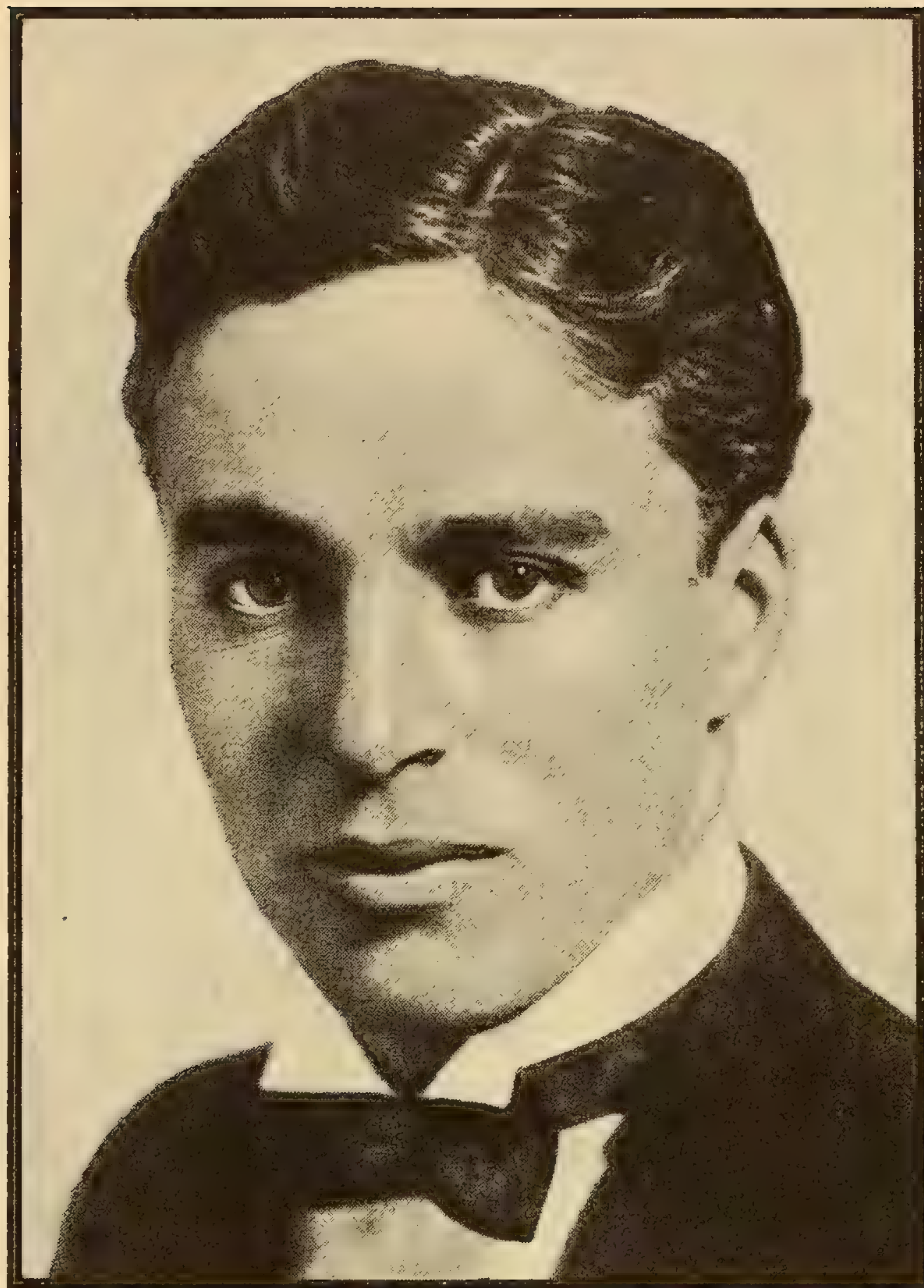
The girl, who had graduated from high school at fifteen, was attending an exclusive finishing school at the time. She proved to be more than the comedian's match in clever repartee. He was much taken with her.

At this time I was secretly hoping that something would occur to end his too-serious affair with Lita Grey. I watched the proceedings with entire satisfaction.

Chaplin asked the young lady to meet him at the Ambassador the next day and to call at the studio the day following that.

After dinner I talked with the elder lady in order to allow the seekers after romance more time together.

While riding to Los An-



Charlie Chaplin has been stamped by his early suffering. The hurts and fears of a sensitive boyhood mark his moods. Perhaps from them come his ability to shade laughter with tears.

geles that night, I expatiated upon the girl's charm, her beauty, her clever mind. Chaplin seemed much impressed. He leaned back in the limousine with an expression of pained wonder on his face. He became cheerful. He agreed with me volubly and I was pleased. I felt that any change would be for the better so far as he was concerned. I needed no great gift of prophecy to predict that it required a more understanding woman than Lita Grey to keep calm the marital waters of such a man.

SAYS JIM TULLY

CHAPLIN—

"—never makes comment on those who have wrongfully used him. Neither does he speak of a kindness which he has done to another human being."

"—is fond of animals."

"—has very keen perceptions but, by inclination an actor, he has not always a proper sense of values."

"—is a facile conversationalist."

"—is bound up with pity of his own early suffering but his sympathies are seldom anything but abstract."

"—is not by nature a generous man, because of hurts suffered during boyhood."

BUT, while he talked, a secret misgiving came. I thought of the women he had known and admired. Negri, with some intelligence, was flagrantly theatrical, as her publicity ride across the nation to greet the body of Chaplin's successor, Rudolph Valentino, was to prove.

There was some quality in Chaplin which seemed to make him fear, or at least avoid, women of high intelligence.

I wondered about these matters, until the limousine stopped, and the greatest jester in Hollywood went on to his mansion alone.

He did not keep his engagement with the young girl the next day.

The following day she
(Continued on page 114)

VISITS to the FAMOUS STUDIOS



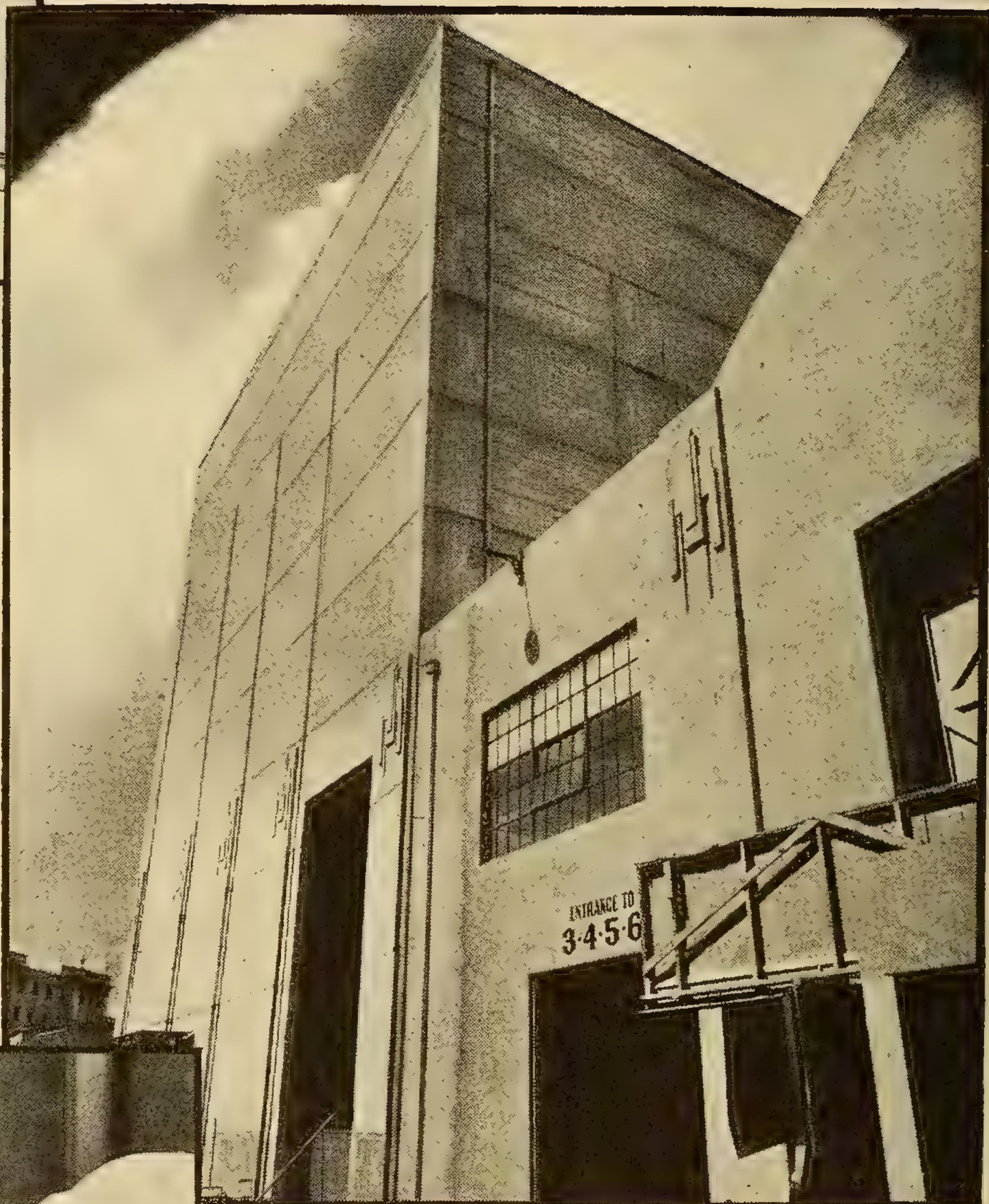
A SHORT sixteen years ago—bare fields which did not have even the dignity of a crop of weeds. A sandy waste.

Today — the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Valued at \$25,000,000.

In 1914 a real estate man sat in his office. He owned hundreds of acres of land on the outskirts of Los Angeles and was confronted with the problem of selling them. As it lay, that tract of land was far from pleasing to the eye. Which but increased the problem of selling it.

Something had to be done to draw attention to the location, to give it a glamour which would entice homeseekers. The real estate man gave up his thinking for the day. He was getting a headache. He decided to forget those acres for the afternoon. He would go to a movie. Half way out the door he stopped.

Movie! Motion pictures. *(Continued on page 54)*



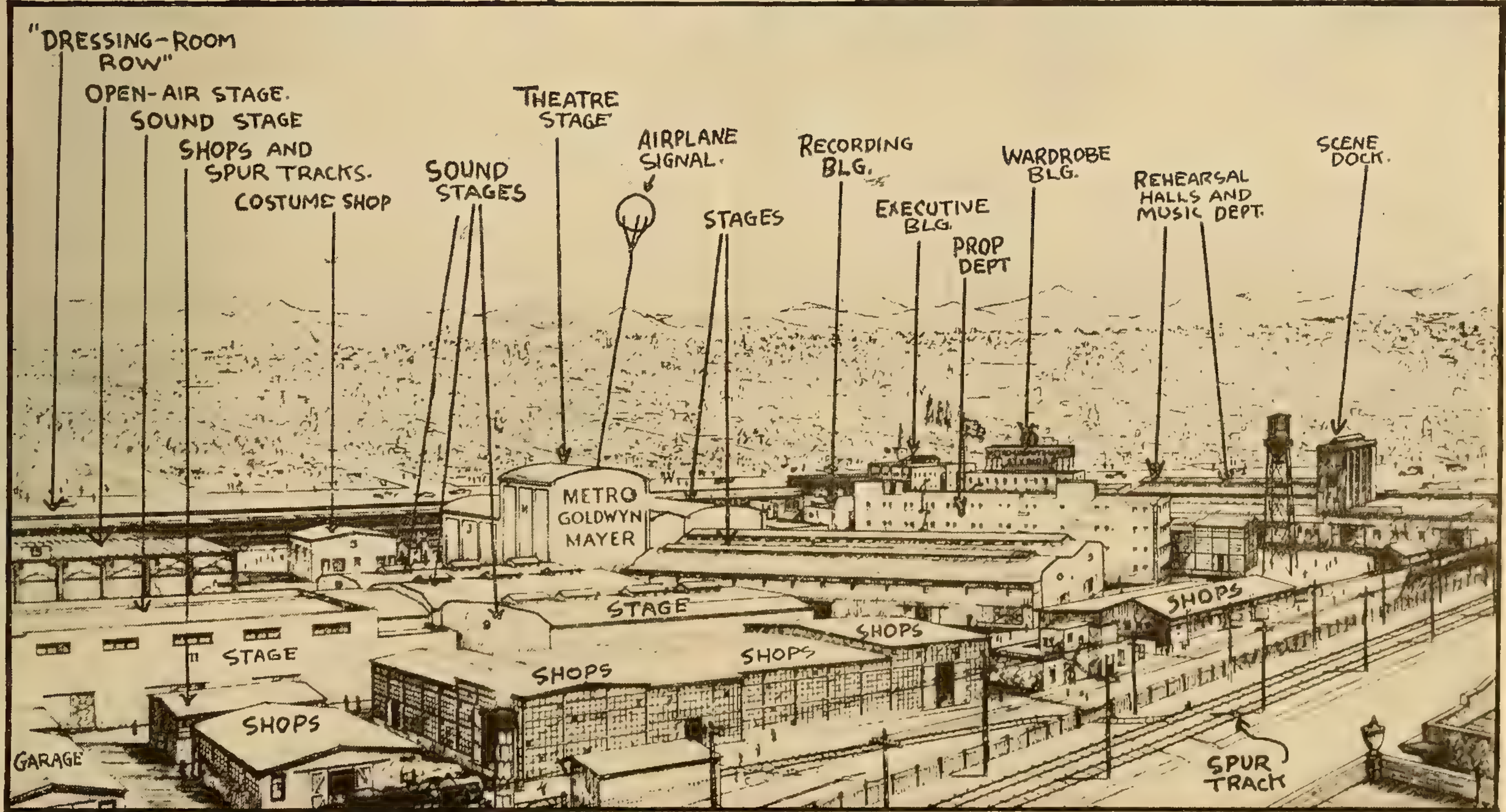
Top left, the mammoth gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, looking from the inside out. The gates are gigantic, so that anything from a big talkie truck to a procession of elephants can move through easily. Above, the exterior of the modern theater stage, where revues are staged just as they would be in a Broadway playhouse. At the left, the guiding spirits of M.G.M.: Louis B. Mayer, vice president in charge of production, and Irving G. Thalberg, executive associate producer.

A Personally Conducted Tour of the Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Below, an airplane view of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios at Culver City. If you look closely you will see the sham fronts of make-believe cities.



Below, a perspective of the south-east corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, showing the various buildings in detail.



The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio Lot, a Modern



A studio. Publicity. Workmen who would need land for homes.

Thomas Ince, then a big mogul in motion pictures, was called.

"I'll give you," said the realtor, "a flock of acres if you will build a studio upon them and shoot motion pictures in Culver City."

"Where?"

"Culver City," replied the real estate man. "You may not know it, but around this studio you will build is going to grow a prosperous community. It will be called Culver City."

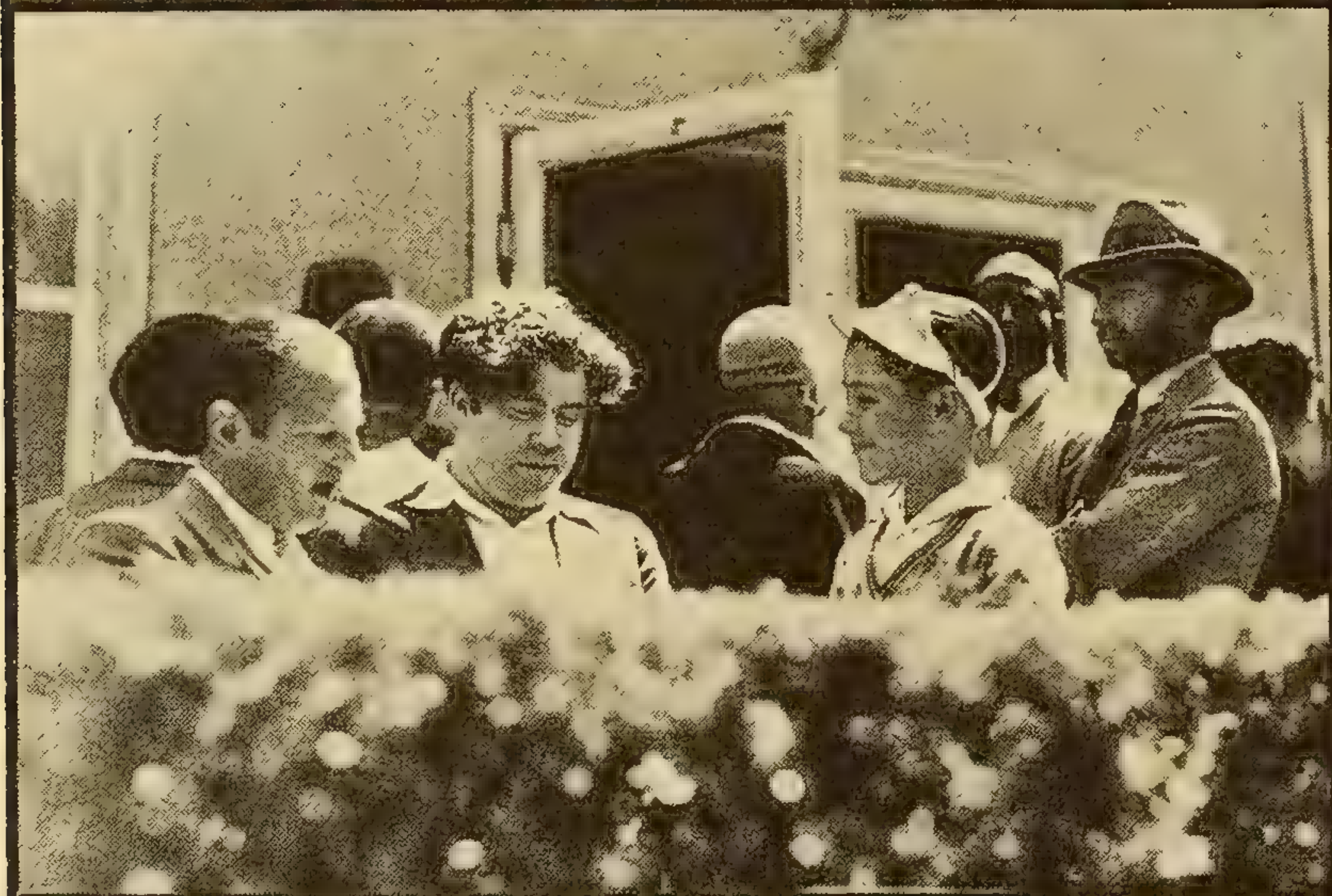
"I'll do it," said Ince.

SO out to the sanded wastes went Tom Ince. He built one rickety stage which passed for a studio and began making Western pictures.

Two years later a man who has since become rather well known in motion picture circles decided that California was a better place to make pictures than was New York.

Tom Ince's once rickety stage had grown to be three large glassed-in affairs. (Remember this was in the days when sunlight was depended upon for lighting.) Samuel Goldwyn, coming West, bought the works. Stages, land and all that went with them.

Top left, the gate guardian, Dan Owens, checks in Lillian Roth. Second from top, Dorothy Jordan and Lila Lee swap gossip. Third, our own Jim Tully buys a newspaper outside the commissary door. Lower left, Lon Chaney and little Harry Earles between scenes of "The Unholy Three." Below, the big directory board, showing the exact location of the various units. Karl Dane and Gwen Lee are the demonstrators.



City of the Thousand-and-One Arabian Nights

The romance of motion pictures and the studio which is now called Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were under way. Both were making history, but those who participated in the struggles of those old days hardly realized the fact.

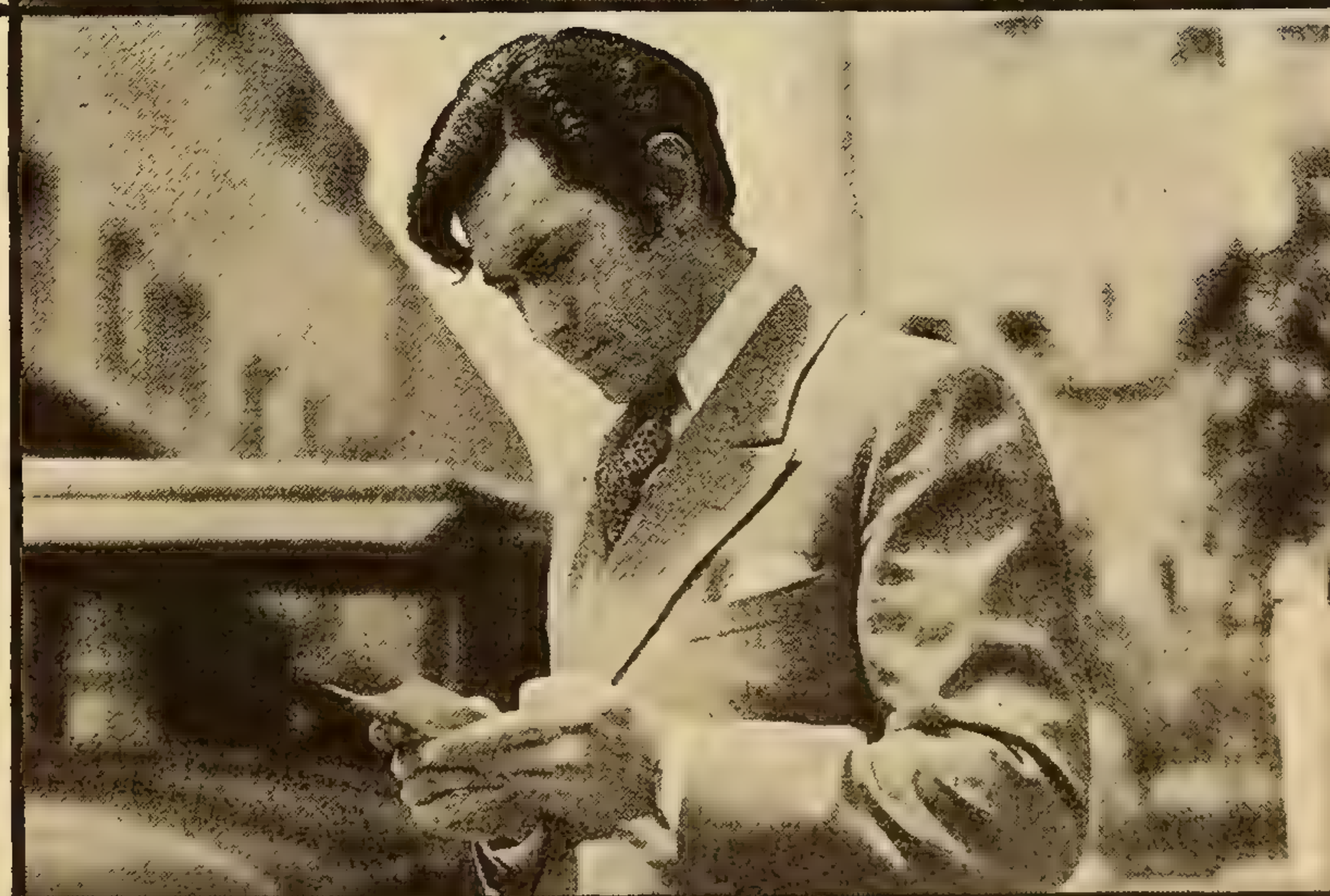
UNDER the Goldwyn régime at that studio Will Rogers first came to pictures. Also came Pauline Frederick, who was the most beautiful of her day; Helen Chadwick, Naomi Childers, Sydney Ainsworth, Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand, Jack Pickford, Tom Moore and the great Geraldine Farrar, at that time the "Carmen" of them all. These and many more laughed and cried their way in and out of that old studio. Many of them are but faint memories today.

Rupert Hughes, Rex Beach, Gouverneur Morris, Gertrude Atherton—writing names which today are as big as any in their game—all saw service at that old Goldwyn studio. It was a training ground for the great.

In 1924 Metro and Louis B. Mayer joined hands with Sam Goldwyn and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization and studio developed. It has grown like a fairy city.

The pictures on these pages show you the studio as it is today. There are twenty- (Continued on page 106)

Top right, exterior of John Gilbert's private studio bungalow. Second from top, Hal Roach, the comedy director, tries to confer with a Spanish senorita. Third, John Mack Brown, wearing a Billy-the-Kid haircut, reads his fan mail. Lower right, an extra talks to Sammy Lee, the studio dance director. Below, Karl Dane and John Mack Brown outside the studio barber shop. The modern movie studio is a miniature city.



The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

Drawings by
Ken Chamberlain

By HERB HOWE

The Paramount Hacienda: One by one the studios are drifting away from Hollywood, crowded out of expensive locations by the town they started. Several have moved into San Fernando valley, others have found hospice in Westwood and Culver City. Paramount, a pioneer, still remains, but she has moved from her original location on Vine to the old Brunton studio lot on Melrose. When Jesse Lasky saw that the old home-
stead was being stalked by skyscrapers he couldn't bear to abandon the barn in which the first of his Hollywood movies was born. So he picked it up and trundled it over to the new location. There it is pensioned off as a sort of museum. Every year a ball and banquet are held beneath its mothering rafters. Cecil De Mille

helps to officiate on such occasions. It was Cecil's wizardry that converted the lowly manger into a bathtub out of which so many stars sprang in personal glory.

Rudie Still Gets Fan Mail—Rambling in reverie about the lot with Paul Snell, publicity don, I came onto the dressing bungalow of Rudie Valentino. Paul explained it is now utilized by secretaries handling the stars' fan mail. Many letters addressed to Rudie are received each week. When I asked from whence they came a world-weary blonde replied, "Oh from up in Maine and down in Tennessee."

Evidently our vaunted means of communication are not so hot. Anyhow I think it's nice that Rudie still gets letters.

Rudie Within Call—Rudie rests within call of the studio where he triumphed. Forty feet from the wall dividing the Paramount lot from the Hollywood cemetery, the earthiness of Rudie lies in the mausoleum of June Mathis, his discoverer, who likewise is buried there. Fate at last seems to have relented its irony and been strangely considerate. June loved Rudie, and Rudie always wanted you to know that June was the person responsible for leading him to earthly glory.

The Mary Pickford School—I think it appropriate that Mary Pickford's bungalow on the Paramount lot should be used as a school for children. Law requires that children employed in pictures be given regular school instruction. Paramount keeps an instructor regularly on the payroll. She holds her classes in Mary's bungalow. Much of the time she has no pupils. Then again she has to call for special assistants from outside. With that uncannily wise child, Mitzi Green, on the lot I'm wondering if Prof. Einstein won't get a hurry-up call.

Beethoven's Last Stand—I also think it appropriate that Beethoven should make his last stand on Clara Bow's set. In the days of silent pictures every star had an orchestra to stimulate her emotions. With the entrance of the microphone orchestras were banned by ne-

Clara Bow is the Cinderella of the Paramount lot but "She's an intuitively great actress," says Herb Howe in his plea for the IT girl.



The Studios Drift Away from Hollywood—Valentino's Fan Mail Continues—What's to Become of Clara Bow?—Lew Ayres Arrives

cessity. Clara alone held out for the muse of music. Other stars may resent the prohibition of other things, but Clara alone defies the prohibition law against music. Of course, she can't have it while she's acting, but she insists upon it between scenes when the microphone isn't listening. There happened to be a prop phonograph on her set the day I panted on. The boys were maliciously playing Harry Richman records. Everyone knew that Clara and Harry no longer harmonized. But never once did Clara crack. Perhaps she was too much interested in her leading man, young Stanley Smith, to recognize Harry's voice. It is said that Harry put Clara on a six months' probation never to look at another man. Who, pray, does this Richman think he is? I, for one, insisted that Clara defy him, which she did in such a nice way that I've sent back my slave bracelet to Garbo.

What's To Become of Clara?—Her producers sort of ditched Clara when the talkies came on. They knew she could look and so figured she couldn't talk. When "Paramount on Parade" was shown to exhibitors for the first time Clara was absent. The exhibitors screamed and pounded the arms of their chairs. They knew what they wanted and they wanted IT. The producers hastily dragged Clara out of the corner where they had stood her and let her do a little song and dance for the picture. To the anguish of another star on the lot she quite outstepped-and-out-warbled her.

Clara says she would like to retire from the screen but can't because of so many poor relations dependent on her. She is tired of being banged about like Cinderella by press and producers. Personally I think Clara has been depreciated by the cheese-mongers' stories in which she has appeared. She is an intuitively great actress. Stuart Erwin, who worked with her in a recent picture, tells me she has one of those flash minds. She reads a script through once and knows every line. "She's an on-and-offer," says Stu. "But when she's great she's so darned great that you forgive her for letting down between spurts."

Give Clara Bow the sympathetic management and intelligent coaching that are vouchsafed the frigid Garbo and you'll witness the competition of fire against ice. Clara is what Chevalier calls the *real thing*. Otherwise why does Will Rogers mention her so often? And why do I in my squeaky way pound my typewriter into a white heat as I'm now doing?

Garbo Befriends Interviewers—If there ever was a friend of interviewers it is Greta Garbo. She refuses



Herb Howe has gone to Europe to report Continental film news and gossip for NEW MOVIE for the next two or three months. You will find his new European comments of genuine interest.

to be interviewed. I wish more stars would realize they have nothing to say. But Greta came cackling off her perch when a Swede interviewer got sore because she shut the door to him. He went right home and said things in Swedish, which is a strong language. Greta hastily invited him to come back and made herself talkative in a big way. I'm not chauvinistic. Indeed, I've been spitefully accused of preferring a Polish lady to our native stars. No, it is not patriotism that makes me resent Greta slamming the door on American interviewers. It's just the bad taste of her. Why anyone, even a Swede, should prefer Swedes. . . . !

Greater Faith Hath No Woman—Ramon Novarro tells an interviewer that when he marries he wants a woman whose faith is so great that, when he tells her one thing and her eyes tell her another, she will still believe him. Ramon doesn't want to be a husband, he wants to be a god. Which, of course, is a far more commendable ambition.

Tight in a Big Way—Chevalier is living up to our idea of a Frenchman by practising a frugality unparalleled in Hollywood. When he came West the second time he decided to rent a car to save the expense of purchasing one. When he found it would cost him fifty a week he went home and pondered the night through. The next day he said, "No, I can buy me a Ford in three months for what it would cost renting a big car."

Chevalier and his wife live in a small apartment.

Herb Howe Tells You All About Hollywood Folk

They take turns at the Ford. If a tire goes flat they also take turns. They do not entertain in a Hollywood way. And yet when Chevalier appears on the stage of a theater in Hollywood for a week he dedicates the entire receipts of the first night to the Chevalier hospital in Hollywood. When other stars get tight in a big way like Maurice — well, they'll get our money in the same big way.

Corinne Forever—I'm drenched from whimpering through stories about Corinne Griffith quitting the screen. She does say she may make just one more. Swearing off the screen is like swearing off on other things; just one more little one and you're on it again. But the big rainbow through my tears is the rumored possibility of a little toddling talkie of Corinne. Certainly this fine orchid strain should not die out. Charming, refined, potently feminine, Corinne yet has a brain that would do yeoman service for Morgan & Company. Although she has always appeared in luxury becoming an Eastern Empress, she has contrived to build a vast financial structure of bonds, stocks and realty holdings.

In attempting to describe Mary Nolan, someone said, "Imagine Corinne Griffith beaten by life." I regret to say my imagination collapsed like a pricked balloon. I can't imagine Corinne beaten by life but I can imagine life jolly well beaten by Corinne,—if you'll pardon the English.

Hollywood War Hero—I dropped in at the Hacienda Apartments to see Lew Ayres. In "All Quiet on the Western Front" Lew plays a soldier in a way that makes him an old vet's buddy. Of course, he was too young to serve in the World War, but his imagination apparently is equal to experience. Besides, the war that Universal staged for the picture was just about as hot as the original.

"How did it feel to plunge your face in the mud?" I asked.

"Funny, everyone asks that question," Lew said. "Well, it wasn't as bad as learning lines every night, after ten to twenty hours in trench and shell hole."

You see a Hollywood hero has it tougher than a World War Sammy. We didn't have to learn lines, only such voluntary ones as "Beautiful Katie." I therefore pin the *Croix de Guerre* on the bosom of young Lew Ayres. He's a boy of authentic character who I hope will come through the battle of Hollywood unscathed. Incidentally there are more casualties in that battle than in any on the Western front. Few come

out of it the same as they entered.

Hollywood Rumor—No small town can vie with Hollywood in fantastic gossip. I was soberly informed that Lew was given the name "Lewis Ayres" by his director Lewis Milestone who goes about places with Agnes Ayres. The "Lewis" was from Milestone, the "Ayres" from Agnes. My informant didn't say how Lew's parents came by their name of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ayres. Maybe Mr. Milestone sponsored their christening, too.

More reliable, perhaps, is the story of little Ena Gregory who was casting about for a more propitious name. She figured that Mary and Douglas were just about the best names in the business and so she is now Marion Douglas. A girl with such genius should be heard from in a big way.

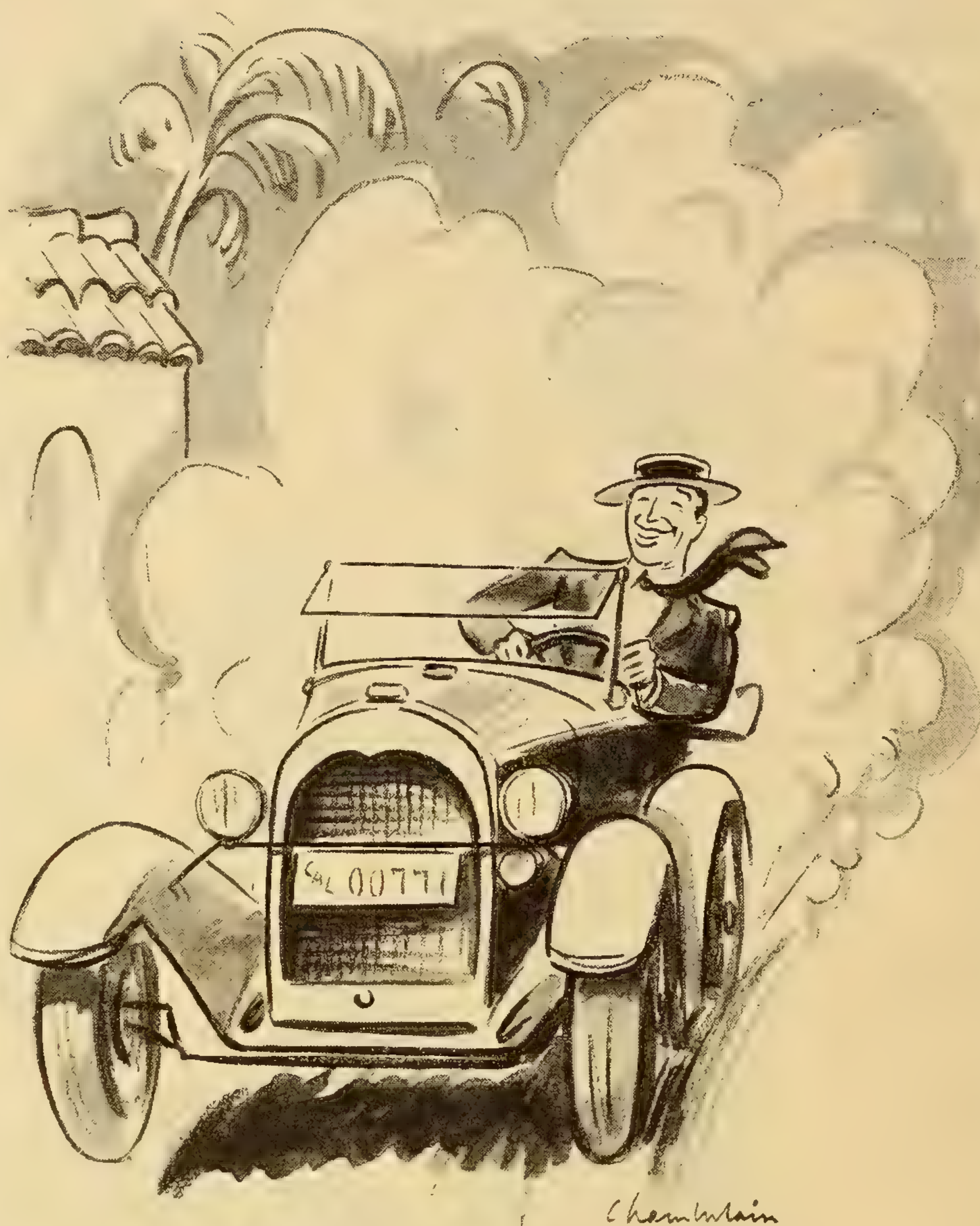
Talkie Finds—How badly the microphone has ravaged Hollywood may be estimated by the fact that

one studio has let out fifty of the seventy players who were under contract before the talkies came. And yet the most promising finds of the past year are not all "talkie" actors from the stage by any means. Among the best bets I would list Lewis Ayres, Loretta Young, Stuart Erwin, Stanley Smith, Bernice Claire, Lola Lane, Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, and that little enfant terrible, Marie Dressler. Two of these have had no stage training; others have had no more than many of the silent players had had. Talkie or no talkie, Hollywood is a seething revolution. That's what makes it exciting. You never know what day you may be a Trotzky.

The Comic Valentine—Stuart Erwin is getting the recognizing chuckles out of audiences when he appears, just as Jack Oakie did in his beginning. Stu arrived in the world on Valentine's Day and was left at a post-office called Squaw Valley. He looked so much like Will Rogers, that, even to this day, his folks wonder if the stork didn't make a mistake in the address. Stu says he chose pictures for a career because he realized he was dumb. He flopped out of two universities.

In his first stage appearance he essayed five characters: A juvenile, a bearded gentleman, an Irishman, a German and a Negro. After that he played all sorts of parts, acted as stage manager and eventually was pulled into pictures by Winnie Sheehan. Despite the fact that he is becoming notorious as a stealer of star pictures he is very popular among

(Continued on page 97)



Maurice Chevalier is setting a Hollywood record in frugality. Instead of buying an expensive car, he travels about Hollywood in a Ford. And the Chevaliers live in a small apartment.



Photograph by Richee

CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS



Photograph by Hurrell

ANITA PAGE



Photograph by Hurrell

ROD LA ROCQUE



Photograph by Fred R. Archer

VIVIENNE SEGAL



Photograph by Richee

MARLENE DIETRICH



Photograph by Richee

RUTH CHATTERTON



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

KAY FRANCIS

The MONTANA KID

One of the Greatest Contradictions in Pictures Is Gary Cooper, Who Began by Being Hollywood's Worst Actor

BY DICK HYLAND

On and off the screen Gary Cooper leaves you guessing. He talks too little for anyone to learn much about him.

HE'S a big, rough, tough guy, this Gary Cooper. He's the type you'd expect to love his mother and protect your sister, this boy with the embarrassed, intriguing grin.

He's the quiet gent, who came out of Montana and caused all Hollywood to talk about him. They have to talk because Hollywood sees him around and yet does not know him. Those ingredients make for much talk almost anywhere.

There are folks who have known Gary Cooper for years, directors who have handled him in whole pictures, and have not heard him speak over a hundred conversational words.

HE is one of the greatest contradictions in pictures, is this third of the Three Musketeers of Hollywood.

The reason for that is that he stimulates the imagination. He and Garbo are the only two people on the screen who fit into anything your own imagination creates around them. If you want to see Garbo as a sweet and gracious woman, it's easy. If you want to see her as a sleek and sirenish vampire, you can do that.

Her glimmering personality is like a beautiful picture, into which you fit your own ideals and dreams.

Gary Cooper is the same. He is the perfect model around which you can weave anything you like and he will not interfere with it. If you like a hard, dangerous man, it is easy to think of Cooper as being like that. If you want a sweet, embarrassed boy, he's there. The quality which sets women dreaming and men remembering and longing for adventure seems to be part of Gary.

On the screen Gary Cooper is all things to all men—and women.


Which explains his drawing power.

He is not a good actor. He is not a handsome man, in the generally accepted sense of the word. He has no tricks of personality, no mannerisms. None of the finish of Barrymore or the fire of John Gilbert.

But he has more of everything, and he lacks less, than any of them.

Off the screen—he still leaves you guessing.





Gary Cooper is shy. He dislikes crowds and parties. Yet his three romances have been the talk of the movie capitol.

There again, he is not good looking. Far from being a Buddy Rogers in the matter of profile and dark curls. A tall, lanky young man, with a strong chin and well-set eyes that at times look clear through you and at other times seem incapable of having a thought behind them. There is a leanness of limb and of feature about Gary Cooper that is pleasing.

But he talks so little it is impossible to know much about him.

NO small talk of any kind has Cooper. He either will not or cannot do it. He is a first-class grunter if ever there was one. Ask him if he thinks it is a nice day and he'll grunt. Ask him how his pictures are going and he'll grunt. If you talk for a long time, he stops grunting and smiles—a sort of pleasant, but not very enthusiastic smile.

As a matter of fact he never says anything unless he has something to say. Otherwise, silence is good enough for him. The necessity for keeping conversation going is not apparent to his mind. If the subject is one about which he knows nothing or is not interested, he simply allows it to slide by without effort.

Only once have I been able to get him going.

He came out to the house one night to dinner. It was two years ago—just after I had met him. He came early, while my wife was still dressing. I'm not fooling when I say that before dinner I felt like the ancient Greek orator who spent hours talking to the waves on the beach.

Finally, long after the coffee and just about the time I was ready to say, "Well, good night, brother. Dash along and I hope you have not worn yourself out grunting at me," I happened to mention that I had spent some time as a forest ranger. That I knew a bit from a halter and how to hobble a horse. That long days spent in the saddle in the California mountains were among the most perfect a man could experience.

It was the "open sesame" to Gary Cooper. He cut loose and talked for an hour about horses, about the range, about saddles, about cattle and the nights under the stars. He made me smell the campfire again and feel the rain beating into my face as I rode into it. The peace that comes when you are alone in the mountains or on the plains with a good horse under you was mine again. Gary Cooper knew his stuff and could talk it well.

There was emotion in his voice, poetry in his words, and fire in his eyes.

I give that example in refutation of the rumor which one sometimes encounters around Hollywood that Gary Cooper is dumb. He isn't. He just will not be a wisecracker. Which is a relief at times. His sense of humor is typically Western—dry, slow, and chiefly for

his own amusement and not for the entertainment of others.

I DON'T know that you would call him anti-social. But he does not care for parties and crowds. When you do see him out he usually stands, tall and grave, watching others mill about. Or he finds some one person who interests him and spends his time in a corner. I remember seeing him sit all one Sunday afternoon on the end of a diving-board talking to Evelyn Brent, while fifty other people swam, played tennis and talked in groups at a garden party.

Partly, he is shy. Very easily embarrassed and self-conscious. Partly, he thinks that all the social chatter and laughter of people is a waste of time and energy.

Gary has needed all his energy since he first came to Hollywood.



Gary Cooper with his father and mother, Judge and Mrs. Henry Cooper. Gary was born in Montana and went to Hollywood to seek his fortune as a commercial artist.

First of all, he has had three rather hectic love affairs with three very dynamic young women.

Clara Bow saw him first, when he played with her in "Children of Divorce." It was a mad young romance and nearly cost Gary his chance in pictures. For it swept him completely off his feet—this quiet, silent cowboy from Montana—and he forgot all about his career and his work.

Then for a long time everyone thought he was going to marry Evelyn Brent. You've seen Betty Brent on the screen. A vivid, forceful girl, with a wealth of emotion and a keen brain.

Now Lupe Velez, the wild-cat from Mexico. It is funny to watch Lupe and Gary together—like seeing a small typhoon playing around a big, gray battleship, or a Pekinese pup annoying a Great Dane. Gary adores her, accepts all her emotionalism, her tempestuous outbursts, her wild mirth—with his slow, shy smile. When she starts kissing him in public—at the Montmartre at lunch or some such place—he takes it with a grin, embarrassed but unconcerned.

THE second thing for which he has needed his energy is his work.

Because Gary Cooper is not a natural-born actor.

No man who ever succeeded before the camera was so terrible to begin with. He was the world's worst actor and the hardest man to direct who ever stepped on a stage.

If Gary Cooper owes his success to anyone, it is to Frank Lloyd, one of the best directors in pictures.

Frank directed "Children of Divorce," which was Gary's first real picture. Before that he had appeared—by chance—as Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth". Then Paramount, desperate for a leading man, as every studio was at that time, cast him for a

young polo player in a picture under Frank's direction.

It was awful. In fact, it was plain murder. Frank worked until he was exhausted. It took him three days to get one scene of Gary opening a letter and looking surprised. Twice Paramount decided to take him out of the part, and twice Frank Lloyd fought to keep him in.

"He can't act yet," he said, "but he's got something. I'll manage with him. Let him alone for a while."

FINALLY, after a terrific struggle, Frank Lloyd pulled him through.

And the public went crazy about him. They liked that awkwardness, that shy naturalness that was not acting. They liked the tall, strong young man who actually looked like a man and not an actor.

Gary Cooper, to his own and everyone else's amazement, was OVER.

He is still difficult to direct.

He did not want to be a movie actor! He wanted to be a commercial artist. When he came down to Los Angeles from Montana it was for that purpose. But he flopped, finally could not get a job.

To keep from starving to death, and because he knew how to ride, he got a job as an extra in Westerns. He went to Nevada with the company making "The Winning of Barbara Worth" merely as a cowboy extra. But the man who was to have played the part of Abe Lee took sick and Gary was shoved into it. Merely because he looked nearest the part and they could not wait until an actor came from Los Angeles.

Unless all signs go wrong, Gary Cooper is going to come closer to taking Wally Reid's place than anyone else. Which would probably have pleased Wally because he would have liked Gary Cooper a lot.

But then—who wouldn't? Or doesn't?

IN NEXT MONTH'S NEW MOVIE ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

will tell the brave and dramatic story of Anna Q. Nilsson, crippled by an accident and fighting to recover her place in moviedom



Photograph by Gene Robert Richee

JEAN ARTHUR

Poses as Sir James Barrie's immortal Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up.

The SWANSON Fashion PARADE



Gloria Swanson (above) in a suit of black broadtail, with ivory transparent velvet waist. A silver fox cuff for one sleeve only lends a smart touch to the ensemble. A close-fitting hat is worn with this original costume.

Gloria Swanson demonstrates the correct thing for sports aboard ship. She is wearing a blue floccallic sports suit trimmed with harmonizing suede. Her blue suede beret matches the suit. A white pique blouse with turned down collar is worn with this costume.



The Famous Star Poses in the Newest Modes

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
BY RUSSELL BALL

Miss Swanson demonstrates the newest and smartest in dinner dresses. The gown is of nude satin, in which both sides of the material are used. A circular cape collar falls over one shoulder to form a fetching train.



GLORIA'S 1930

Miss Swanson (at the left) is wearing an attractive afternoon suit. It is of French lida, trimmed with leopard. With it she wears a beige satin blouse and a leopard trimmed felt hat.



A smart street ensemble is shown by Miss Swanson at the right. It is made of black flat crepe and gray tribor, trimmed with astrakhan. With it Miss Swanson wears a close-fitting black felt hat.



FASHION REVUE

An evening gown of pale green crepe mogul is revealed by Miss Swanson at the right. This is embroidered along the neckline with fine stones. With this costume Miss Swanson wears three bracelets of original design just above the elbow. Her earrings match.



At the left Miss Swanson is seen in a transparent black velvet tea gown with sleeves forming large circular flounces at the wrists. These are trimmed with rows of white gardenias

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

Mrs. George Fitzmaurice Gives a Shower for the Movie Colony's Bride, Bebe Daniels, and Entertains at a Buffet Dinner

By EVELYN GRAY
Special Photographs by Stagg

THERE is no more delightful occasion for entertaining than to honor some prospective bride with a shower. There are a vast number of showers which can be arranged, from little useful articles which every young wife is going to need to the finest gifts for her trousseau.

Bebe Daniels was honored before her wedding to Ben Lyon by several showers, given by her intimate friends and members of her bridal party. Just before the ceremony Mrs. George Fitzmaurice entertained with one of the most delightful parties ever given in Hollywood. The scene was the beautiful English home of the Fitzmaurices in Beverly Hills.

Seventy-five of Bebe's feminine friends were invited for an eight-o'clock dinner. The men were asked to come in around ten o'clock.

MRS. FITZMAURICE, who is one of Holly-

Mrs. George Fitzmaurice puts the finishing touches to the gardenia decorations of a table. The centerpiece shows a doll in a cage with a toy lion, the doll standing with tiny foot planted in the lion's neck. The dinner itself was served in buffet style.

wood's most charming hostesses, used great taste in her decorations. A big bay window in the drawing-room was filled with baskets of white flowers, Easter lilies and sprays of white blossoms being the motif. Here she arranged an enormous clothes basket, covered with frilly white paper, from which the beautifully wrapped presents appeared to spill in gay profusion. Each guest as she arrived deposited her package, and Bebe had the delightful suspense of seeing this heap of treasures awaiting her hand when dinner was over.

The dinner itself was served in buffet style. Many small card tables had been set up in the dining-room, the big sun porch and the small breakfast room, covered with white cloths and with the silver laid. The guests served themselves and then found their special friends and the smaller tables arranged around the rooms.





THE menu was a particularly delightful one, as the Fitzmaurices are famous for a dish known in the Hollywood circle as "Fitzmaurice hash." We begged the recipe from Fitz, who brought it with him from Italy after a trip abroad some years ago, and it is given in detail at the end of this article. Besides big chafing dishes and casseroles of this famous dish were platters of turkey, roasted potatoes, and new peas, and two large platters of a marvelous vegetable salad with French dressing.

In the center of the table was a special decoration arranged by Mrs. Fitzmaurice, which caused much laughter among the guests. In a white bird cage was a woolly lion, such as kiddies receive on Christmas. Above the prostrate figure of the lion was an adorable doll, in a wedding costume, with her small foot firmly planted on the lion's neck.

The dessert, served at the tables, was ice-cream made in a lion mold, and in a mold of a small book, with the names "Bebe-Ben" written in colored ice-cream. Coffee and mints were served following the dessert.

AS soon as dinner was over—during the meal a four-piece orchestra played softly in a curtained alcove, using as their chief selections the favorite songs from Miss Daniels' screen success, "Rio Rita"—Miss Daniels took her seat beside the gifts and the girls gathered about her, sitting on the floor. She opened the presents among her friends and received many congratulations on the lovely additions to her bridal trousseau and the furnishings for her new home.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice's gift was the wedding nightgown of white satin and D'Alencon lace, copied exactly from the one made in Paris for the trousseau of Princess

A few of the girls and the gifts at Mrs. Fitzmaurice's party. Seated: Carmen Pantages and Colleen Moore. Standing, left to right: Lou Rawson, Eileen Percy, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Julianne Johnson and Mrs. Laurence Wheat. Sixty girls attended the shower. You can read all about their costumes in this article.

Marie-Josef of Belgium.

Miss Daniels wore a dinner gown of soft green chiffon, the figure outlined with delicate ruffles of the same material. A corsage of orchids was worn on the shoulder. The hostess, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, wore a bouffant dress

of sheer white organdy, very tight at the waist and with a full, long skirt, and a tiny bolero jacket of blue embroidery.

OTHERS present were:

Colleen Moore, in a dress of print chiffon, made with a long skirt of plaited ruffles.

Elsie Janis. White taffeta, with a broad hem of black around the bottom and a neckline ornamented with rose and gold.

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. A tight-fitting gown of silver and green metallic cloth, with a wide bertha around the neckline.

Dolores del Rio. Chartreuse green velvet, with a fairly short skirtline, around which fell long panels touching the floor. With this she wore emerald rings and earrings, and orchids.

Lilyan Tashman. A tight-fitting gown of black chiffon, cut to the waistline in the back and with invisible shoulder straps of flesh chiffon. The black chiffon was printed from the knees down in very large conventionalized roses.

Carmen Pantages. A green and mauve print, softly draped and with a little winged cape over the shoulders.

Betty Compson. White taffeta, belted exactly at the waistline and covered with tiny gold stars.

Billie Dove. All black chiffon, with a simple bodice belted at the waist, and a long skirt, ending in a full, ruffled flounce below the knees. (Continued on page 109)



At the right, Miss Bow standing in the arched doorway leading to the dressing room. Rose brocaded curtains, edged with chiffon ruffles and caught back with velvet bands, drape the entrance. The wardrobe is concealed by sliding doors. The carpeting is of a very pale and warm shade of mulberry.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
By DON ENGLISH



The Bow bedroom is furnished in old ivory enamel. The bed is raised on a dais and covered with a throw of ruck rose brocade. Besides the bed, the boudoir furniture includes a chest of drawers, a dressing table and a writing desk, all in old ivory. The drapes are of antique rose brocade, but the window curtains are of lightly ruffled wisps of maize chiffon, bringing a splash of eternal sunshine into the room. An imported crystal chandelier hangs from the center ceiling.

MOVIE BOUDOIRS

IV. CLARA BOW



Miss Bow's dressing table is placed beneath a window to permit unobstructed lighting for the intricate details of make-up. This table is draped with the same antique rose brocade that covers the bed and curtains the doorway. The top is covered with glass, over a yellow silk ground. A myriad of perfume bottles are arranged on the table, crystal and onyx vying with jade and different colored quartz.

The Bow boudoir. The star's bed is devoid of footboard or headboard, but is richly draped and covered with generous yards of brocade. Pale rose chiffon, caught into folds and pleats, forms the inner portion of the overhead draping.



At the left, Miss Bow's Chinese room, designed for relaxation and rest. The walls are covered with a black and gold material, displaying Chinese scenes. One entire corner is devoted to a huge divan that is built into the walls. It is covered with black and decorated with pyramids of red and gold pillows. Red and gold brocade curtains cover the French windows. A black carpet and Oriental rugs conceal the floor. A gold Buddha sits on a throne at one side.



Phillips Holmes, son of the comedian, Taylor Holmes, came into his own in Nancy Carroll's "The Devil's Holiday." He scored a real hit. You will next see him with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy."

Photograph by Otto Dyar

**PHILLIPS
HOLMES**



In these specially posed photographs, Alice White forgets her flapper past and tries to capture the mood of that Victorian Alice who dreamed a magic dream. Above you see her with the imperious Queen of Hearts who was one of the creatures who "ordered one about so." Alice is crouched under the fantastic mushroom, a taste of which made little girls grow short or tall at will. And below you find her in Hollywood's version of the Lewis Carroll garden.





Do you remember the card gardeners who painted the roses in order to placate the angry Queen? Perhaps these photographs are in the nature of a dress rehearsal and Miss White will surprise the public by bringing the "child with the clear untroubled brow" to the screen.

Alice in Wonderland



Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY JORDAN

Miss Jordan is a Tennessee girl. After a few appearances in the choruses of Broadway musical comedies, Miss Jordan went to Hollywood. Her first chance came in the Pickford-Fairbanks film, "The Taming of the Shrew." After that, she became Ramon Novarro's leading woman in three films, "Devil May Care," "Gay Madrid," and "The Singer of Seville." Miss Jordan is one of the most promising of the Hollywood youngsters.

REVIEWS: By Frederick James Smith

THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY Paramount

Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Hallie Hobart*, Nancy Carroll; *David Stone*, Phillips Holmes; *Mark Stone*, James Kirkwood; *Ezra Stone*, Hobart Bosworth; *Charlie Thorne*, Ned Sparks; *Monkey McConnell*, Morgan Farley; *Kent Carr*, Jed Prouty; *Dr. Reynolds*, Paul Lukas; *Ethel*, Zasu Pitts; *Fred-die*, Morton Downey; *Hammond*, Guy Oliver; *Aunt Betty*, Jessie Pringle.

Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed this, has a sure screen touch. He brought back Gloria Swanson with "The Trespasser." Here he has lifted Nancy Carroll from mere flapper rôles to real heights of sincerity. This is the story of the son of a rich wheat farmer and a gold-digging Chicago manicurist, their marriage and what came of it. The regeneration of the flashy, shallow Hallie is superbly depicted by Miss Carroll. And Phillips Holmes gives a splendid performance of the simple lad from the wheat fields. This film is 'way above the average, possessing sincerity and force. It is a picture you should surely see.

Best—Nancy Carroll



THE TEXAN—Paramount

Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *The Llano Kid*, Gary Cooper; *Consuelo*, Fay Wray; *Senora Ibarra*, Emma Dunn; *Thacker*, Oscar Apfel; *John Brown*, James Marcus; *Nick Ibarra*, Donald Reed; *The Duenna*, Soledad Jimenez; *Mary*, Veda Buckland; *Pasquale*, Cesar Vanoni; *Henry*, Edwin J. Brady; *Sixto*, Enrique Acosta; *Cabman*, Romualdo Tirado.

Since the success of "The Virginian," it is evident that Gary Cooper must make other geographic sequels. Here he is a Texas cowpuncher who falls in with a crook's efforts to fleece an old woman in South America. The woman has offered a big reward for her lost son, who ran away at the age of ten. The scheme calls for Gary to pose as the son and split the reward with the crook. Down in Latin America, the Llano Kid finds he can't go through with it. He's fallen in love with his "cousin," played by Fay Wray. You will like Gary, who has never been more sincere, and you will like the picture, too.

Best—Gary Cooper



THE BIG POND Paramount

Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Pierre*, Maurice Chevalier; *Barbara Billings*, Claudette Colbert; *Ronnie*, Frank Lyon; *Mr. Billings*, George Barbier; *Mrs. Billings*, Marion Ballou; *Pat O'Day*, Nat Pendleton; *Toinette*, Andree Corday; *Jennie*, Elaine Koch.

The process of flattening Maurice Chevalier into the conventional movie mould has started. His newest film, "The Big Pond," is the sort of thing Richard Dix once acted. An American girl, while abroad, falls in love with a Frenchman. Her father, hoping to cure her, brings the Parisian back to America and puts him to work in his factory. But the foreigner makes good and becomes a big success. Chevalier is not at his best as a go-getter. He is too expert an actor to fail, however, and keeps "The Big Pond" above water. Still, the film is pretty poor. The charming Claudette Colbert is lost in the proceedings, too.

Best—Maurice Chevalier



BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National

Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Countess Anna-Marie*, Vivienne Segal; *Count Adrian Beltrami*, Allan Prior; *Colonel Vultow*, Walter Pidgeon; *Teresa*, Louise Fazenda; *Sophie*, Myrna Loy; *Sprotti*, Lupino Lane; *Tangy*, Ford Sterling; *Sgt. Dostal*, Harry Cording; *Capt. Stogan*, Claude Fleming; *The Prince*, Herbert Clark.

This was once a stage operetta called "The Lady in Ermine." A picturesque background: Northern Italy near the border years ago when Austrian hussars were putting down a rebellion. Count Adrian Beltrami has to make his escape on his wedding night. It falls to his bride, the Countess Anna-Marie, to entertain the ruthless invaders. Their leader is a dashing colonel who has few scruples. In this rôle Walter Pidgeon, tall and striking, stands out. But the star is Vivienne Segal, Broadway luminary, who does very well with the rôle of the countess bride. Myrna Loy is excellent, too.

Best—Vivienne Segal



THE ARIZONA KID—Fox

Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *The Arizona Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Lorita*, Mona Maris; *Virginia Hoyt*, Carol Lombard; *Nick Hoyt*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Snakebite Pete*, Arthur Stone; *Pulga*, Mrs. Jimenez; *Sheriff Andrews*, Walter P. Lewis; *The Hoboken Hooker*, Jack Herrick; *His Manager*, Wilfred Lucas; *Bartender Bill*, Hank Mann; *Molly*, DeSacia Mooers.

Continuing the adventures of the Cisco Kid, the dashing, singing hero of "In Old Arizona." Warner Baxter is again the guitar-strumming, roistering desperado. No, the sequel isn't as good as "In Old Arizona." Sequels rarely hit the fine zest of their predecessors. Hoofbeats again clatter across the mesa. Stage coaches again creak and thunder through lonely passes. And the Cisco Kid rides quite as fearlessly. It is a pleasant enough yarn, of the Cisco Kid, his love for a faithless blonde (Carol Lombard), and how the fiery-tempered Lorita (Mona Maris) saves him. Baxter is ingratiating.

Best—Warner Baxter



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



Metro-Goldwyn happily borrowed Ruth Chatterton from Paramount to play the shrewdly understanding actress heroine of what was once a stage play called "The High Road." This is one of those swanky studies of British life. Drawing-room dramas, they used to call them in the old stage days. Miss Chatterton is adroit and sure as the actress who sends the man she loves back to the woman he has loved. And she is ably aided by Basil Rathbone as the man. This is tastefully directed and acted. It will hold you mildly, unless you buck at folks who hide their breaking hearts behind a teacup. The talkies, by the way, have been going in for this polite drama pretty heavily.

Best—Ruth Chatterton



Just another milestone in the wrecking of a brilliant film career. Clara Bow, who can troop with the best of them and who has personality, is weighted down with a yarn that is both dull and dumb. Clara is the pert soda fountain attendant with a sweetheart on every ship of the Pacific fleet. She flirts with 'em all until Gunner McCoy appears—and then it's all over. Clara cries and sings—but she can do something far better than this. We refer you to Herb Howe's plea for Clara on another page of this issue. Fredric March plays Gunner McCoy, the target practice hope of the squadron. Won't somebody do something for our Clara?

Best—Clara Bow



"The Silent Enemy" is hunger. This is a record of primitive Indian life, a saga of the North American aboriginals. Two explorers spent two years in Northern Ontario, studying the ways of the redskin, sharing his hardships and persuading him to take part in a mimic representation of his life as it was. The flavor of James Fenimore Cooper is somehow caught but the naïve and simple charm of "Nanook" and "Moana" is absent. "The Silent Enemy" is a tribal panorama of brave Chetoga and his Ojibway tribesmen, of the squaws and the children. There is an exciting caribou stampede. This has synchronized Indian music but no dialogue.

Best—Chief Long Lance



Of course, you liked Will Rogers in his comedy, "So This Is Paris." Here's the inevitable sequel which carries America's unofficial ambassador to England. It isn't nearly as good as its predecessor. There's no Fifi Dorsay. But it is amusing stuff, this comedy of an American family doing Europe. Son falls in love with the daughter of a British lord and Hiram Draper of Oklahoma (Will Rogers) has to make the best of it, despite his hatred of all things English. There's a hilarious sequence when the dazed Hiram attends a British shoot as the guest of the lord. Will Rogers seems to us to be rather labored in this comedy. His homely comedy is getting a little thin.

Best—Will Rogers



Barbara Stanwyck, who didn't score at her movie début in "The Locked Door," hits the gong hard in this story, which was produced as a stage play, called "Ladies of the Evening," by David Belasco. It's all about gold diggers and their victims, wild studio parties and tawdry penthouse orgies. It's too untamed for little Willie. Kay Arnold is a typical gold digger with a library consisting of two volumes—the telephone book and Bradstreet's—until she meets a nice young artist. Then her hard-boiled veneer drops away—and she's quite another person. Miss Stanwyck makes the part both sincere and believable. She's delightful.

Best—Barbara Stanwyck

THE LADY OF SCANDAL M-G-M

Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Elsie*, Ruth Chatterton; *Edward*, Basil Rathbone; *John*, Ralph Forbes; *Lady Trench*, Nance O'Neil; *Lord Trench*, Frederick Kerr; *Lord Crayle*, Herbert Bunston; *Sir Reginald*, Cyril Chadwick; *Lady Minster*, Ellie Ellsler; *Hilary*, Robert Bolder; *Alice*, Moon Carroll; *Ernest*, Mackenzie Ward; *Morton*, Edgar Norton.

TRUE TO THE NAVY Paramount

Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Ruby Nolan*, Clara Bow; *Gunner McCoy*, Fredric March; *Solomon Bimberg*, Harry Green; *Eddie*, Rex Bell; *Michael*, Eddie Fetherston; *Albert*, Eddie Dunn; *Peewee*, Ray Cooke; *Artie*, Harry Sweet; *Maizie*, Adele Windsor; *Grogan*, Sam Hardy; *Manager Dance Hall*, Jed Prouty.

THE SILENT ENEMY Paramount

Directed by William Douglas Burden and William C. Chanler. The cast: *Chetoga*, Tribe Leader, Chief Yellow Robe; *Baluk*, the *Mighty Hunter*, Chief Long Lance; *Dagwan*, the *Medicine Man*, Chief Akawansh; *Neewa*, *Chetoga's Daughter*, Spotted Elk; *Cheeka*, *Chetoga's Son*, Cheeka.

SO THIS IS LONDON Fox

Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Hiram Draper*, Will Rogers; *Mrs. Hiram Draper*, Irene Rich; *Junior Draper*, Frank Albertson; *Elinor Worthing*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Lord Percy Worthing*, Lumsden Hare; *Lady Worthing*, Mary Forbes; *Alfred Honeycutt*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Lady Amy Ducksworth*, Dorothy Christy; *Martha*, Martha Lee Sparks.

LADIES OF LEISURE Columbia

Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Kay Arnold*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Bill Standish*, Lowell Sherman; *Jerry Strange*, Ralph Graves; *Dot Lamar*, Marie Prevost; *Clair*, Juliette Compton; *Mr. Strange*, George Fawcett; *Charlie*, Johnnie Walter; *Mrs. Strange*, Nance O'Neil.

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

THE FLORODORA GIRL M-G-M

Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Daisy*, Marion Davies; *Jack*, Lawrence Gray; *Deboer*, Walter Catlett; *Hemingway*, Louis John Bartels; *Fanny*, Ilka Chase; *Maud*, Vivian Oakland; *Old Man Dell*, Jed Prouty; *Rumblesham*, Claud Allister; *Fontaine*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Vibart*, Nance O'Neil; *Commodore*, Robert Bolder; *Constance*, Jane Keithely.

The Mauve Decade—that era of mutton sleeves, bicycles built for two and super-modest bathing suits—comes in for a lot of spoofing in this comedy. Marion Davies plays Daisy, a guileless member of the famous Florodora sextette who falls in love with a gay society rounder. There's a scoundrel who tries to steal our Daisy, but true love wins. Our hero goes into the business of making horseless carriages—and acquires a fortune. When this comedy sticks to broad burlesque it is funny and Marion Davies is at her best in her comic moments. You'll love the sextette when it dashes into "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," with the giddy abandon of the '90s.

Best—Marion Davies



NEW MOVIE TONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox

Directed by Benjamin Stollhoff. The cast: *Axel Svenson*, El Brendel; *Vera Fontaine*, Marjorie White; *George Randall*, Frank Richardson; *Gloria De Witt*, Noel Francis; *Conrad Sterling*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mary Mason*, Miriam Seegar; *Marvin Kingsley*, Huntley Gordon; *Lee Hubert*, Paul Nicholson; *Maid*, Yola D'Arvil; *Doorman*, J. M. Kerrigan.

What, another revue? Here specialties are held together by a thin plot, dealing with the spendthrift nephew of a millionaire who is in love with a show girl. This somehow or other permits of the moving of a Broadway revue, scenery and all, to the rich uncle's country estate in Westchester. To our way of thinking, Noel Francis scores best as a blues singing show girl, while El Brendel holds up an otherwise weak musical picture. Brendel plays a valet who poses as a wealthy lumberman from somewhere or other. This is elaborately staged and has ambitious intentions—but it is just fair. Marjorie White is entirely too forced for our taste.

Best—Noel Francis



SWEET MAMA First National

Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Goldie*, Alice White; *Jimmy*, David Manners; *Joe Palmer*, Kenneth Thomson; *Lulu*, Rita Flynn; *Al Hadrick*, Lee Moran; *Gangsters*, Lee Shumway, Lou Harvey, Richard Cramer and Robert Elliott.

What, the underworld and cabarets again? Here they are, playing the background once more for Alice White. Alice is Goldie, a burlesque chorine who gets all mixed up with a gang of crooks who are about to rob a bank. Of course, Goldie foils them after she takes a job in a night club. The big moment comes when the gang leader's gorillas are about to drop Alice's sweetie off a skyscraper. Enjoyment here depends upon three things, whether or not you like Alice, gangsters and cabarets. Miss White works hard, but the melodramatic machinery creaks considerably as the wheels go round. Just fair.

Best—Alice White



ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT United Artists

Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Alexandra*, Lillian Gish; *Prince Albert*, Rod La Rocque; *Dr. Nicholas Haller*, Conrad Nagel; *Princess Beatrice*, Marie Dressler; *Father Benedict*, O. P. Heggie; *Count Lutzen*, Albert Conti; *Colonel Wunderlich*, Edgar Norton; *Symphorosa*, Billie Bennett; *George*, Phillippe De Lacy; *Arsene*, Byron Sage; *Mitzi*, Barbara Leonard.

If you saw the delightful stage production of Ferenc Molnar's "The Swan," with its brilliant characterizations by Eva Le Gallienne, Basil Rathbone and Philip Merivale, you are not going to like this screen version called "One Romantic Night." Briefly, it is the brittle triangular romance of a princess, a prince and a tutor. The two male rôles are clumsily acted in the film version by Rod La Rocque and Conrad Nagel. Miss Gish is mild, intelligent and dignified. The hit is scored by Marie Dressler, who gallops away with the film as the princess' mother. This film is slender and rather unsatisfactory. The right directorial treatment is lacking.

Best—Lillian Gish



OLD AND NEW—Amkino

Directed by Sergei Eisenstein and Gregory V. Alexandrov. Photography by Edward Tisse. No cast list available. Produced in U. S. S. R. by Sovkino and released in America by Amkino.

Because it was directed by Sergei Eisenstein, who made "The Cruiser Potemkin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World," this has significance to students of films. Eisenstein is looked upon as an important figure in pictures, although he has worked far away, in Soviet Russia. Like other Russian films, this is primarily propaganda. It was produced by the Soviet Government with the purpose of educating Russian farmers to the advantages of co-operation and modern agricultural machinery. The big moment comes when an imported American churn works—to the discomfiture of the skeptics. Unless you are absorbed in screen technique, you will find this dull indeed.

Best—Sergei Eisenstein





How a Fourteen-Year-Old Failure Lifted Herself to Film Success

Act II

Last month NEW MOVIE presented the first act of Lila Lee's colorful life drama. Lila Lee, who is just twenty-five, has been for twenty years an important figure in the vaudeville and screen world. In 1904 an immigrant couple from southern Germany came to New York. They were Charles Appell and his wife, Augusta. With them was a little girl in pig-tails, the four-year-old daughter, Margaret. In July, 1905, another daughter, Augusta, was born to the couple. Augusta Appell was destined to become Lila Lee.

In 1910 Appell was boniface of a little hotel in Union Hill, N. J. Actors playing an adjoining theater stayed at the hotel. Thus Gus Edwards came first to see little Augusta. A tiny girl in the act, "School Days," fell ill and Augusta was pressed into service. Thus the future Lila Lee made her stage debut.

Augusta became part of the act, thanks to the interest and loving care of Mrs. Lillian Edwards. For six years Augusta was the little star of the act. She was billed as Cuddles, the child star. In 1918 Jesse Lasky, head of Famous Players-Lasky, came to Gus Edwards with an offer to star Cuddles in pictures. Her name was changed to Lila Lee. She made one picture—a flop.

NOBODY likes to be labeled a failure. It's bad enough to take a polite little flop that nobody knows but yourself. But when everyone is looking on, when you have been hailed as a conquering heroine, then it becomes a real disaster.

The child of fourteen who had been vaudeville's pet as "Cuddles," and who had come to Hollywood touted as the greatest picture find in years, faced a definite failure when most girls are still going to high school, protected and cared for and knowing no more serious heartache than a scolding or a quarrel with a girl friend.

Moreover, Hollywood gave her a big laugh instead of the sympathy which she so sorely needed.

PROBABLY no one meant to be unkind. They hadn't grown to know Lila. She was simply a little upstart who had been elevated

over the heads of many more worthy of success in their eyes. Her cold reception was due to the fanfare of trumpets which greeted her entrance and which didn't make much of a hit with the hard-working girls who felt

Lila Lee was exactly fourteen when she flopped as a child film star. Touted as the greatest screen find in years, her debut was a disaster. Facing a definite failure at the age most girls are going to High School, Lila Lee paused to take stock of herself. Then she began the fight all over again—and won.

The Drama of LILA LEE

By EVELYN GRAY



Lila Lee, the daughter of German immigrants, was a vaudeville favorite as a child. She was the Cuddles of Gus Edwards' "School Days." Then, at thirteen, she was signed for film stardom.

that such importations were not to be encouraged.

After all, who was this infant, shipped out from New York and flung to the top without a day's preparations? What right had she to such preferment? Maybe she had been on the stage since she was five, but that didn't argue that she was a motion picture star.

As a matter of fact, they were right.

Lila Lee found herself unable to handle starring parts in motion pictures. Looking at it in retrospect that isn't so astounding. Camera work, particularly in those days, differed entirely from stage work. Moreover, when she worked in the Gus Edwards' "School Days," Cuddles had always played either herself or some childish bit of fun-making pantomime. She had no acting technique, no knowledge of characterization. Also, she was at an incredibly difficult age. Too young for rôles that included sex, too old for really childish parts.

She should never have been forced to carry the name and the burden of a star so soon.

But it was Lila herself who had to pay for the mistake the producers made in forcing her ahead too fast.

When, after one or two more half-hearted and very bad attempts to make starring pictures with Lila Lee, it was announced publicly that she was no longer on the Famous Players-Lasky roll of stellar names, the wise ones said "I told you," a lot of folks laughed, and every one agreed that the last had been heard of that young person.

Girls didn't come back from such a flop as that.

THE executives of the organization sent for Lila Lee and explained the situation to her briefly and forcibly. Her contract was for five years but, like most Hollywood contracts, it was an option affair. It had to be renewed at the end of each year by the company. It called for Lila Lee to play star parts and nothing but star parts.

Now this somewhat bewildered youngster, with her enormous eyes and the soft, dark cloud of hair down her slim young back, heard that, when the first year was up, the contract would not be renewed on that

basis. They would take up the option, *but* they wouldn't star her.

If she wanted to stick around they'd try to find some parts for her. Eventually they might make something of her—just what they didn't say. Otherwise, the deal was off. She'd have to make up her mind.

Lila went home to Minnie, the ever-faithful, ever-present Minnie, who had cared for and guarded and loved her in the theater when Mrs. Edwards could no longer be with her beloved Cuddles. Never has Hollywood known such a chaperon as Minnie proved to be during those first years in Hollywood. No one ever got inside the door of Lila's house or her dressing-room without passing Minnie's eagle eye. If the girl had callers, Minnie sat in the next room. Anyone who invited Lila out to dine or drive found Minnie, arrayed in her best black, ready to accompany them.

Now Lila wept on her shoulder and faced a pretty grown-up problem. They had been badly defeated in their attempt to take Hollywood by storm. Should they go back to New York and the stage, which knew Cuddles and would always headline her in vaudeville and musical shows? Or should they stay and fight it out here? Was it possible to live down such a failure?

PRIDE told her to go back East. A certain very definite bulldog determination, which has been apparent throughout her career, counseled her to stay.

And there was another great pull toward the latter course. Whatever Hollywood thought of her, she loved Hollywood—the life, the people, the work. It seemed more real to her than any of the places she had visited in her nomadic childhood. Here one could have a real home, with a little garden and trees and sunshine, and make permanent friends, who didn't pass into mere memories when the train pulled out for the next town.

Minnie never had any doubts. She told Lila that the things which made her Cuddles were still there. She was the same girl whose charm and personality

HOW C. B. DE MILLE SAVED LILA LEE FROM OBLIVION



Lila Lee would have been forgotten had not Cecil De Mille given her the role of Tweenie in "Male and Female." And, save for the encouragement of Tommy Meighan, she would have faltered then.

had made Jesse Lasky give her that amazing starring contract back in New York. All she needed was experience and a chance and she'd be offered another chance to be a star.

Minnie was right. Not many years later the same firm did offer to star her again. But love had come into her life then and at the dictates of love she refused it.

When she had just about made up her mind to stay and begin at the bottom again, a message arrived. Cecil B. De Mille wanted to see her.

No one who wasn't there can altogether picture what "C. B." meant in those early days. One mentioned his name with bated breath. He was the miracle worker, the star maker, the most awe-inspiring figure in the whole motion picture industry. In him began all the traditions of royalty which have since surrounded important directors. His was the first palatial office, the first huge staff, the first complete power in a big organization. D. W. Griffith had, of course, been the whole works himself.

Lila Lee was at the awkward age but Wallie Reid, out of goodness of heart, made her his leading woman. Oddly enough his pictures with Lila Lee were his most popular.

"THE CHIEF," as everyone called him, was preparing to make "Male and Female." Gloria Swanson, who had just achieved stardom through "Don't Change Your Husband," and Tommy Meighan, the sensation of "The Miracle Man," were to be featured.

Like dozens of other actresses before her, little Lila Lee approached the door of C. B.'s sanctum with a beating heart. She'd heard of his biting tongue, his cold criticism, his impersonal appraisals.

"I've never been so scared in all my life," she told me.

In the mellow light of the famous stained glass windows which featured his office, C. B. sat behind his big desk. But instead of the hard and difficult ogre she had prepared to meet, she faced a kindly smile and a most courteous welcome.

As a matter of fact, she must have looked very young and terribly frightened.

"How would you like to play a part in my next picture?" he said.

"I'd love it," said Lila Lee, and in those words committed herself to motion pictures.

A few days later she received a summons to the studio, to hear Jeanie McPherson read the script of the coming production. This was another innovation of De Mille's. Around him were gathered Miss Swanson, Mr. Meighan and the other members of the cast.

The reading began.

Lila was to play a part called Tweenie. Now in the story as it progressed (it was an adaptation of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton") there was a great deal about Lady Mary. A great deal about Crichton. About this one and that one. But very little about Tweenie.

LITTLE by little the tears began to gather in Lila's eyes. Why, it wasn't anything. Just a comedy bit. She didn't have half a dozen scenes—and just a little while ago she'd been a star. No one noticed her sitting by herself in the corner when the reading was finished. Everyone applauded and congratulated Mr. Meighan and Miss Swanson. Lila just prayed none of the sobs that were choking her would escape.

Then Tommy Meighan's eyes fell on her. She had never met him until that day. But it wouldn't have mattered to Tommy if he'd never met her. Any kind of distress was always a signal for Tommy's kindly (Continued on page 115)



The Poor Little RICH GIRL

BY
ANTOINETTE
SPITZER



Hope Hampton was a success in motion pictures. But she longed for new worlds to conquer—and turned to grand opera. Soon she is to appear in the talkies, where her charming voice will be heard to splendid effect.

ONCE there was a little girl who was very, very pretty.

The gods were good to her!

She had gorgeous red hair, not at all carrot-like, but pure titian; and lovely white skin. That wasn't all, either.

She was extremely talented, too.

There are some in this world who, like her, seem blessed.

Whoever gazed at her fair face cried:

"How beautiful!"

But the pretty, little lady wasn't very rich. You know, like you and me and our friends. Not poor, but not especially affluent. And like you and me she bemoaned her fate because there were so many things she wanted to do and study, but she didn't have the money.

"If only I were rich," she used to say all the livelong day.

That was, of course, when she was just a little girl. When she grew up she made up her mind quite suddenly that sitting before a fireplace and wishing for wealth wasn't going to get her anywhere at all. If she wanted to accomplish things she would have to go out and do them, at once. I don't think she had heard of the mountain and Mohammed at that time, but anyway, she came to certain conclusions along that very line.

And so Hope Hampton, who is the heroine of this Cinderella yarn, went out into the world and did things.

And how!

It was hard work, this career business, but because she was determined she achieved success in the field

she had chosen, which was the movies. And soon she wasn't as poor as she had been and she had earned all the dollars she had in the bank herself, by her own wits, and people applauded her success and gave her plenty of deserved credit.

THEN she fell in love.

And the man she fell in love with was Jules Brulatour, the multi-millionaire.

And when she became Mrs. Jules Brulatour everyone smiled and said:

"Now she has everything."

But apparently she didn't, for she wanted something more. More success. More personal achievement.

Just as when she was a little, dreamy girl in Houston, Texas, she made up her mind to be a motion picture star and became one, so did she make up her mind to become a grand opera prima donna. But that accomplishment did not bring the deserved acclaim at all, or at least not what she hoped for.

And why? Hope frowns and says:

"Because I've a rich husband, that's why. Everything I do since I've married is attributed to his money. Oh, it's mean."

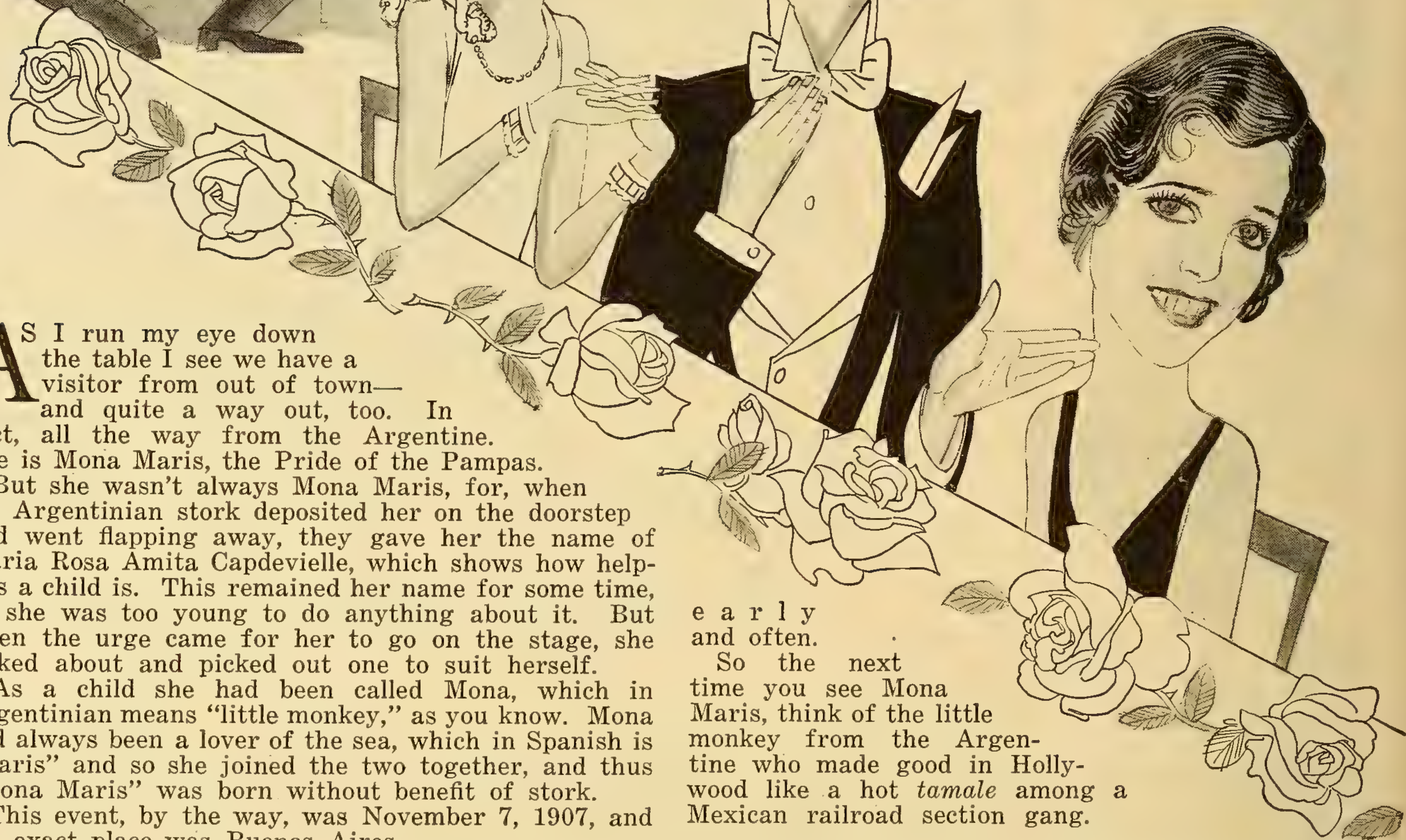
Poor, little, rich girl!

Quite a different attitude from what present-day actresses take in this matter, isn't it? The majority of them are delighted and even (Continued on page 120)

HOPE HAMPTON Finds Wealth a Handicap to Success

WE HAVE

By
Homer Croy



AS I run my eye down the table I see we have a visitor from out of town—and quite a way out, too. In fact, all the way from the Argentine. She is Mona Maris, the Pride of the Pampas.

But she wasn't always Mona Maris, for, when the Argentinian stork deposited her on the doorstep and went flapping away, they gave her the name of Maria Rosa Amita Capdevielle, which shows how helpless a child is. This remained her name for some time, as she was too young to do anything about it. But when the urge came for her to go on the stage, she looked about and picked out one to suit herself.

As a child she had been called Mona, which in Argentinian means "little monkey," as you know. Mona had always been a lover of the sea, which in Spanish is "maris" and so she joined the two together, and thus "Mona Maris" was born without benefit of stork.

This event, by the way, was November 7, 1907, and the exact place was Buenos Aires.

Mona grew up on a rancho in the pampas and is as much at home on the hurricane deck of a broncho as most girls are in a hammock. As she was growing up, nothing gave her such delight as to clap on a pair of spurs, put on a sombrero and gallop across the pampas with the *vaqueros*, but now she lives in Hollywood and the most violent exercise she engages in is winding a wrist-watch.

Sometimes, however, she yearns for the old strenuous life again and gets so worked up for it that she waves her maid aside and dials her own telephone. It just shows that however rich and famous you may grow you can never shake off childhood's first impressions.

Just now the craze in Hollywood is to be able to speak many languages, and this is where the little girl from the big open spaces shines, for she can negotiate Spanish, French, Basque, German, Italian and English.

No, boys, she is not married, although she could support a husband in the way that some Hollywood husbands demand to be supported. She lives all alone in the seventeen hundred block on North Stanley Avenue, Hollywood. Wire

early and often.

So the next time you see Mona Maris, think of the little monkey from the Argentine who made good in Hollywood like a hot *tamale* among a Mexican railroad section gang.

LORETTA YOUNG: If you had dropped in at 6507 West Fifth Street, Hollywood, a few months ago and had observed the crowd filling the parlor and overflowing into the yard you would have said, "Um—look at all those men. The Tall Cedars of Lebanon must be having their annual meeting."

But you would have been wrong, for it was the home of Mrs. George Belzer, and the sitting-room and the yard were cluttered up merely by the young men who had fought their way in to call on her daughters; or maybe you know them better by the name of Young. One of the girls the boys were swirling around was Loretta Young, and if you had seen her you would have said, "What a pitiful handful of men there is around her!—not more than twenty at most."

Maybe there were so many of the girls because the family was from Salt Lake City, where another family also named Young did quite a business in the children line. Here Loretta was born, January 6, 1913. There were two other peaches on the same tree—Sally and Polly Ann—and the bud is Georgianna, now six years old.

THE NEW MOVIE'S Ambassador Extraordinary, Homer Croy, presides at another big Hollywood Banquet

WITH US TONIGHT

But one of the peaches has been snatched by Grant Withers, who has an eye for fruit. The peach was so young that he could not annex it in the state of California where the nasty old law says that a girl has to be seventeen years old before she can promise to obey. In Arizona a girl can promise to jump through at the age of sixteen. They promise that, but *O lordy!* how some of us men know they clean forget that part of the ceremony. In fact, it's come to such a pass these days that if a wife did actually obey you could throw a tent around her and charge admission.

Grant took her to Arizona and now they are as happy as a Scotchman who has won a lottery prize.

So don't disturb 'em. Even if you went to their house to call and knocked down their front door with a sledgehammer they'd just think it was the wind rattling a leaf against the weather-boarding.

GEORGE BANCROFT: We have a villain with us tonight, and I will exhibit him in all his villainy.

He is none other than George Bancroft, the highest-priced villain in the world. In spite of what the copy-books say, villainy pays, for George has a lovely house

at Santa Monica, and when he goes into his bank to make a deposit the president of the bank himself comes out and gives him the best cigar in his humidor.

And it has all grown out of George's ability to laugh as he shoots a man down in cold blood. Off stage, he is just the opposite. He is so tender-hearted that if he has to set a mouse-trap he weeps all over the cheese. But when George shoots a man down, he chortles with glee and picks his teeth with a bowie-knife.

George notched his first gun in Philadelphia, September 30, 1882. When the nurse brought him in for the proud father to see, the little lad pasted him one in the eye and laughed in his face. No one at the time knew that some day the boy would get a hundred thousand dollars a year for doing it in front of a camera.

And now what do you think the bad man's hobby is? It's raising delicate, exotic goldfish. It just shows that you can't be bad twenty-four hours a day, no matter how well it pays. One day, after shooting down four strong men and laughing uproariously as he dropped his gun back into its holster, he went home to find that the cat had eaten one of his Japanese goldfish and George was so wrought up that his wife had to give him aspirin.

George has seen real men die, for he was a gunner on a battleship under command of Admiral George Dewey at the Battle of Manila Bay, and also he served in the Boxer Rebellion. "It made me sick to see real men die," he says—and then he will put on his make-up and bump them off as if he were the *Pride of Chicago*.

The apple of his eye is his daughter, Georgette, named in honor of her bloodthirsty father, who is twelve years old. If she finds a splinter in her finger he rushes to the telephone and calls three doctors and two nurses and begs them to save her.

So that's the kind of a man we have with us tonight. Get up, George, and fire away.

(Continued on page 129)



DRAWING
BY
HERB ROTH

Reading across THE NEW MOVIE'S banquet table from left to right you will find: Mary Brian, Mr. Croy himself, Loretta Young, Betty Compson, George Bancroft, Mona Maris and George O'Brien. NEW MOVIE'S own jazz orchestra is providing music at the upper left.



Just a Movie PREMIERE

But it drew the largest crowd ever seen in Hollywood. The event, by the way, was the opening of Howard Hughes' \$4,000,000 air spectacle, "Hell's Angels." For some fifteen blocks, from Vine Street to La Brea, the streets and sidewalks were jammed. It required an hour to work a car through the crowds to the entrance of Graumann's Chinese Theater. Everybody of note was there—announced by a loud speaker to the crowds.





Hollywood Boulevard was as light as day, for Mr. Hughes had placed huge sunlight arcs every fifty feet. In the sky above, squadrons of airplanes hovered, picked up by giant searchlights. NEW MOVIE caught some of the notables. Across the page: Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon while Mary Brian is speaking into the microphone. Below, Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister. Right: Gloria Swanson. At the far right, Jean Harlow, the heroine of the film, "Hell's Angels."



Special Photographs
for NEW MOVIE by
Stagg.

Several millions of dollars in jewels were present at the première. The gowns represented a fashion parade. This was the highwater mark in Hollywood openings. Among the other notables present were Mary Pickford, Maurice Chevalier, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Gary Cooper, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Clara Bow, Lon Chaney, John Gilbert and Ina Claire, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures
of the Last Six Months



Louis Wolheim and Lewis Ayres in a graphic Flanders Fields scene of Universal's sensational "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Group A

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his screen debut in this charming drama, in which

Norma Shearer and Chester Morris are about to be interrupted in a romantic pastoral moment of "The Divorcee." Miss Shearer gives an excellent performance.

his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah





Alice White as Dixie Dugan in the further adventures of "Show Girl," released under the title of "Show Girl in Hollywood." Miss White gives a piquant characterization of the lively Dixie.

of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners*.

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn*.

Lummx. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists*.

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount*.

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners*.

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount*.

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little Parisienne vamp. *Fox*.

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great come-

back. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists*.

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox*.

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Darling and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount*.

Group B

Paramount on Parade. A series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Pretty dull entertainment. Kept alive by M. Chevalier who, with Evelyn Brent, furnishes one of the best bits in "The Birth of the Apache." *Paramount*.

Show Girl in Hollywood. Remember Alice White as Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl"? Well, this is her further adventures, showing the trials and tribulations of a newcomer seeking a break in pictures. Don't miss it. *First National*.

The Divorcee. Based on Ursula Parrott's "Ex-Wife." Norma Shearer gives a striking characterization and is ably supported by Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Conrad Nagel. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

Montana Moon. Presenting Joan Crawford as the spoiled daughter of a ranch-owner. She marries a cowboy and then decides to go her own way in New York. There is a song hit, "The Moon is Low." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.



Photograph by Hurrell

LON CHANEY

The Man of a Thousand Faces returns to the screen with four voices. He again is playing the sinister Professor Echo in "The Unholy Three." This time, however, "The Unholy Three" is a full-fledged talkie with Lon speaking for the first time. Indeed, Chaney is a whole quartet in this interesting film.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

stars as well as among writers both in Hollywood and New York. He is popular with stars because he is always willing to turn his back to the camera (it's his homely voice as much as his homely face that puts Stu over) and because he would rather tell the world about Gary and Buddy and Clara Bow than talk about himself. He is popular with writers because he is perfectly willing to sit back and let them talk about themselves and because he has off screen the same homely observant humor that he has on. Stu is the sort of person you delight in recommending, a comic valentine among lacy painted hearts.

Happily Married Divorcee—You note I love to dwell on the irony of Hollywood. For instance, there's Norma Shearer, happy spouse of Irving Thalberg, coming to triumph in "The Divorcee." Norma is one of those uncannily smart, witty and charming women who know what they want and get it. And you are glad she does.

Just the same I was a little surprised to read: "First public showing of Norma Shearer's 'The Divorcee' aboard the S.S. Leviathan is sensational. Six hundred press and public officials declare it greatest talkie yet made!"

Good Intentions Rewarded—I am reminded that, on the eve of the talkies, Jack Gilbert said it was his heart's desire to help Greta Garbo speak lines. Hence it is good to read that Dr. Marafioti, the voice coach, says that Jack can make good in the talkies "with care and training."

Talkie Pasts—The talkie has been dragging out pasts in a shameful way. In order to prove their vocal ability stars have been confessing to all sorts of things. I'm not one who believes that fans should be protected against disillusionment. Just the same I shall never quite overcome the fracture sustained by the news that Wally Beery was once a Broadway chorus man. Fortunately there is such a thing as the

power of mind to shut off things that undermine faith. And so with stopped ears I shall go on thinking of Wally as bull man for Ringlings' circus, nursemaid to the elephants.

No Ghosts Admitted—You no doubt read that Valentino's haunted house, Falcon Lair, is now inhabited by Harry Carey. The other day a flushed fat lady appeared at the gates and was stopped by Harry's colored chauffeur. The lady loudly demanded admittance.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Valentino," she cried.

"Go on!" said the colored man, his eyes bulging. "Mr. Valentino am dead."

"I have an appointment with him," insisted the large lady. "It is his anniversary and the spirits say I will meet him here."

"You mean a ghost am comin' round here?" gasped the colored man.

"Yes," said the lady, "his spirit."

"Not while I'm here, lady!" shrieked the shuddering Negro slamming the gates. "Not while I'm here!"

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 18)

ART GOEBEL, the best aviator in Hollywood, who already has to his credit a little non-stop jaunt from San Francisco to Honolulu, is going after another record. This one from Paris to New York. He and his plane, a Lockheed monoplane, left Hollywood for Paris the first part of June, and Art expects to jump off as soon after he reaches Paris as the weather will permit. No man has as yet succeeded in making that Paris to New York jump. Hoot Gibson, saying goodbye to Art, turned away and had tears in his eyes. "Too many of 'em have hopped off on that one and not come back," he said.

Ruby Keeler, wife of Al Jolson, was given a test by United Artists, and it looks very, very good.

JUNE COLLYER again is given a compliment. When Prince George was here he was more than attentive to June. In fact, she was the only one in Hollywood to be given such attention by the Prince. And now Baron Rothschild comes with the avowed intention of looking the girls over—and says that after many looks he thinks June is the loveliest of the lot.

KENNETH HARLAN, who used to be married to Marie Prevost, was recently wed to Doris Hilda Booth, of Somerville, Mass. Saw Ken and his blonde bride dancing at George Olsen's the other evening, while Buster Collier and Marie sat at a ringside table. Complications like that are getting more and more frequent in Hollywood.

Golf is played by more actors in Hollywood than in any other sport.

EAST is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." That's an old saying now, but New York has certainly moved to Hollywood these talkie days with a vengeance. Stage stars are to be seen on every hand. William Collier, Sr., Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, Ina Claire, Elsie Ferguson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marilyn Miller, Irene Delroy, Grace Moore, Beatrice Lillie, Ruth Chatterton, Al Jolson, John Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Helen Ware, Evelyn Laye, Barbara Stanwyck, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Louis Wolheim, Eddie Cantor, Walter Catlett, Leon Errol, Louise Dresser, Marie Dressler, Otis Skinner and Maurice Chevalier have all had their names in electric lights on Broadway.

There are more weighing machines in Hollywood homes than anywhere else in the world—of equal population. Reason: the camera shows a pound taken off or taken on and the boys and girls must be careful.

Jack Mulhall and Elsie Janis spent an entire evening in a corner at Sadie Murray's party for Bebe Daniels the other night discussing old days in France. Few people know that Jack had a wonderful war record.

"There's no one like Elsie Janis," Jack said later. "You remember that General Pershing said Elsie Janis was worth a whole army division in any war—and an army division is over 27,000 men."

A SPANISH fiesta, copied exactly from the old days of early California, was given by Mr. and Mrs.

Frank Lloyd on Sunday at their ranch home near Whittier. A Spanish chef barbecued whole beeves, there were tortillas, tamales, real Spanish beans and all sorts of Spanish dishes. The honored guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Frank has directed Dick Barthelmess in a number of his recent pictures, including "Son of the Gods," which is breaking box-office records.

The seating at large Hollywood dinner parties is getting very complicated. Heard a long argument the other afternoon as to whether Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) should rank Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer at a party connected with the opening of a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Might be a good idea to get some English expert to make out a Hollywood Peerage. But then it wouldn't help, because stars come and go too quickly in this business.

EVERYONE in Hollywood is busy these days writing round-robin letters to Wilson Mizner, who is ill at the Monterey Hospital. The old Brown Derby doesn't look quite natural without Bill's face, and certainly the conversation lacks the inspiration it always received from his wit as he strolled from one table to another.

THE first Annual Motion Picture Tennis Tournament has been in progress at the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

Strong teams in the mixed doubles who are approaching the finals are Teddy von Eltz and Catherine Bennett, George Archainbaud and Eileen Percy, (Continued on page 102)



FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

THE picture on this page is of Mary Lewis, about whose valiant fight with avoirdupois you have probably read. Miss Lewis, you know, was once a bathing girl in movie comedies. Then she came to New York, went into the chorus of the "Follies" and finally, by grace of an exceptionally fine voice, became a musical comedy singer.

Mary Lewis Turned Reducing Into a Health Regime

By ANN BOYD

At this point, Miss Lewis's teachers discovered that she had a voice of grand opera caliber and she departed for Europe to study. She returned and made a splendid début at the Metropolitan, and she was, to all appearance, done with the movies. But then, when the talking films came along, Miss Lewis had a chance to return to the screen, not as a bathing girl but as a star.

WHAT has all this to do with an article on beauty? Well, it happens that while Miss Lewis was gaining her voice, she was also gaining weight. The prima donna who wanted to return to the screen was no longer the slim bathing girl. Miss Lewis's producers hinted that, if she wanted to succeed in pictures, she had better lose plenty of weight. And Miss Lewis was up against a much harder problem than the average woman who must reduce. You see, there is an unwritten law in singing circles that a singer must be stout, she must have a large physique to withstand the physical hardships of operatic work, she must have a good-sized body to act as a sounding-board for her voice.

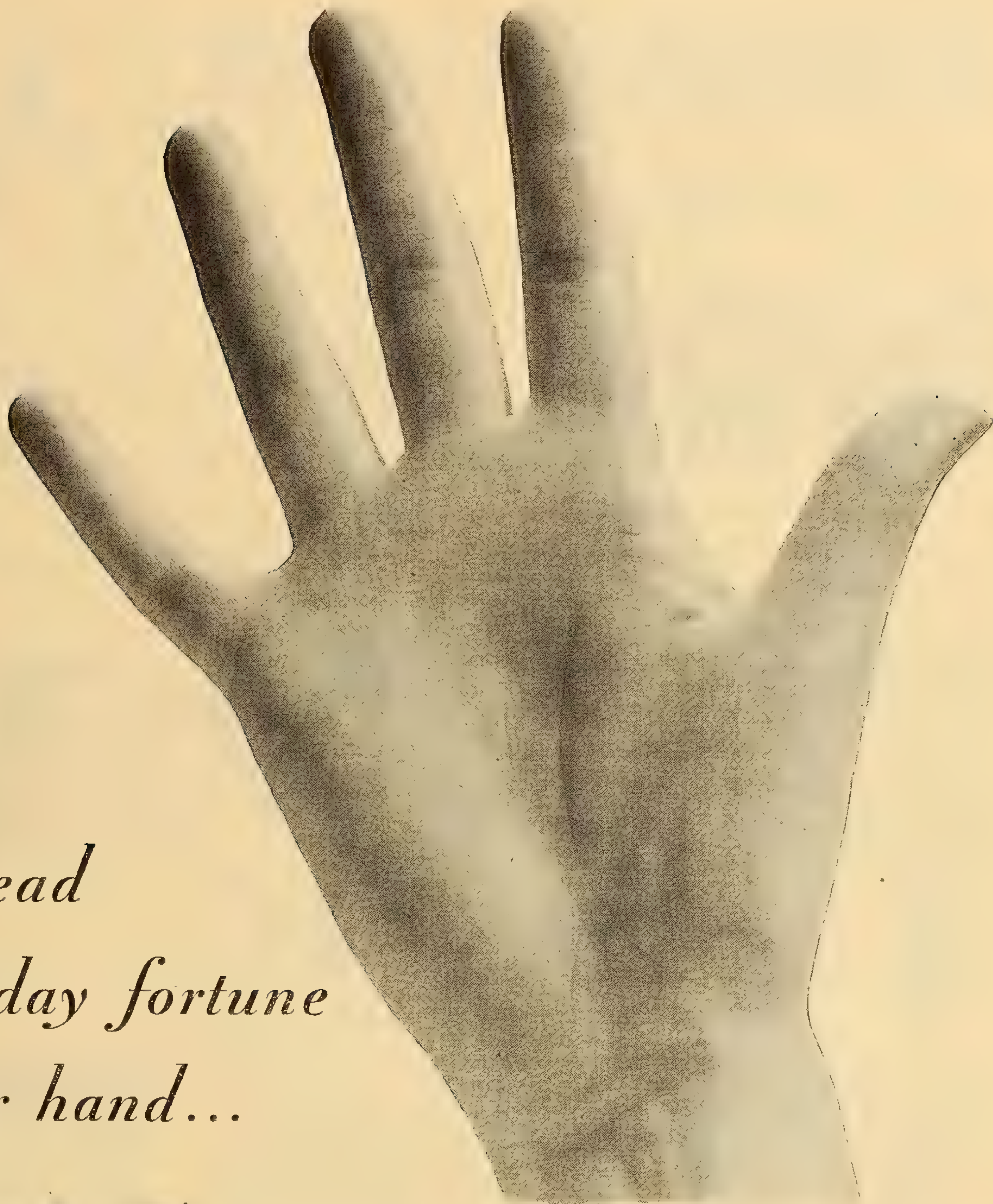
The average woman may lose weight hastily because she usually has no voice to endanger. She is even free to trifle dangerously with her health because, as she falsely

reasons, her livelihood doesn't depend on her being in the pink of condition.

But Miss Lewis had to reduce wisely and under the direction of a physician. She could not afford to swallow all those mysterious pills which are guaranteed to make the pounds roll off. Neither could she adopt one of those diets which say that the victim may be made gorgeously thin if she lives for three weeks on hard-boiled eggs and water-cress.

MISS LEWIS'S reducing régime was also a health régime. She continued to eat—almost as much as she had eaten before. She had her three meals a day. But all the fattening foods were eliminated from her diet. And she had to exercise. But, very wisely, instead of going in for strenuous indoor gymnastics, she took up golf and played in the open air. Incidentally, she got a great deal of pleasure from her golf, which is more than can be said for those indoor exercises. And she engaged a competent masseuse to roll away the pounds that, in face of her diet and exercise, were ready to melt away.

You will see that Miss Lewis went in for balanced reducing; that is to say, she didn't rely entirely on diet, or on massage or on exercise. One of these factors alone will not be effective. For instance, many women make the mistake of going on (Continued on page 113)



Read your washday fortune in your hand...



YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than any one else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and be-

cause it does this so quickly that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is

good soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—you can smell it. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But Fels-Naptha also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water. So wash any way you please—you can be sure that Fels-Naptha will give you *extra* help.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930. Fels & Co.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.N.M.-8-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____
Fill in completely—print name and address



W

ho made **SUNNY SIDE UP** the most popular motion picture of the past year? **YOU** did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country Who made **THE COCKEYED WORLD** the runner-up? **YOU** again—with

your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. . . . Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities. . . . Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years? . . . **FOX**—last year with John Ford's **FOUR SONS**—year before last with Frank Borzage's **7th HEAVEN**. . . . Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? Nobody but **YOU**. . . . Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and



leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? **YOU**, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what **FOX** has done in the past and told us what you like Will you get it? Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! Janet Gaynor and Charles

Farrell in **OH, FOR A MAN!**—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made **SUNNY SIDE UP**, David Butler. . . . McLaglen and Lowe chasing **WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS**—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of **WHAT PRICE GLORY**. Direction by Raoul Walsh. What a line-up! Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,



Y
ou

SIXTY

OTHERS

BE

AND

MILLION

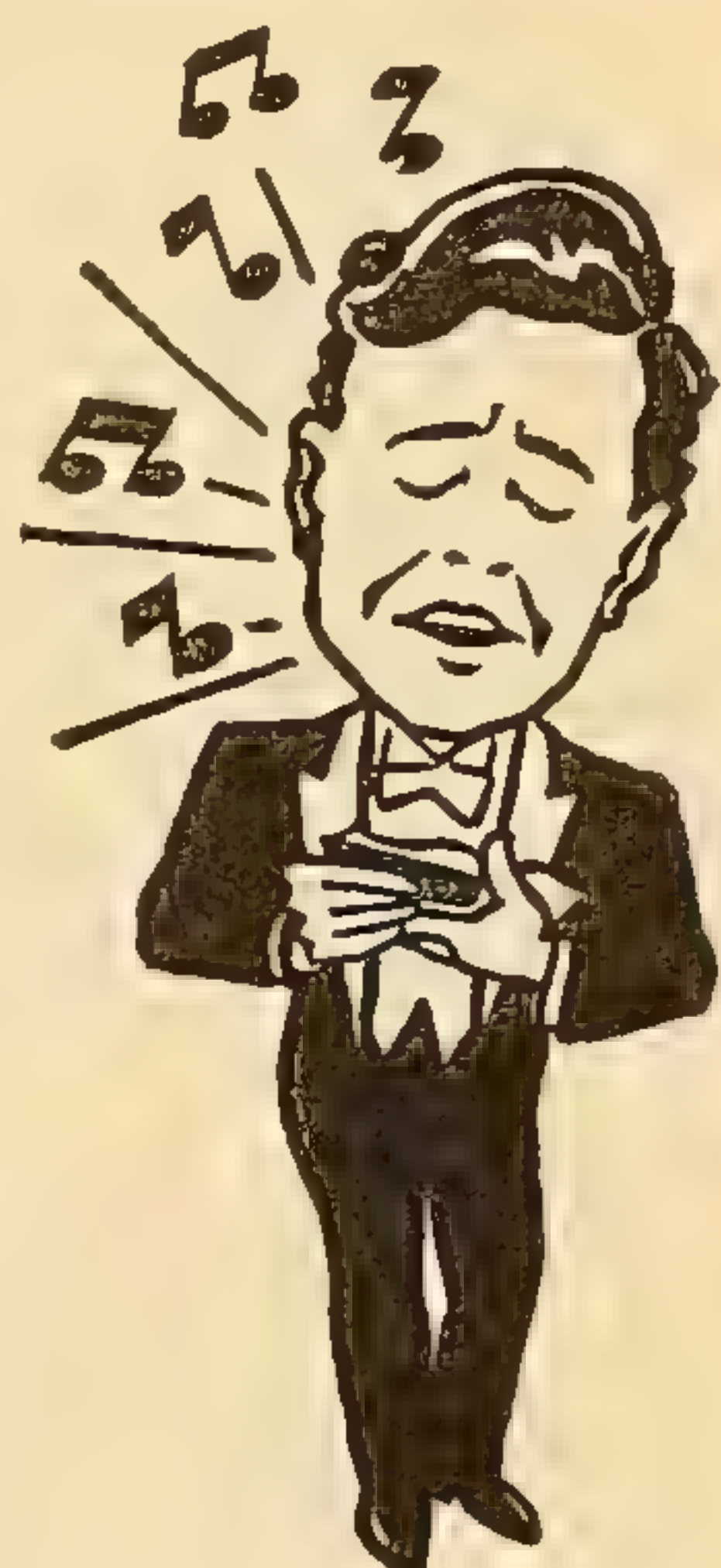
CAN'T

WRONG



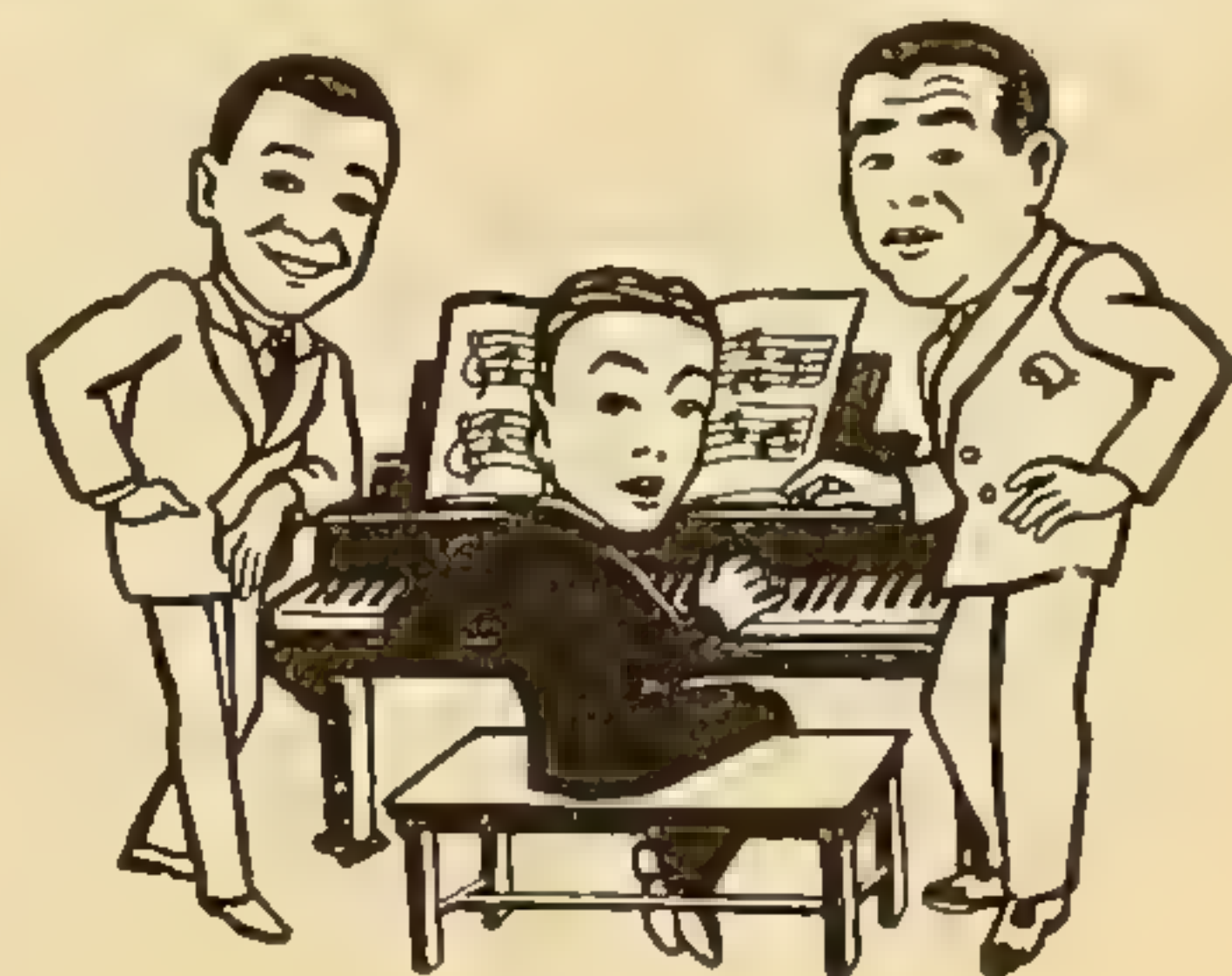
in **DEVIL WITH WOMEN**, from Franz Molnar's international stage success....And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year—**THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**, with Louise Huntington; **THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER**, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and **SHE'S MY GIRL**, with Joyce Compton....In **UP THE RIVER**, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold

Medal winner, **FOUR SONS**. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites....Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures—**SONG O' MY HEART**, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack—two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, **THE MAN WHO CAME BACK** and **DEVIL WITH WOMEN**—and **ALONE WITH YOU**, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections....The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—



won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in **IN OLD ARIZONA**. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures....If you saw Will Rogers in **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**, or **SO THIS IS LONDON**, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's

incomparable comic: **A CONNECTICUT YANKEE**, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and **SEE AMERICA FIRST**....DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, **SUNNY SIDE UP** with **JUST IMAGINE**, clever,



gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel....We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!

FOX

Looking Into the Stars' Salary Envelopes

(Continued from page 29)

Colman, \$5,000; Edmund Lowe, \$3,000; William Haines, \$3,500; Wallace Beery, \$3,500.

The first of the Hollywood clan to feel the effects of this wholesale importation of footlight talent were the second string film players not under contract to any particular studio. As free-lance artists they move from studio to studio and ordinarily are able to pile up a substantial income during the year. In many instances, in fact, free-lance players have made more profit during a twelve months' period than the average contract player. The talkies changed all this, however. When outside artists were needed the studios now engaged Broadwayites.

Thus, such screen favorites as Kenneth Harlan, John Bowers, Harrison Ford, Mae Busch, Marguerite De La Motte, Robert Frazer, Jacqueline Logan, Helene Chadwick and Ricardo Cortez, who had been able to consistently earn \$1,500 a week, suddenly found little demand for their services. This despite the fact that they had been given no opportunity whatsoever to show whether they were suited to the talkies or not. Today the earnings of most of these players have been cut in half.

Much the same situation applies to Antonio Moreno, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, Viola Dana and Irene Rich, who were in such demand before the arrival of the sound cinema that they were able to command \$2,500 every payday. Today many of these players are rated at the \$1,500 mark, with film jobs few and far between. Such favorites as Bert Lytell, Eugene O'Brien, Leatrice Joy and Estelle Taylor have been able to hold their yearly incomes up to a good level by deserting the movies and touring the country in vaudeville or regular dramatic stage plays. They refused to take the Hollywood salary cuts as a permanent fixture and surprised the film colony by establishing themselves as drawing cards in the footlight realm.

MANY of the big stars of the silent drama days have already been dealt a hard financial blow by the new dialogue era; others have been able to avoid the salary slash temporarily or divert it completely. It has been largely a case of the qualifications of the individual player and the kind of contract held with the studio.

The quartet which has probably felt the paymaster's axe more keenly than any other stars in filmland numbers Colleen Moore, Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan and Corinne Griffith. In the days of the good old silent drama these four favorites were undoubtedly among the most highly paid celebrities in the screen world. Colleen was earning approximately \$12,000 a week, Tommy Meighan \$10,000, Corinne Griffith \$7,000, while Tom Mix was drawing down the tidy sum of \$15,000 every Saturday.

Colleen Moore made two talking pictures just before her contract expired

with First National. Her contract was not renewed by First National and, despite the fact that a year has passed, Colleen has not signed with any other company. Tom Mix is now forced to draw his income from the circus game. Corinne Griffith has concluded her contract with First National. Thomas Meighan, long one of America's foremost screen idols, had the poorest year of his career in 1929.

DURING the past year the big studios have been trying out their old contract players in the talkies in an effort to determine which of these players appear to have possibilities in the sound cinema. Because of this experimental attitude on the part of the producers many holdovers from the silent picture era have been able to maintain their regular salary standards, notwithstanding the fact that as conditions exist today in the film colony these players would be unable to exact the same high pay check from other studios should they lose their present contracts.

John Gilbert, for instance, who has disappointed his followers in the talkies, is drawing more salary today than when he was the most popular male star on the silent screen. Just before the advent of the talkies came into full swing Gilbert's contract with M.-G.-M. expired. At that time his salary was said to be \$5,000. Upon signing a new studio agreement, however, Gilbert was given a raise which is now reported to be netting him close to \$7,000 a week.

Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Dorothy Mackaill, Alice White, Fay Wray and Loretta Young are today drawing more money than before the installation of sound. Three years ago these players were getting approximately the following weekly salaries: Joan Crawford \$500, Conrad Nagel \$2,000, Dorothy Mackaill \$1,000, Alice White \$300, Fay Wray \$200 and Loretta Young \$100. Today their weekly pay checks

are rated at: Joan Crawford \$2,500, Conrad Nagel \$3,500, Dorothy Mackaill \$2,500, Alice White \$1,500, Fay Wray \$1,000, Loretta Young \$875.

More mystery surrounds the salary of Greta Garbo than that of any other player. Greta was originally imported from Europe at the low weekly pay check of \$350. After the big success scored in her early pictures, M.-G.-M. gave her a new contract at a higher figure. Since then her salary has steadily mounted until today she is said to be getting \$6,000. Clara Bow, long the biggest box-office attraction for Paramount, is getting only \$4,000, a comparatively low figure in view of her popularity. This is explained by the fact that when she started with Paramount it was at a lower salary than that received by most stars of her magnitude.

Here are a few miscellaneous 1930 salary figures: Lila Lee \$1,500, William Austin \$750, Neil Hamilton \$1,250, Fredric March \$1,500, Grant Withers \$350, John Miljan \$750, Joe E. Brown \$1,800, Betty Compson \$3,500, Jack Oakie \$1,000, Otis Harlan \$1,000, Mary Brian \$800, William Boyd \$1,500, Robert Armstrong \$1,500, Regis Toomey \$500, Thelma Todd \$750, Nils Asther \$1,500, Kay Johnson \$750, Lois Moran \$2,000, and Lewis Ayres a mere \$125.

Nineteen hundred and thirty will undoubtedly be a hard year on the majority of screen favorites, as there is now a concerted campaign on the part of many of the big studios to release most of their players and cast them on the free lance field. The object of this move is to bring about a general reduction in pay checks, which the producers believe will net the studios a huge saving in the course of a year. Also, many of the players whom the studios have retained under contract for tryout purposes, will have proven unsuccessful for talking picture work and will no longer be in demand.

It's a bad year for Hollywood players.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 97)

Ben Lyon and Lou Rawson, Solly Biano and Mrs. Gregory La Cava.

In the men's singles, Allan Dwan, Matt Moore, Cedric Gibbons, Teddy von Eltz, Charlie Lederer, George Archainbaud and Ben Lyon were prominent. Anyone who is regularly employed by the industry is eligible.

In a private tournament recently given by Marion Davies, the women's singles were won by Eileen Percy, with Catherine Bennett as her opponent. Alex Bennett, younger brother of Enid and Catherine, won the men's singles from Jules Glaenzer of New York. Charlie Lederer and Anita Murray won the mixed doubles from John Gilbert and Marion Davies.

GLORIA SWANSON has taken Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case's house at Malibu Beach for the summer. She wants Gloria II and her small son to have the beach air for a few months.

Ralph Forbes and his wife, Ruth Chatterton, have taken Anna Q. Nilsson's house until September and will spend as much time there between pictures as they can. Ralph just returned from the high Sierras and brought with him a tiny timber wolf cub, which he intends to train as a pet.

GEORGE HILL, the director, and his bride, Frances Marion, the scenario writer, have gone to China for an extended trip.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.



© P. Lorillard Co.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."



ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 6)

But This Writer Likes Her Voice

Oil City, Pa.—

I think Greta Garbo's voice was great in "Anna Christie." It sounds as if it is a voice that can be changed to suit the character she is playing. I hope all her future rôles in pictures are as interesting as this one.

*Richard McGinnis,
108 Highland Ave.*

Likes Home Town Stories

Perry, Iowa.—

The articles contained in NEW MOVIE are splendid. Especially the Home Town Stories of the Stars. We like to hear of their past as well as their present. The pictures are certainly satisfactory. It is well balanced, highly entertaining and a dime's worth. What Scotchman could ask for more?

*Hildred L. Levy,
1707 Lucinda Street.*

A Word for Buddy

Brooklyn, N. Y.—

NEW MOVIE has scored again! Why? Its immediate announcement of Buddy Rogers' Columbia recording had me all aflutter. I walked a mile—not for a Camel—but for the record. Was it worth it? I'll say it was. Thank you, Mr. Rogers, for making me so happy, and thank you, Mr. NEW MOVIE Editor for your prompt information.

*Frances Engel,
1121 Avenue R.*

Answer to Fan's Prayer

Cleveland, Ohio.—

Heavenly days! What a magazine! NEW MOVIE is certainly the answer to a movie fan's prayer! If you want to "throw a party" that is different, just look up "How Hollywood Entertains" in NEW MOVIE. And speaking about latest styles! That magazine is full of nothing else but. If you have a NEW MOVIE handy there's no excuse for seeing a picture that wasn't "just what you wanted." And boy, oh boy! The First Aids to Beauty are knock-outs! Then—getting down to the climax! No one in the good old U. S. A. or elsewhere ever got more for a dime than they get in the NEW MOVIE!

The photos just about knock your eye out, and the stories make you feel as though you'd known the star all of your life!

*Victoria Blaich,
9505 St. Clair Ave., No. 2.*

Defends Tibbett

New York, N. Y.—

I wish to answer K. C. Smith, when he or she said that Lawrence Tibbett was repulsive. He talks of Tibbett's face being repulsive. Is it because of its sincerity, frankness and goodness? He also mentions the fact that his mouth is wide. Did K. C. Smith expect an opera singer to sing through his nose? As to his hair being wild, did K. C. ever see a Cossack bandit from the Caucasus Mountains have his hair sleeked back like a parlor sheik? Also, there is no PERHAPS about Mr. Tibbett's singing. If, as you say, you would rather miss the song than to have to look at him, it proves that you're no lover of music.

*E. H. Goerecki,
339 E. 32nd Street.*

Used in School Work

Watson town, Pa.—

You can't possibly realize what a great help your magazine has been to me in my Home Economics course. You might ask, How Could a Movie Magazine help you eat? But that is exactly what your magazine did. In Number Six there was an article about "How Hollywood Entertains." The menus which were given brought me an A-95 on my monthly report for the best planned menu. Of course all due credit was given to your magazine and, believe it or not, all the Home Making girls have started to purchase your magazine for use in school work.

*T. Pauline Leech,
General Delivery.*

Cheers from England

Boston, Mass.—

My family in England are ardent film fans and I have always sent them bundles of movie magazines. They write: "Don't bother to send any but your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. We find

it the snappiest and the best of the bunch. Why should you pay a shilling (25c) when you can get THE NEW MOVIE for fivepence (10c)?"

*W. M. Reeves,
109 Peterboro Street,
Suite No. 29.*

Interested in Music

St. Louis, Mo.—

Usually the first thing I read in THE NEW MOVIE is "Music of the Sound Screen." I am an ardent lover of music and this department is very interesting to me.

*M. B.,
3810 Indiana Avenue.*

Anent Chevalier

Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.—

Someone doesn't like Chevalier, I judge by a letter in the last issue. They say: "He is not even good looking." Well, what of it? He's bubbling over with personality. Lon Chaney is not handsome. Is he famous? Ask me another.

I have two requests to make. Please have Jean Arthur and Anita Page on one of your covers. Please, please publish this great magazine twice a month!

*Joseph Mackey, Jr.,
8714 95th Street.*

Praise for Herb and Adela

Philadelphia, Pa.—

Whoop-la! So Herb is back! With all the old-time aplomb, too. Where, oh where have you been roving? To those of us who've been reading the picture magazines since the first few flickers (and paying our quarters for 'em, too) Herb Howe is sort of indispensably linked with film chat. NEW MOVIE is lucky to have him and Adela Rogers St. Johns. This lady is another of our most affectionate fancies, and one of our most persistent ambitions is to achieve something of such importance that Adela Rogers St. Johns will be asked to interview us! How we would enjoy knowing personally this charming writer, whose interviews are so human, convincing and colorful—and at times "chummy." Mrs. St. Johns is one of those mental companions whom we come to like immensely through our reading.

*Elizabeth A. Williams,
304 Arch Street.*

More Cheers for Herb

Providence, R. I.—

I have been a yearly subscriber to three of the most popular movie magazines, and up to the time when NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE was published enjoyed them very much. However, since reading NEW MOVIE, I have cancelled my subscription to the other magazines. Your movie magazine is these three all rolled into one. The general set-up of the book, to my mind, cannot be improved upon. The covers are most interesting—a compliment for the artist—and, last but not least, Herb Howe has my congratulations. I think he is superb in his "meditations."

*Anne Steiner,
118 Wesleyan Avenue.*



Five minutes after this picture was made, Raoul Walsh, with uplifted hand, started the pioneers and their covered wagons on "The Big Trail," which he is making for Fox Pictures

A book titled "A Cleaner House by 12 o'clock" with a dollar sign (\$) below the title. The book is shown at an angle, with its spine visible on the right.

Address

Visits to the Famous Studios

(Continued from page 55)

two complete sound stages. Two of these are monstrous things of steel and concrete. One contains a complete theater, the largest hippodrome stage west of New York City, for theatrical spectacles in films. The stage in this theater is eighty feet long, eighty feet wide and eighty feet high. It has every modern mechanical device invented. It is this you see in M.-G.-M. pictures whenever theatrical sequences are shown.

Another stage, the largest in existence, one hundred feet wide and two hundred and fifty feet long, is a steel and glass semi-enclosed affair for extra large exterior scenes, such as those shown in "The Trail of '98." The rest are ordinary, huge steel and wood stages made soundproof by being lined with a composition.

In these daily can be seen Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Bill Haines, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro, Greta Garbo, Lon Chaney, Joan Crawford and a host of less famous players who are battling their way to stardom.

A GROUP of concrete buildings is to the left as you come in the main gate. The first three-story building is the one housing the executives. Irving Thalberg is one of them. Louis B. Mayer is another.

Next comes a three-story concrete wardrobe building. In it are tailor and dressmaking shops, designers' offices and storage space for the more than 10,000 dresses and costumes M.-G.-M. keeps on hand ready for a moment's call. With Adrian and David Cox designing them, and "Mother" Coulter

supervising the making of them, some famous costumes and styles have gone out to the world from this building. They make the dresses worn by Garbo, Shearer, Crawford, and other M.-G.-M. stars.

Just past the wardrobe is the publicity building and casting office. That small office to which so many come daily, only to be told, "Sorry. Nothing for you to do." That sentence has sent many a boy and girl out into the sunlight to wonder where, and when, they will eat next.

Directly across from the publicity building is the commissary. A complete restaurant with dining room, lunch counters and soda fountain. It is run on a non-profit basis, being strictly for the convenience of the studio employees, the stars, extras, cameramen, directors. For years the minimum number of meals which have been served here in any one day—Sundays excepted—is one thousand. And as many as seven thousand have been fed in one day during heavy production. It is here that Louis B. Mayer entertains the entire studio at a turkey dinner each year during the Christmas holidays. Never has he had less than 2500 guests. The commissary has its own ice and carbonating plant.

Directors' Row rises two stories and runs away from one side of the commissary. Here sit Bob Leonard, Sam Wood, Jack Conway, Harry Beaumont and other directors, figuring out how they will shoot scenes which will meet with your approval.

Around the corner we come to the fan-mail department. Seven clerks

handle an average of 38,000 letters a month addressed to the stars. They are in reality a miniature postoffice staff, sorting the letters and seeing that each star gets his sackful every day. It is these men who do the work of addressing and sending pictures of the players to those who request them.

STROLLING further about the fifty-three acre lot we run into stages back to back, stages stuck off in corners, sets all over the place. A building for music and dance rehearsals, a recording building where the voices you hear are put upon wax and sent to your theater. A camera building. Near it the projection rooms, where daily the "rushes" are viewed.

Over there is the big electrical building. The M.-G.-M. studio uses 2,500,000 kilowatts of juice a year. It has a "connected load" of 35,000 horsepower—more than enough to light a city the size of Reno, Nevada.

Coming around the corner of a stage you see bungalows which nestle into the ground and look like dream houses. These belong to the stars. Then the make-up department, where men who are artists in their line study and worry about how they can make up pretty faces so that they will look prettier.

A little schoolhouse for child actors. And more sets.

MORE than 3,000,000 feet of lumber a year are used in building sets. 15,000 gallons of paint. 250 tons of plaster. 4,000 sacks of cement. 15,000 tons of rock. 600 bales of plaster fibre. 300,000 feet of wallboard. These figures are for material for the building of sets only. They do not include the materials used to build stages and buildings.

The telephone system at M.-G.-M. is a 1200-unit central switchboard. It is more than big enough to adequately serve a city of 3,000 people.

A foot is twelve inches. That is understandable. But it is hardly possible to imagine a strip of film 50,000,000 feet long. Yet that is the amount used in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio yearly.

Even so, it is doubtful if it is any more difficult for us to visualize that strip of film, than it would have been for Tom Ince, looking at those acres of sagebrush and waste land in 1914, to have pictured the M.-G.-M. studio as it is today, with its 120 buildings, its 2500 employees, its features he had never conceived. It is indeed a far cry from that dinky, rickety one stage he first erected to the ten thousand people who were on the lot at one time during the shooting of "Ben Hur."

For that is motion pictures. That is romance.

Culver City is now boasting of 13,000 as her population. That real estate gent—Harry Culver—is a multimillionaire today.



Next month NEW MOVIE will present another fascinating installment of Lila Lee's life story. Be sure to watch for it.

Next month NEW MOVIE will present a tour of another leading California studio. Watch this series—and learn all about picture making.

USE CRINKLE CUPS TO MAKE BAKING EASIER AND BETTER

AND KEEP CAKES FRESH AND WHOLE



Stir up a good cake mixture, pour it into Crinkle Cups, ready to receive it without greasing or fuss. Slide it in the oven and the job is done. Out will come the little cakes, every one evenly baked, perfect in shape. And Crinkle Cups will keep them fresh and whole until the time comes to serve them. There is a generous supply of Crinkle Cups in each dust-proof package.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 cent stores



CRINKLE CUPS

Manufactured by
Old Mill Paper Products Corp., Dept. T-830, Linden Street corner Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Crinkle Cup Cakes

½ cup butter	1¾ cups pastry flour
1 cup sugar	3½ teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	½ cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter—add sugar, and cream. Add eggs and beat mixture well. Add sifted flour and baking powder and milk alternately to batter. Add vanilla. Pour into Crinkle Cups and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Hollywood's Successor to IT

(Continued from page 39)

the local girls to consult their mirrors. They saw themselves happy little rich girls in their casual sweaters and skirts, their illustration of Bohemianism.

As an answer to the stage imports, Hollywood offered Lilyan Tashman as its best-gowned woman. Hollywood meant its best-wardrobed, for Dolores del Rio, Norma Shearer, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Mackaill and Pauline Frederick bow to no better-frocked female.

WITH such a jockeying for supremacy going on in more mature quarters, the flapper awoke one gloomy morn to find herself playing second fiddle. She discovered she had been standing still, content merely to hey-hey and take the bow.

In desperation, she has pulled herself together, and from the confusion of new styles, new influences, new competition, the modern girl of Hollywood is beginning to find her new personality.

She has split into three camps in the search for herself.

She is the clear-eyed prototype of Lilyan Tashman.

She is the Loretta Young miss.

She is the rebel who ridicules her more cautious sister and continues to say it in actions.

Now the Lilyan Tashman edition has cultivated her eyebrows as an emphatic means of expression. She speaks in a drawl. She deliberately sentences her lithe body to be a clothes horse. She converses in a bored way about diet, but is cautious to keep to non-fattening foods. She will flirt naughtily, but not conspicuously. She is so discreet she cannot be gossiped about. She mas-caras her lashes. Her lips bloom ruby red. There's cosmetic color in her cheeks and not a shine on the skin that boys crave to touch. An artful, wise girl, this Lilyan Tashman edition.

But the Loretta Youngs! Ah, they brighten the hopes of an older generation who for lo, these many years, have sighed that the young ones of today are headed straight for perdition and sanitariums. The Loretta Youngs are sweetly prepared for public appearances. They melt in the presence of men. You have a sneaking suspicion they'd try a swoon should a convenient

mouse scamper in sight. No more finger-snapping freedom. This modern girl goes in for what grandmother did when grandmother practiced her cunning wiles. Yet she is firm when the occasion demands it. As witness Loretta Young herself.

Loretta is a nice child. She minded her mother, until she eloped with Grant Withers. Her mother battled to have the marriage annulled. Loretta refused flatly. She's modern, all right, with that streak of fine steel threading through an otherwise pliable temperament.

THE rebel of today is looked upon by the other two factions as a bit hoydenish. She lives (figuratively speaking) across the railroad tracks in the mysterious part of town. In public she still takes her liquor and her men straight. If her nose glistens, its jolly well none of your business. She swears robustly and at times her knees may defy regulations and salute the sunshine. She goes everywhere, but she prefers to couple off in groups. She's a slender poo-poo-de-pah-doo infant and her wisdom puts the Sphinx to shame. She's a marathoner when it comes to late hours and making who-cares.

Now Hollywood's three flapper successors declare a truce on one point. They defend themselves against possible criticism with the gentle, surprised query: "Why shouldn't I do this or that? Everybody does it." They look upon the older group with misgivings. They let them severely alone, but they study them.

The harum-scarum Clara Bow has accepted the new order. Clara's bob is shingled and nestles to her head instead of reaching for the clouds. She hasn't that "poured into her clothes" look any more. Lupe Velez, who joined the flap brigade when she spiced to town, has quieted down.

I tell you, Hollywood has grown up. Sex appeal hides behind long skirts and four walls. "IT" has taken its place as a neuter pronoun and not a blaze.

Hollywood has buried the old-time flapper. The tantalizing, "soft pedal" or "everybody does it" girl is here.

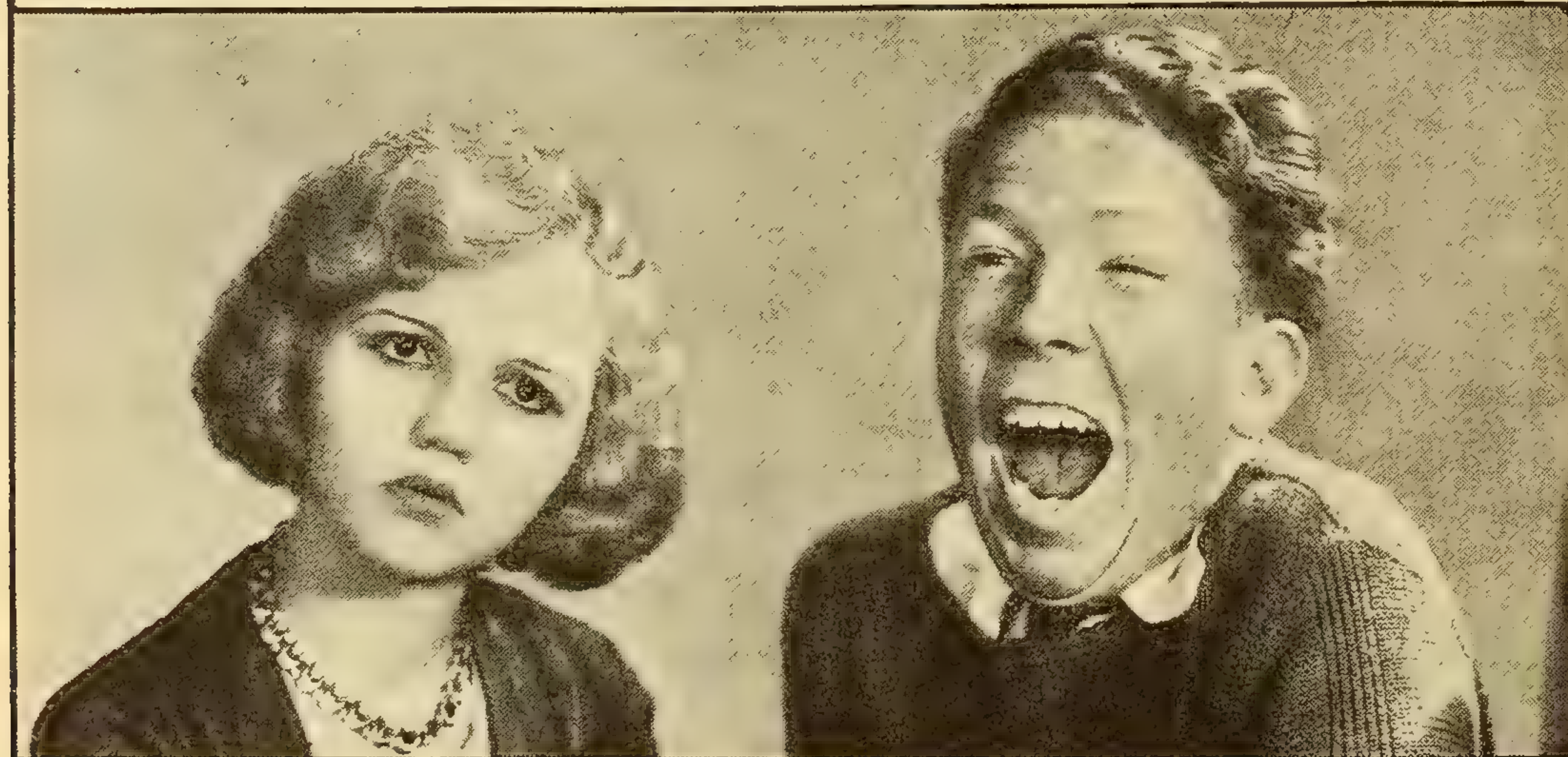
Perhaps tomorrow you will see her, a merger of the three types that have subdivided youth today. She will be frocked with the smartness of a Tashman. At social affairs, she will mas-cara her lashes and ruby her lips to the jeweler's taste. She will affect the demureness of a Loretta Young, in quaint contrast to the sophistry of her appearance. She will appreciate the brilliance of such a contrast, will this "soft-pedal" girl. She may permit herself the luxury of poo-poo-de-pah-doo moments. Particularly if she wishes the center of the stage and one pair of masculine eyes devoted exclusively to her.

She will be a fresh, glowing, swank figure, this vivid whoopee child. She will have the poise of a Palm Beach heiress, the éclat of a Mrs. Beau Brummell, and the pep of a Marie Dressler grand-daughter.

What a girl!



THEN—Little Mary Kornman and Mickey Daniels were members of "Our Gang" not so many years ago.



NOW—Miss Kornman and Mickey have grown up in the films and they are appearing in a new Hal Roach series, "The Boy Friends."

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 75)

Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Rose pink crêpe de chine with a delicate collar of embroidery and a pink maline evening hat to match.

Blanche Sweet. Sapphire blue satin, cut in severely simple lines and falling to the floor.

Marion Davies. Powder blue chiffon, low in the back, with a beautifully draped skirt.

Mrs. John Boles. Black and white printed chiffon, with a rather long cape, falling to the waist behind. The print was arranged to give decoration to the dress in the cape and around the bottom of the skirt.

Leatrice Joy. Delicate green-blue crêpe de chine, with a small, tucked vest of shell pink chiffon.

Lois Wilson. Black chiffon, with a big print of beige and rose. The low neck was outlined with a soft ruffle of the same material.

Mary Eaton. Print chiffon, in very gay colors, made with a ruffled skirt and delicate ruffles about the neckline and falling over the shoulders.

Julanne Johnson. Caramel tulle over taffeta of the same color. The dress was tucked to give it a line close to the figure.

Olive Tell. White chiffon, heavily weighted with pearl beads and rhinestones, and with a square cut cape falling to the waist.

Louella Parsons. Allover black lace, with a draped skirt and a low-cut back.

Mrs. George Archainbaud. Black chiffon, over ivory satin, shirred in a straight line down the front.

Eileen Percy. Black and white print, belted at the waist.

Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, mother of the bride-to-be, wore a gown of beige all-over lace, and Mrs. George Butler Griffen, Bebe's famous grandmother, was in black chiffon and diamonds. Mrs. Lyon, Ben's mother, was in lavender chiffon, and his two sisters, who arrived from the East for the wedding festivities, were in print chiffons, in green and blue.

Mrs. Owen Moore. All black chiffon with a square neckline, to the waist in the back.

Mrs. Abraham Lehr. Ivory white satin, with flowing panels to the floor.

Here is the recipe for the "Fitzmaurice hash," which has received so many compliments. Many hostesses in Hollywood make some special dish peculiarly their own, and serve it for large parties, just as the Fitzmaurices serve this popular dish:

Take onions, eggplant, and ripe tomatoes. Slice in rounds, as for salad. Brown in an iron pan with plenty of butter. Place a layer of eggplant, onion and tomato, when browned, in a casserole. Salt and pepper liberally and add a touch of cayenne. Then add a layer of about two inches thick of raw round steak, repeat this until the casserole is full, with a layer of the meat on top. Place in a slow oven for about twenty minutes. Then increase the fire until it is hot and allow to bake until the meat is thoroughly browned.

WHAT! SCRUBBING AND BOILING IN A STEAMING KITCHEN ON SO HOT A DAY? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU HOW TO SAVE ALL THAT WORK

I'LL TRY YOUR WAY NEXT WEEK, MURIEL

NEXT WASHDAY

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, MURIEL. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR EVEN BOIL... AND THE CLOTHES LOOK WHITER THAN EVER

YES, DEAR—AND IT'S JUST AS WONDERFUL FOR DISHES AND ALL CLEANING

No more hot, steamy kitchens on washday yet a whiter wash with far less work

NO NEED now for sweltering wash-days! For, no matter how hot the weather, you can keep your kitchen nice and cool every washday. Just let Rinso *soak* your clothes snowy, *without scrubbing or boiling*. Saves clothes—saves you.

"Rinso is the best soap ever for our hard water," writes Mrs. N. Belles of Syracuse, N. Y.

We have received *thousands* of letters from delighted Rinso users. "Makes rich, lasting suds in a jiffy," says Mrs. M. West of Washington, D. C. *Twice as much suds*, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps!

In washers, too—it's great!
Rinso is all you need, even in hardest

water; no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter clothes. Its thick, creamy suds are safe for the finest linens.

And Rinso is marvelous for washing dishes, for cleaning sinks, walls, floors, windows, bathtubs!

If you haven't tried Rinso, a full-sized package will be sent you free. Just send your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. W-158, Cambridge, Mass.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

Rinso
The Granulated
Soap

2 sizes
most women
buy the large
package

A Fool and His Honey

(Continued from page 49)

all the fashionable show places, and Mr. Wick took up the wearing of a cane and began to think of having his ears bobbed. Miss Effingham purred like a kitten. She had begun to appreciate the width of the invisible gap that separated the film colony from the Eastern interlopers, but the husbands were beginning to grow curiously restive, and that was enough to get her talked about by the Beverly Hills wives.

BUT for the slighted Marjorie there was no content. Rumors reached her, and left her in that state where a woman hovers between a spree on champagne or hats. She chose the hats, telling herself that Mr. Squibb had the right idea. Who, after all, would go gunning for the homespun Jelly Roll? Certainly not a new York gasper who made an equally high salary. So, to show how sweetly she bore her loneliness, she rang up her straying suitor.

"Of course, I haven't forgotten you," bellowed Mr. Wick to her plaintive question. "Listen, Marjorie, it's just business that's all. She says I'm so kind it helps her to do good work, and so far as I'm concerned she isn't a real woman like you. She's more like a goddess, see, on the line of those statues

over in the museum. You know, the kind the Greeks looked up to before they married ordinary girls."

"Like me?"

"Sure, like you—no. No, I mean——"

"So you worship her, eh?" shrilled Miss Berry, forgetting that she was going to be sweet if it killed her. "Goddess your eyebrow! Whoever heard of one coming from the slag heaps of Pennsylvania?"

"I haven't even kissed her," soothed the comedian, neglecting to mention that Adrienne had been too alert to give him the chance. He waited for an apology, but all he received was a severe shock to his eardrums as she slammed down the receiver.

The second week found the picture well under way, and the rapidly swelling Jelly Roll became the center of attraction. The mosquito-like Mr. Eppus Squibb and the director went into a huddle with him over his big scenes.

"Speaking personal," said the seventh vice-president, "if I was an audience I'd be looking for a laugh about this point. All that hash of uniforms, love and you-ho-ho choruses gets kind of sticky, so here's where you come in. While Tremont's gargling his first number to the gal we'll show a shot of you up in the rigging with that dead pan look. See?"

Mr. Wick congealed a trifle. "Yawss," he nodded, copying Tremont's accent.

"Yawss!" mimicked Mr. Squibb. "What kind of gab is that for a crackpot like you? Listen, when the song ends you shriek like a five o'clock whistle, do a twenty-foot fall into a barrel of flour, which busts apart, and you come out looking like a charlotte russe. You jump up and start whirling around, and what is there but a couple of giant lobsters biting you."

"No," said Jelly Roll, taking the bit in his teeth, "I won't do it. It's coarse."

"I hope to tell you it's coarse," yelled the director. "What do you think you're here for? Don't uncork that 'No' again, either."

"No," repeated the desperate comedian. "I'm up here in a six-reeler and I want to be funny in a nice way. Remember the letter scene in 'Disraeli'? Boy, that's what I call subtle humor, and I can put myself over like——"

"I'll 'Disraeli' you!" bawled Mr. Squibb, "and in addition I'll subtract a fine off your wages for insub—insub—well, you know what I mean. Go artistic right under my nose, would you? The next thing I know you'll be painting a poached egg and telling me it's a sunset. Shinny up that rigging before I forget I got liver trouble."

MR. WICK cast a pleading eye at the voluptuous prima donna, whose costume consisted principally of beads, a strange interlude, and more beads. Strangely enough, she showed little sympathy and shook her head in disapproval. The disheartened Jelly Roll backed down without further argument and fell seven times before Mr. Squibb offered grudging congratulations.

He made two more objections during the day, but was bullied into working in his tried and true fashion, and at five o'clock he waddled over to Miss Effingham like a chastised poodle. That



Guess who this is. Who? Wrong. It's Lon Chaney, as Mrs. O'Grady in his new talkie version of "The Unholy Three."

lady's tigerish glance was roving restlessly around the studio and she showed no delight in his presence.

"Can you tie those fellows?" moaned Jelly Roll. "Here I am all broken out with ideas and they squelch me. It certainly will be a relief to drive down to Santa Ana with you this evening."

"Not with me," said Adrienne, who seemed covertly excited. "I—I feel one of my old headaches coming on, mostly due to you and your complaining on the set. Look, Jelly, who's that handsome chap who came in a few moments ago—isn't he Keats Knollcrest?"

Mr. Wick inspected a blind Apollo who was fluttering his eyelashes at nothing in particular. "Sure, it's Knollcrest," he answered. "He's just been divorced and he's——"

"Really?" cooed Miss Effingham, making all her beads quiver. "How gra—oh, my poor head! Well, good-night, Jelly, see you tomorrow, and remember, I'm angry with you."

She undulated away, and Mr. Wick trudged gloomily to his dressing-room, washed up and became surprised that a broken heart is not the tragedy it's cracked up to be. The proper procedure would have been to go out and howl at the moon, but by supper time he was beaming contentedly across some corned beef and cabbage at Pto-maine Tommy's, and Miss Marjorie Berry was twinkling right back at him.

"**I**'M coming to watch you work tomorrow," she promised. "My but it will seem queer to see you in a big place like Fascination. And of course I'm not jealous, because you don't look a bit lovesick, but how did you manage to slip away from your goddess?"

"Lay off," grinned Mr. Wick. "She—she just wanted to rest up for the big farewell scene we're going to shoot. And say, I've got plans for my stuff that will give it what the publicity calls a lyrical note."

So Marjorie, bred in the rough and tumble school of two-reelers, came into the studio the next morning wondering if she were in her right senses, for there was her hero with his back to the wall.



An attractive ensemble for the seaside, presented by Jean Arthur. The trousers are of cream satin. The satin jacket is of red, white and blue stripes. With this Miss Arthur wears a sun hat of leghorn.

"NO!" he was shouting. "I've given way to everything else, but not this. It's due me, I tell you, and it's my ambition to be wistful. I want a fadeout that'll leave a catch in the throat."

"I'll give you the same sensation with a rope," threatened Mr. Squibb, hopping with rage. "I'm telling you, don't go nuts no more. The finale calls for the pirate ship to fire a salute to their head man and his captured girl friend. Twenty cannons go off, and then, from the twenty-first, where you've been sleeping, comes you. We'll jerk you into the air with an invisible guy line, drop you on the bowsprit, where you hang by your suspenders, and then, while you deliver the line, 'I can hear the caskets coffin,' the bowsprit cracks and you disappear into the mouth of a property whale. A wow, positively. It took three men eight days to concoct that sequence, and I don't want no squawks, get me?"

"You don't want Art, either. My idea is to have a scene showing that I'm secretly in love with the princess, and then, as she sails away with her pirate, I sit there wearing an agonized smile and looking wistfully across the sea. After all the slapstick I've pulled, it'll seem all the more tragic. Why, Miss Effingham told me——"

"I might have told him anything," drawled the prima donna. She was looking a bit puffy about the eyes and she glared malevolently at the earnest Jelly Roll. "You sap," she said with cruel distinctness, "don't you know I've been kidding you along just so I'd be sure of an escort? When you told me why the movie stars were freezing I decided to make a play for you because you're famous enough in your uncouth way. And now Mr. Knollcrest——"

"I thought he was lounging around for that," gulped Jelly Roll. "I was going to warn you, too, but I suppose he spoke to you and——"

"No dearie, I spoke to *him*. Why, I've admired him for years. And so, my oversize friend, you can fly your kite and not hold up this picture with any more gush about your art. You clown!"

MR. WICK resembled a punctured blimp as he stared at the goddess who had turned out to be clay to the knees, at least. His mouth sagged open as he tried to think of a retort, but he was saved the strain. A compact, blazing-eyed redhead had jumped into the center of the stage.

"You bet he's a clown!" she cried. "And a good one, too. Jelly, this Broadway gasper admits you're famous. What made you that way?"

"Two-reelers, I guess."

"You bet it was. So get in there and be funny—be yourself!"

"Aw, but listen, honey——"

"Get in there," repeated Marjorie, "or you'll never have the chance even to ask me for the right time. You and your wistfulness! You'd be a laugh all right, but not in the way you imagine. I've helped you to make a lot of successes, Jelly, and I'm not going to see a pair of musical comedy canaries steal a picture from you now. Snap to it!"

Mr. Wick snapped. Uncomplaining, he spent half a day of hoisting and falling, splashing and roaring. He managed to add considerable mugging, wherein his moonface took on more than slight burlesque of La Effingham's coyest expressions, and, working with

(Continued on page 112)



facts

every woman should know about the LINIT beauty bath

and its instant results

Here is the way women everywhere are using the new Linit Beauty Bath for a soft, smooth skin: they merely dissolve half a package of Linit in the bath and bathe as usual, using their favorite soap. Then—

Velvet couldn't be smoother than your skin after a Linit Beauty Bath.

This soft, satiny "feel" you enjoy comes from an invisibly thin "layer" of Linit—left on the skin after the bath. This porous coating of powder is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but thinly and evenly distributed over all parts of the body.



And the most astonishing thing about this new Linit Beauty Bath is not only its low cost, but that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement—instantly you sense the refreshing difference in your skin.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

A Fool and His Honey

(Continued from page 111)

a sure-fire touch of the ridiculous, he had Mr. Squibb and several other officials leering their praise, for the prima donna was far from popular.

"WISE guy," snarled the lady, when the day was over. "Had to have a woman save you, eh? Well, she's welcome. I'm wise to Hollywood now and Mr. Knollcrest wouldn't want me to bother with you."

"I don't wonder," said Mr. Wick lightly, "seeing that he'll be plenty of bother himself."

"What do you mean?" Adrienne's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"He'll probably propose to you inside a week."

"Well?"

"Seeing you really know Hollywood, old kid," said Jelly Roll, growing reckless, "of course you've heard that Knoll-

crest is a flop in the talkies and that his contract has been allowed to lapse. That's why his wife divorced him."

"Wh—what?"

"And that he's boasted he can trick some Broadwayite into marrying him for his profile."

"You wretch!" screamed Miss Effingham. "And I thought you were fond of me. Why didn't you say something?"

"I tried to last night but you wouldn't listen," said the comedian, looking his stupidest. "Say, keep a date open about a week from Friday, will you?"

"After the way I've talked to you! Why, Jelly, is it some big event?"

"Sort of," grinned Mr. Wick wiggling his eyebrows at the radiant Marjorie, "and I'd hate to have you miss it. Y'see, I've got an idea that that's the day I'm going to be married."

* * * * *

ONE month later the Chortle Comedies Studio buzzed with achievement as the making of "Jury Fury" went forward without a hitch. The old standby, Jelly Roll, playing a slightly squiffed judge, had just received a lemon meringue pie where it would do the most good, and now was registering rage through the welter of goo.

"A pip," laughed the director, after signaling to the monitor man. "Here, somebody, wipe off Mr. Wick's face so he can breathe. Jelly, old sock, I saw the premiere of 'The Pirate's Princess' last night, and you were a riot."

"And did you read the critics?" thrilled the copper-haired Mrs. Wick. "One says he was guilty of robbery and another claims the way he burlesqued the lovers was 'a delicious bit of sly humor.' And the highest-browed one of all wants to know where Jelly Roll has been hiding, and calls him 'deft'! Just what he always wanted."

"Aw, I'm not so hot," said Jelly Roll modestly. "It's no trick to cop a picture from a couple of singing clothes horses, providing a comic sticks to his art."

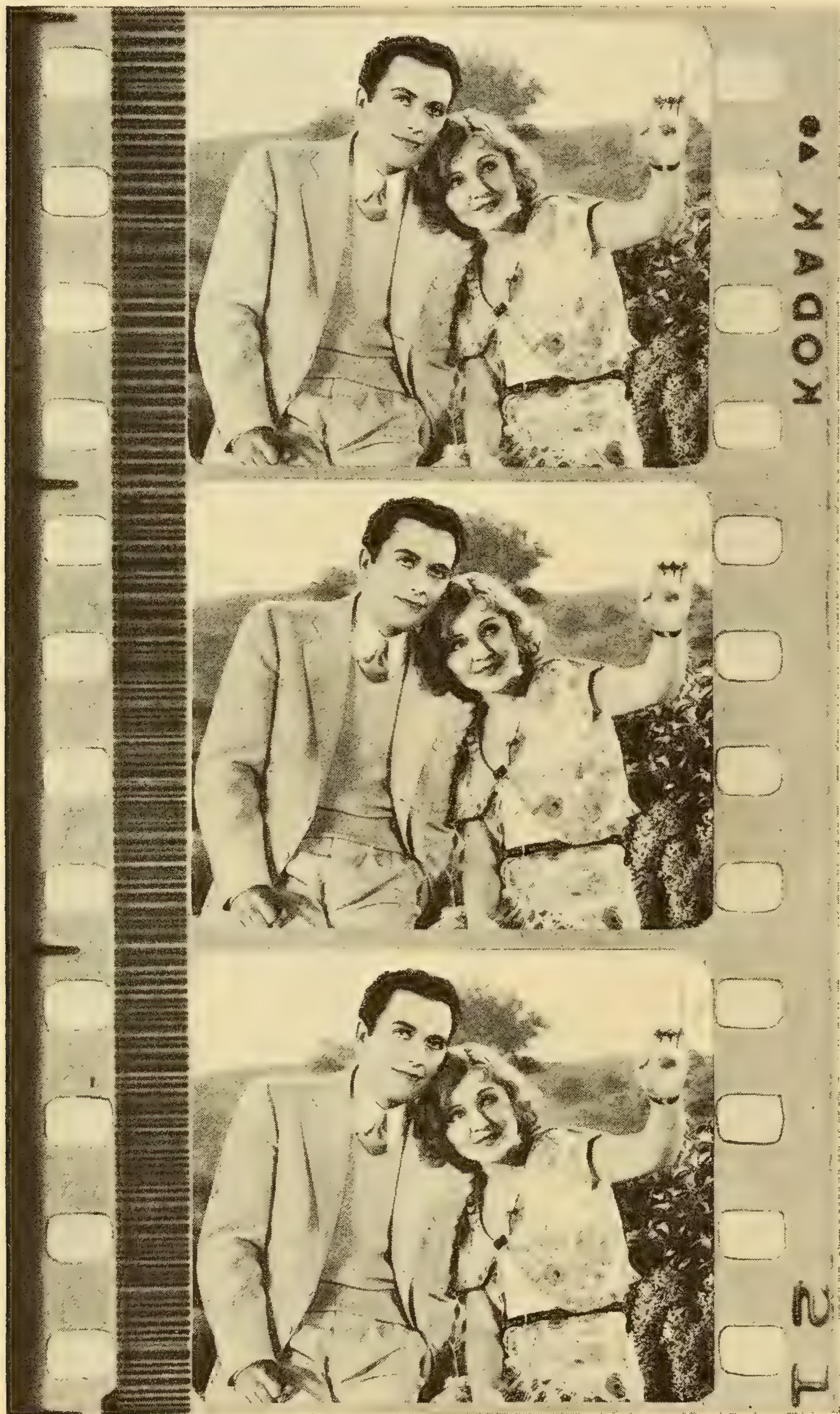
"His what?" asked the startled director. "You mean that hokum—"

"Is A-R-T. I certainly do, Joe, just as much as bleating about your noble intentions in High C. I suppose I'll have to save a weak feature now and then if Squibb sends for me, but I'm glad to be back here. That last scene, now; you liked it?"

"Aces up, Jelly Roll; you've never been funnier."

"We-e-ell, I'm not so sure," said Mr. Wick thoughtfully, his glance taking in the stack of emergency lemon meringues, then switching from them to the pie-thrower. "An artist should always be striving for perfection, so my wife says, and that goes for me too. Sock me again—I like it!"

Watch for more sparkling fiction in future issues of NEW MOVIE. Several corking short stories are outlined for early numbers of NEW MOVIE.



A strip of sound film, enlarged. This is the way Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll appear alongside their voices in an episode of the golf film, "Follow Thru," in which they co-star. The sound track appears between the sprocket holes and the pictures at the left. The cross lines are the voice records.

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 98)

a strenuous diet, but they still do not change their exercise habits. For eighteen days they live on grapefruit and toast melba. They lose a few pounds, stop the diet and promptly gain back their weight again. Sometimes, because they are too strict about the diet, they suffer from stomach disorders and, to put it mildly, a bad disposition.

Other women exercise violently, either at home or on the beach or on the tennis court. But they continue to eat as usual. The result is that they are inclined to gain more than they lose. Or else they suffer from a bad case of fatigue.

The indolent women, with money to spend, engage a masseuse. New massage is excellent in reducing but it will not effect a general reduction. It is only good for local areas of fat. For instance, many actresses and dancers have masseuses to keep the fat from accumulating on their legs. It is good, too, for removing those ugly rolls of fat from the stomach or from the shoulders. It will break down the fat tissues but, unaccompanied by diet and exercise, it will not prevent the fat from returning nor will it remove a great deal of poundage from the grand total of weight.

So you see, if you are really greatly overweight and if you feel that your fat is endangering both your health and your appearance, it is best to realize that half measures in reducing are usually worse than none at all. Make yourself a reducing schedule that will include diet, exercise and massage, if possible, and stick to it.

Lois K., Duluth, Minn. Dark reds, olive greens and rich browns are your best colors. Blues are not so good with your black hair, black eyes and dark skin.

Mrs. Elise T., New Orleans, La. Many authorities feel that it is best not to drink tea, coffee or any stimulants while you are reducing. Others allow a cup of coffee at breakfast time. Or a demi-tasse after dinner, with hot water for breakfast.

Y. T. L., Newark, N. J. When washing your hair, use either a specially prepared shampoo or liquid soap. Or you may melt soap in hot water and use this on your hair. Do not rub the soap directly on the hair or scalp, as it is very difficult to rinse it off.

Helene, New Haven, Conn. I know that it is difficult to make a little girl stand up straight. Children resent constant nagging. Why don't you appeal to your daughter's pride? Surely there is some movie actress she admires who should be set before her as a model. Try to interest her in athletics. Old-fashioned mothers used to make their daughters walk with a book balanced on top of the head. This was a strict method but it was often effective.

Write to Ann Boyd about your beauty problems and read her advice every month.

Jo-cu' offers \$1000⁰⁰ For Beautiful Hair!



FOR BEST RESULTS

You will be delighted to see how easily and beautifully you can shampoo and finger-wave your own hair with these famous preparations.

Jo-cu' Shampoo Concentrate—lathers luxuriously, brings out the hidden gold in your hair, and leaves it soft, silky and easy to finger-wave. It should be your first thought in hair dressing.

Jo-cu' Waveset—sets natural-looking waves quickly and is beneficial to hair and scalp. Its use is simplicity itself. Millions of women recognize Jo-cu' Waveset as the one ideal finger-waving liquid.

OTHER JO-CUR BEAUTY AIDS

Jo-cu' Hot Oil Treatment corrects scalp disorders.

Jo-cu' Brilliantine—adds the finishing touch to the coiffure.

Simple directions for shampooing and finger-waving the hair come with each of the Jo-cu' Beauty Aids. If you wish to use Jo-cu' Shampoo Concentrate and Jo-cu' Waveset in this contest, you will find trial sizes at most 5-and-10 cent stores—regular sizes at your drug store.

FIRST PRIZE

\$250.00 and a portrait of the winner by Charles B. Ross, famous painter of beautiful women

SECOND PRIZE \$100.00

2 Prizes \$50.00 each
4 Prizes 25.00 each

10 Prizes \$10.00 each
70 Prizes 5.00 each

ARE you proud of your lovely hair—its beautiful finger-wave—its becoming arrangement? Of course you are! And the beauty of your hair may mean real money to you in the Jo-cu' Hair Beauty Contest. Think of it! You may win the money for a whole new outfit—a trip—or some other luxury you have always wanted. One thousand dollars in prizes will be given in this search for beautiful hair. Will you be one of the fortunate winners? Why not? Your chance is as good as anyone's. Read the simple rules that follow—then enter the contest.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

All you need do to enter is shampoo and finger-wave your hair attractively. Then send a photograph showing your hair, to Miss Jo-cu', Curran Laboratories, Inc., New York City. With the photograph, send a brief note telling whether you used Jo-cu' Shampoo and Jo-cu' Waveset, the original finger-waving liquid, in dressing your hair. That's all there is to it. **Judges will consider only the beauty of your hair** as shown in the photograph. In awarding prizes, equal consideration will be given all contestants regardless of the preparations used in dressing the hair. But, don't think you must submit an expensive photograph. A good, clear snapshot is all that is necessary. Photographs cannot be returned and the right is reserved to publish any photograph submitted. The contest closes September 30th.

HERE ARE THE JUDGES

These experts in feminine hair beauty will pick the lucky winners in this contest. Their names guarantee that the judgment will be fair and impartial.



Alice White, First National Star, whose beautiful, wavy hair is the envy of millions.



Charles B. Ross, famous painter of lovely women.

Hazel Kozlay, Editor of American Hairdresser Magazine, an authority on beautiful hair.



If your nearest 5-and-10 or drug store is out of Jo-cu' Beauty Aids, we will mail you trial sizes of all four products upon receipt of 50c in stamps. Remember the contest closes at midnight September 30, 1930. Be among the first to enter your photograph in this nation-wide search for beautiful hair.

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street, New York, N.Y.

The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 51)

called at the studio. Chaplin was in his private room. He would not appear.

It was my duty to go to the young woman and "shoo her away." I lied as little as possible, as it was not my nature to be a Munchausen—at fifty dollars a week. Besides, I pitied the girl.

She left the studio with a wistful smile and made way for the comedian's romance with the Mexican girl.

Men who consider themselves quite close to the comedian are often

mistaken. Often they have met him when he was in the mood for sociability. One such gentleman, who called himself Chaplin's "father confessor," called at the studio.

CHAPLIN looked from a window and beheld his "father confessor." He made a frantic effort to hide and at last succeeded in getting into a clothes closet.

I shut the door of the closet and went out to get rid of the caller. With

the usual prevarication, I told him that Chaplin would not be at the studio that day.

In departing, the gentleman said, "Well, just tell Charlie that I dropped in to say 'Hello.'"

Chaplin emerged from the closet, breathing heavily, for the air had been close. Hearing the visitor's message, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead and exclaimed, "Why the devil didn't he send it on a postal card?"

No man answered.

SAVE in cases where he has been infatuated with women, it is doubtful if Chaplin has ever been deeply emotional over a human being in recent years. It is true that employees have remained with him for years, but this has been more a matter of habit on their part and on his own than any deep devotion. The younger and more ambitious employees left him as soon as the opportunity for advancing themselves occurred. Despite the lowly social standing of his early years in England, he nevertheless has acquired an upper-class attitude toward those who cannot grimace upon the screen to the tune of a million a year.

He never makes comments on those who have wrongfully used him. Neither does he speak of a kindness which he has done to another human being.

He is fond of animals and would stop his limousine to say a kind word to a stray dog.

The canine which played with him in "A Dog's Life" remained a pet at the studio until the end of his decrepit days. He lived with the watchman at the front gates, and was made much of by all the men and women connected with Chaplin. Whenever the comedian appeared, however, old Bill would leave all and follow him. The dog's attitude never failed to please Chaplin.

His charity takes strange turns. He is not by nature a generous man, largely, I think, because of the hurts and fears suffered during a sensitive boyhood. Nevertheless, he is capable of many kindly impulses.

A master of legerdemain who had often entertained Chaplin when he was a street urchin fell upon hungry days. He wrote the world-famous jester a letter asking for aid. Chaplin immediately put him on his pension list.

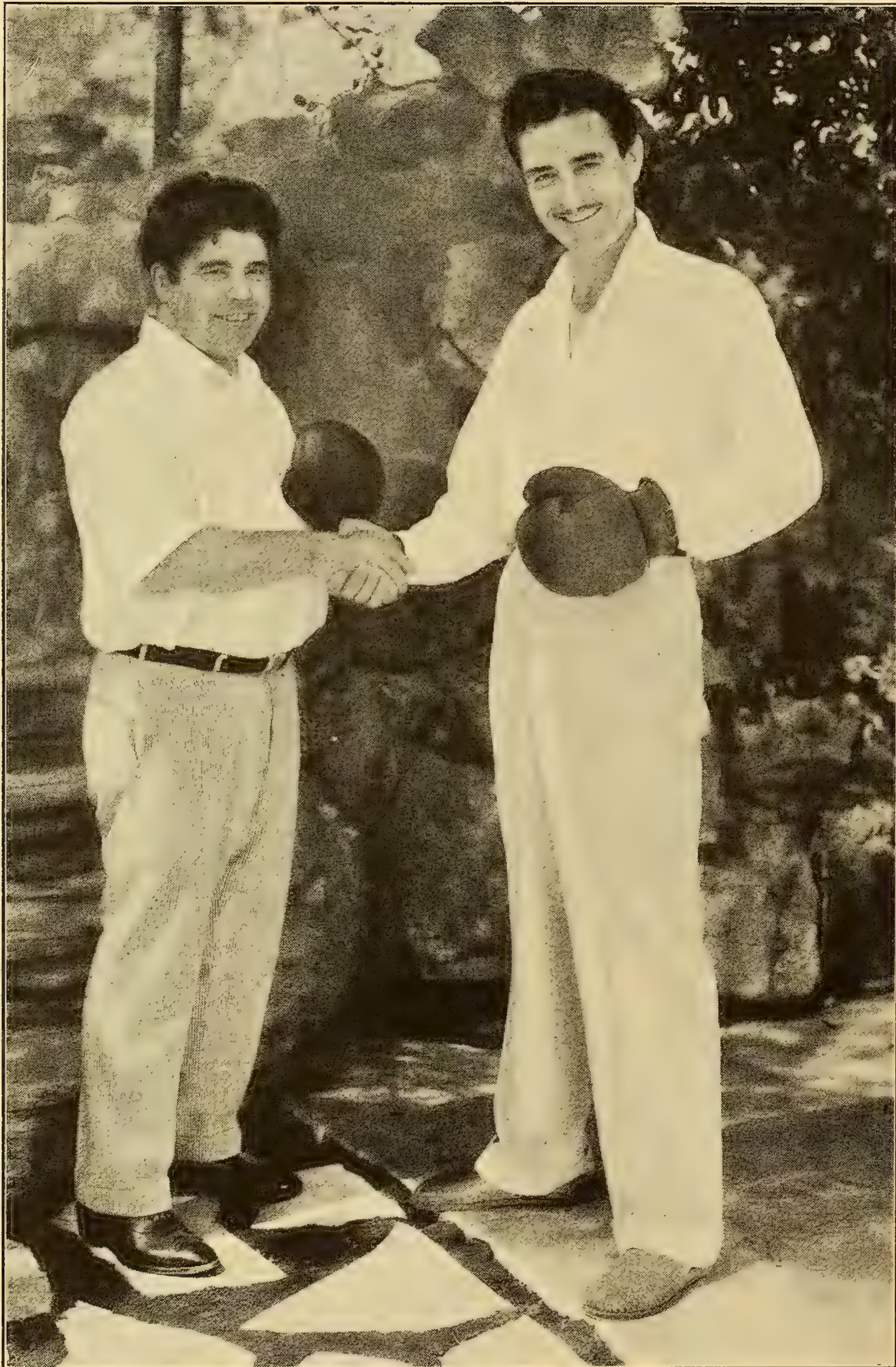
"He was an artist," he gave as his reason.

CHAPLIN did not talk of his father. Of his mother he always spoke kindly and often affectionately. It was he who eased the remaining years of her life. He was proud of her ability as an actress.

"They can say what they want about my mother," he used to say "she was greater than I will ever be. She was a great actress." I remember his pronouncing the word "was" with defiance, as though expecting me to dispute it.

"I've never seen anyone like her. She was good to me when I was a kid. She gave me all she had, and asked nothing back, and by God, I've got no mother complex, either. She was just a good fellow."

(Continued on page 118)



All is peace between Jim Tully and Jack Gilbert. They are friends again. Indeed Jim, who helped construct Gilbert's next movie story, appears with the famous star as a member of the cast. Above you see them in a pugilistic moment of the film, "Way For a Sailor."

The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 88)

Irish heart. He came over and patted her shoulder encouragingly. "Don't you worry Tweenie," he said. "You can never tell in pictures. You just go in there and make something out of that party."

The words gave her back a little courage.

"And C. B. was so kind to me," she said later. "He knew how nervous and frightened I was and how little I knew about pictures. I had one little sequence alone, in my bedroom. He did that first to get me warmed up. And somehow, right from the first, we seemed to click. I knew what he wanted. It has never been like that with any other director."

Pretty soon Tweenie began to have more and more scenes. In the middle of a shot, C. B. would say to Jeanie McPherson: "Does Tweenie come in here? Why don't we have Tweenie come in here and do this or that?"

So that between them Lila and Tweenie did very well. Everyone was pleased. It looked as though Lila might even get a real chance sooner than she had expected.

And then something terrible happened.

LILA began suddenly to grow.

"I was exactly like Alice in Wonderland when she ate the wrong side of the mushroom," she told me. "I grew and I grew. From being a little thing, which suited my age, I shot up until sometimes I felt just like Alice."

Actually, Lila isn't so very tall. But she did grow amazingly in a short time. She grew as all girls in their teens do.

So there she was again. A tall, lanky youngster, all eyes, too young for her height, too immature to play women, too gangling to play little girls. No one wanted her for anything.

Probably she would have had to wait, like Jackie Coogan, to really grow up if it hadn't been for Wally Reid.

Wally met her on the lot one day. "What are you doing, young one?" he said.

"Nothing," said Lila, pathetically. "No one will have me for a leading lady because I'm too young and too tall. There aren't any other parts."

Wally roared with laughter. "I'll have you," he said. "I'll fix that up."

He did. Wally never took his pictures too seriously. Besides, at that time his popularity was so enormous that he could do no wrong. So began a long series of pictures in which Lila Lee was the great Wallace Reid's leading lady. Somehow she fitted into the type of stories he was making and she was very popular. That era ended with the delicious comedy, "The Charm School."

And so began, too, a beautiful friendship which lasted until the day of Wally's death. He always called her his little sister and treated her just that way. He advised her about her love affairs and her work and her business. He romped with her at the studio and played jokes on her, and insisted that she come to his house, where Dorothy Davenport Reid was a gracious hostess, like one of the family.

"Wally was the sweetest person who ever lived" Lila said, in speaking of him. "There will never be another

(Continued on page 116)



REMOVES ... HAIR as if by Magic

Imagine the joy of having Satin-Smooth Skin—free from the Blemish of Hair.

It is so easy when you use the delicately perfumed, liquid De Miracle. *You Can Actually Wash Away Unwanted Hair!*

Just sponge the unsightly growth with De Miracle and rinse with clear warm water. You can see the hairs dissolve.

IT SOUNDS LIKE MAGIC! YET THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS.

No razors, no pastes, no waxes, no powders to mix. The hair is washed away, quickly, safely—and not only that but De Miracle retards the reappearance of hair, and positively will not coarsen the growth.

It is so important to have hair-free skin under sheer-silk stockings, when you wear evening dress, or bathing suit. Every fastidious woman must use De Miracle—and it is the "only" liquid depilatory you can buy!

Sold everywhere: 60¢, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If you have any difficulty obtaining it, order from us, enclosing \$1.00. De Miracle, Dept. F-3, 138 W. 14th Street, New York City.

De Miracle

WASHES AWAY HAIR

Next month THE NEW MOVIE offers as a special treat the home-town stories of Amos 'n' Andy . . . that all-popular team of radio stars.

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous

U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

"It's as easy as A-B-C. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz."



Pick Your Course

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	

Booklet FREE

You, too, can quickly teach yourself to become an accomplished musician right at home. To prove that you can, let us send you our Booklet and valuable Demonstration Lesson FREE.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. And the cost averages only a few pennies a day! Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 1868 Brunswick Building, New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1868 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name

Address

Instrument Have you this inst. ?

The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 115)

LIPS



BLOOM

with new beauty

Beauty smoulders and is dim until the lips cast their magic spell of warmth, color and health. To those lips of yours this marvelous lipstick will bring new loveliness—the divine spark that ignites the fires of beauty. It outrivals nature in the natural shade it bestows.

Should you search the world over you could not find a finer lipstick... a lipstick purer, truer in shade or more pleasant to use. It will not coat the lips or leave a greasy smear that offends beauty. Yet... this lipstick is inexpensive. It is the scion of the famous Heather Cosmetics which have been popular for 25 years. Now if you want your lips to bloom with new beauty step into the nearest 5 and 10-cent store and ask for Heather Lipstick—from among its many shades select the one that flatters your type of beauty.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE

HEATHER

10c

everywhere

(15c in Canada)

NATURAL LIPSTICK

Other Heather Products of fine quality and low price are: Heather Rouge... Cosmetiko, a mascara... Eye brow Pencil... Eye Shadow... Powder Compacts... Puffs.

Wally Reid. He didn't have one mean or unkind thing about him. He was the gayest, happiest person to be around that I've ever known."

After she had played with Wally, Lila was grown-up enough to begin her years as Tommy Meighan's favorite leading woman. Both those great male stars are perhaps best remembered in pictures they did with Lila.

Her screen career progressed quietly and steadily while she worked as hard as a girl can work, day after day. Her private life was developing at a much swifter pace. In one move it was entirely changed and for a time she faced in her home unpleasant situations.

She was lonely. Even Minnie's constant companionship couldn't make up to a fifteen or sixteen-year-old girl for the intimacy and affection of home life. In Lila was bred a love of home to which she has often sacrificed a great deal, and which is much at variance with other traits in her nature. More and more she missed the love and companionship and mothering which Lillian Edwards had always given her.

Now that she was making a big salary and was settled, she wanted a home of her own and she wanted her family. So she wrote and asked her mother to come and live with her.

MR. AND MRS. APPELL, her own mother and father, from whom she had been separated most of the time since Mr. and Mrs. Edwards took her away when she was only five, now lived in Chicago. The mother had watched with a wistful eye the upward career of little Augusta, glad in her heart that she had made the sacrifice which made that career possible, yet sadly lonely at times for her youngest child.

When Lila's letter came she was in a

transport of joy. "She wants me," she told her husband. "She wants me. At last she has need of her mother."

So Peg, Lila's older sister, and the mother came to Hollywood. They joined Lila and Minnie and together took a charming, old-fashioned house on Western Avenue. But the house didn't prove big enough for Minnie and Mrs. Appell. Minnie had been supreme too long. She couldn't realize that this plump, beaming woman was Lila's own mother. And Mrs. Appell couldn't understand why a strange woman should have everything to say about Lila's life—what she wore, what she ate, where and with whom she went.

In the end, Minnie went.

"I needed Minnie," said Lila. "But you know how those things are."

Another thing happened then which caused Lila a great deal of real suffering. That was her final breakaway from the long association with Gus Edwards.

She was still under eighteen. The contract made with Lasky in New York was made by Gus Edwards as Lila's guardian, though he had no legal claim to that title. Now that her mother was with her again, now that she was struggling hard and working hard on her own without any aid from Edwards, Lila felt that he should have no say over her money or her activities.

True, the Edwards had given her an education and a home. In return she had worked hard for them and made their act more successful than it could have been without her. Her love for Mrs. Edwards had never changed, but Mrs. Edwards was not able to be with her. And Lila had never felt for Mr. Edwards the trust and affection she gave his wife. She wanted to be free.

So her lawyer filed a suit to have Lila's guardianship and her earn-



Jeanette MacDonald certainly should kiss Ernest Lubitsch, the director. Didn't he make her a hit in "The Love Parade"? Right now he is directing her in "Monte Carlo" and—whisper—the picture starts with another lovely boudoir disclosure of the pretty Jeanette.

ings turned over to her own people. There was much newspaper publicity and there were many things Lila's loyalty would not permit her to say. The story that the Edwards had picked her up out of the gutter, saved her from starvation, educated her above her own class, was broadcast. Lila's mother wept and Lila listened silently.

In the end the case was settled out of court and Lila's mother was made her guardian. She remained in that position until Lila, on her eighteenth birthday, was old enough to marry without her mother's consent. On that very day, July 25th, 1923, she became Mrs. James Kirkwood. One of the strangest and most dramatic marriages Hollywood has known.

But before that Lila had two years of very gay and very happy girlhood. No girl has ever been more popular than Lila Lee became once she had put up her hair and lengthened her dresses. She and Bebe Daniels and Constance Talmage were the recognized belles of the picture colony.

HER first beau was Kenneth Hawks—who years later married the beautiful Mary Astor and met so tragic a death in an aeroplane catastrophe. Ken was one of the finest and cleanest boys in Hollywood. That was never a serious romance. Just a boy-and-girl crush, half friendship.

Then she fell madly in love with Jack Gilbert. Jack had been engaged to Leatrice Joy and had broken it off. So he fell madly in love with Lila.



Nancy Carroll hasn't renounced her Irish ancestors in favor of the Scotch. Don't worry. She is merely appearing in a costume ball sequence of her new film, "Follow Thru," in which she co-stars with Buddy Rogers.

At one time they were actually engaged.

"What happened?" I asked her.

She sat lost in thought. "Isn't it dreadful?" she said. "I can't remember. I dare say we quarreled. We were very hectic and temperamental. He was so grand."

THEN Charlie Chaplin became her devoted suitor. Three or four times a week you would see Charlie and Lila out together.

"Charlie helped me grow up," she said. "He was wonderful. He understood life. He tried to give me a real philosophy. His mind was so far beyond mine, yet we had such happy, amusing times together."

It was great fun—being a belle, being courted by such great folk, going out to dance, playing and flirting, having pretty frocks and flowers.

But none of it was deep. It wasn't until Jim Kirkwood fell in love with her that the deep drama of her life stirred.

She had known Jim Kirkwood ever since she had been in Hollywood. He was a great favorite, a handsome, brilliant, erratic Irishman, with a wild sense of humor and an emotional nature. They had always been friends, knew all the same people, liked each other. Occasionally Jim would drop in at the house on Western Avenue for a little visit.

But he was twenty years older than she was and it had never occurred to either of them to fall in love.

Then fate cast them in the same picture. The name of it was "Ebbtide," and the location was Catalina Island. There, during the weeks of location, Jim Kirkwood found that the little girl had grown up, had become a woman, and that he loved her as completely and as insanely as it was possible for any man to love any woman.

AT first Lila was startled. Then gradually she fell under the charm that Jim could always exert. By the time they came home they had promised each other that eventually they would marry. Jim was mad with happiness. Lila was in a dream.

But they met appalling opposition, not only from Lila's mother, but from all their mutual friends. The difference in age was one thing. Then Lila was a very young, inexperienced girl. James Kirkwood was a man of the world, a little weary perhaps of the very pleasures and excitements which Lila hadn't yet tasted. The match seemed somehow just not to be right.

The engagement was broken, they quarreled, Lila went to New York to make pictures with Tommy—but neither quarrels, nor separations, nor opposition could change them. Lila came back to Hollywood, and on her eighteenth birthday married Jim Kirkwood.

Three weeks later—they had lived together one week and then he had gone on location—in a fall from his horse before her very eyes, Jim was terribly injured. He suffered a fractured skull and for months hovered between life and death. Tragedy hung over their marriage, and Lila entered upon a new and entirely unforeseen chapter of life.

(Next month NEW MOVIE will present the third act of Lila Lee's life story, with its heartaches and its joys. Here is a fascinating story of tragedy and success.)

You know when you have "UNCLEAN TASTE"



No one need tell you!

"Unclean Taste" offends only the one who has it. Few people awaken in the morning without it. Just brushing the teeth won't rid your mouth of "Unclean Taste". A quick mouth-rinse with GLYCO-Thymoline is the certain, pleasant way to refresh and awaken your mouth. It penetrates between the teeth, washes out food particles and neutralizes harmful acids. Being an *alkaline* solution it gently aids the tender mouth membranes and glands restore clean taste.

GLYCO-Thymoline is *different*. Do not confuse it with highly flavored mouth washes that merely replace one taste with another. Too, GLYCO-Thymoline *deodorizes*, not merely disguises, your breath. It also relieves irritated throats and clears husky voices.

Physicians and Dentists have prescribed GLYCO-Thymoline for over 30 years. *They will tell you your mouth wash should be ALKALINE!* Use it daily when you brush your teeth—and any time "Unclean Taste" assails. At all Druggists. Kress & Owen Co., N. Y.



GLYCO THYMOLINE

Restores Normal Taste

**N
E
W**



The NEW MOVIE ALBUM

A new kind of who's who . . . a picture gallery of the stars that shine the brightest in the motion picture world. Sixty-two specially posed photographs and intimate facts about the lives and careers of the film favorites . . . a permanent record for you to have for your reference.

10¢
IN U.S.
15 CENTS
IN CANADA

A COPY

**SOLD AT MANY F.W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 AND 10 CENT STORES**

The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 114)

His mother suffered from recurrent attacks of mental illness, probably caused by the vicissitudes of worry and poverty.

"They used to let her go when they thought her mind was well," Chaplin told me. "In half a day she'd find a place to live, get someone to trust her for the rent of a sewing machine, someone else to trust her for material to make sacks, and by night she'd have a dozen sacks ready to sell." He would pause in reminiscence. "And the first thing she'd do was get Syd and me. I'll never forget that."

"One time we came home and found her gone. We thought the worst, but hoped we were wrong. It's not so easy for a kid to come home and find his mother taken away. So we knocked at the doors of all the rooms to find someone who could tell us something. At last a big woman opened a door and we jabbered to her and asked a lot of questions. She couldn't tell us a thing. She was deaf and dumb. We found where they took her all right. Something had snapped again. We'd go to visit her and take a couple of sacks of peanuts with us and take her and sit

out under a tree with her until the man would come to get her. Many a time I couldn't talk for an hour afterward."

WITH very keen perceptions, but by inclination an actor, he has not always a proper sense of values.

"A great artist must have a great audience," he once said to me.

"How about Whitman and Nietzsche?" I asked him in return. He made an evasive answer. He had spent but very little time with such men. He knows considerable of David Garrick, but nothing of Samuel Johnson, a man of larger metal.

He is probably the finest example of the parlor socialist in Hollywood. His sympathies, bound up with pity of his own early suffering, are seldom anything but abstract.

A facile conversationalist, his apprehension is greater than his application. With the exception of his life work, which is more than half intuition, his knowledge of all other subjects is quite superficial.

His reputation brings with it a cer-

(Continued on page 121)



Charlie Chaplin has been at work on his new comedy for a long time but few scenes from the picture have been allowed to reach the public. Charlie is afraid someone will steal his comedy ideas. This shot shows Chaplin in his new film and it was released especially for NEW MOVIE.

Back to Her First Hate

(Continued from page 27)

a new interest in the thing she used to hate.

So now she is back in Hollywood and very glad of it.

She hasn't any big starring contract. In fact she hasn't any contract at all. But she has very definite ideas of what she wants to do—and she is going to do it.

"I have my feet on the ground," she said, with a quick smile. "With the years of experience I have in back of me I know just what I can do and what I can't do. It would be silly for me to shoot at things which are beyond me, not in my field, and just as silly for me to ignore what I know I can do because I have done it already.

"I do not kid myself and I do not want to kid anyone else—or have them kid me.

"I am not going to play anything I do not want to play. I do not want a contract, where I will have to play any part assigned me by the studios, whether it is suitable or not. There are many fine parts in pictures which I believe I can do, perhaps better than others, because of my long training on the stage and my experience in pictures. When I know of such a part, I can go after it, no matter what lot the picture is being made upon. I am willing to do any part that gives me a real chance."

I TOLD her what Adolphe Menjou had determined when he came back from Europe. He did not want the burden of being a star. He didn't want to be playing some mediocre part, just to be starred, when on some other lot was a part, perhaps smaller, but with greater possibilities. He will not only get fun out of doing the things he likes, but he will have a chance to stand out in every rôle, rather than struggle to make a star part of bad material.

"Yes, that is the way I feel," said Miss Ferguson. "I think—I believe—I can work up again the same thing which made me a star before and kept me a star on the New York stage. I see no reason why not. But I will not—cannot—do it by playing any old part, whether it's my style or not.

"I have no false pride. It doesn't bother me that I was a star, and am not one now. I'm still Elsie Ferguson. I didn't start my career as a star, did I? I started in the chorus and worked up to be a star. I had extreme youth then, but I had no experience, no understanding. What I have lost in that youth, I have gained in a thousand other ways.

"My only fear is that I came back too soon."

Her eyes were a little wistful, a little questioning.

"What makes you think that?"

"There are still so many imperfections in the mechanical things connected with the talkies. They've not perfected the recording of the voice. The cutting difficulties have changed so much from the old days. They aren't able to handle tempo.

"Every actor and actress knows that tempo is the most important thing in acting. It is lost in the talkies now. There is no building up to a climax; everything is the same speed from beginning to end. No play, constructed and acted like that, could succeed. It is a little difficult for anything coming from the stage. But, of course, all those things are being overcome.

"THE one thing that drives me mad is the way they yell 'Turning over' just as you start a scene. It pounds into my ears and all I can think of is 'Going Over—' over the top and that I'm going to get my head shot off the moment I stick it over the trench. I just don't seem to be able to overcome those things. Lord knows I try. Mechanical things especially just drive me crazy. That's why the movies have always been difficult for me. You see the mechanics so plainly when you are making a picture."

Another reason brought Miss Ferguson back to the screen. She wants to live in California with her husband. She is married to Frederick Worlock, a tall, dark, handsome Englishman who came through the war with honor. He used to be an actor, but now he wants to write plays.

I think right now Elsie Ferguson is more interested in his career than in her own. She talked about herself and her work only when I asked questions. But she talked about her husband's playwriting, and what fun they had discussing things, and what a swell place California was for a writer, without any prompting. The two of them seem very happy and very much in love. A nice, companionable, close kind of love.

"I'm glad to be back," Elsie said, as they stood in the doorway of their bungalow to say good-by. "I love California. We can live a normal, interesting life here. I'm crazy about the talkies. Once I get the technique, I know it will interest me as much—perhaps more—than the stage. I hope the people who were so kind to me when I was on the screen before will be glad to see me back. Could one—? if it's all right—I'd like to send them my love and tell them I was always grateful for their friendship. They're the people I work for—that every actress works for. I went away because—I just had to talk. Now I can talk in pictures—everything is wonderful."



THESE COMPACTS FIT YOUR PURSE

To keep looking your best and to do it with little money is really quite easy these days. Those swanky red and green compacts you see on chain store counters and in the purses of increasing thousands of smart women are the reason.

"Ash's" and "Deere" lipsticks, cake powder compacts, loose powder compacts, sifter compacts, rouge compacts, lip salve compacts and even eyebrow pencils are being sold all over the world simply because they are the most remarkable value you can buy and they are the smartest looking too. The price? We hardly can wait to tell you. In most cases it's only ten cents. Imagine pure guaranteed cosmetics for ten cents! Hardly a wonder that women have stopped paying two, three, four and even five dollars for their compacts and lipsticks.

There are other more expensive items sold under these same trade marks. A fancier compact case, a more elaborate type of swivel lipstick, a bit more money of course; but no more purity of ingredient, because there is none purer no matter how much you care to spend. At ten, twenty-five, fifty cents or one dollar, every genuine "Ash's" or "Deere" compact has a buff colored guarantee slip inside the case and every lipstick is stamped "Ash's" in script. Look for it as your own protection.

For Sale at all
Chain Stores.

The REICH-ASH CORP.
307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Turn to Page 83 and read the new style

REVIEWS OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

Concise and accurate descriptions of the new motion picture dramas, designed to save your time and money. Be sure to read this department every month.

The Poor Little Rich Girl

(Continued from page 89)



**MAKES 2 WAVES
AT ONE TIME**



For long or bobbed hair. Simple and easy to use. Positive and pleasing results. Cannot break or injure the hair.

~~~~~ and ~~~~~  
*For Those Troublesome Ends*

**THE  
Bobette  
End Waver**



For waving or curling the ends of bobbed, growing or long hair, without heat.

For Sale at  
**F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.**  
**5 AND 10c STORES**

Marcellette Co. 5 East 16 St. New York

boastful when they are the wives of men of wealth—when they can sport a couple of chinchilla coats and emerald rings. Their work becomes secondary because most of them are silly and frivolous and truly feminine.

But not Hope Hampton.

**S**HE is the essence of femininity, all right. Just take a peep at her fragile beauty that is made up of delicate, creamy skin; titian hair that is the delight of painters and color film experts alike; and her graceful, gentle movements. The quintessence of loveliness.

Yet Hope possesses qualities that are distinctly masculine.

Stamina and grit. These should be put in capital letters for all aspiring young women to see. Determination. Backbone.

These are a few of the splendid Hampton traits. These traits which carried her up from a small town Texas beauty to grand opera stardom . . . qualities that will carry her to still farther heights, if she so desires. I refer to the talkies, where the future of all the arts seems to lie.

You feel these things about Hope when you are with her alone for a few moments. The very things she talks about, the shadow of determination that glitters in her soft eyes, like a stranger who, although not really a part of a household, is quite welcome.

**Y**OU tell yourself that she is a fragile, beauteous young person to charm the eye of the most exacting connoisseur. But all the time you are thinking these things you are aware that shining through all that gossamer beauty is a spirit of courage, strength, male fortitude. You try to shake that impression by staring hard at the mop of red, curly hair that looks as if it could only belong to a little girl. But you can't. It is there.

That's the real Hope Hampton. The Hope who looks you square in the eye and declares:

"I wish my husband was not quite so wealthy."

A strange wish indeed in this day of the mighty dollar. But she explains it by declaring that the poor girl who is ambitious has a better chance to succeed on the stage or in the movies than the one who has money behind her.

"People just won't give credit to the rich girl who accomplishes things," she says; "they truly believe that it was the money that brought the success."

Hope was a success in the movies before the advent of the talkies. She had everything that any girl desires who dreams of a motion picture career. Fame, beauty, worldly acclaim. Yet even then she wasn't satisfied.

"**I** FELT there was something greater to achieve," she explains, "some-

thing more concrete than standing before the camera and doing the things I was ordered to do.

"Sometimes when I saw myself on the screen I got a feeling that I had left out something. Oh, it is hard to explain, or, at least, I couldn't understand it then. Now I know. I think I wanted to talk, use my voice, project my real self.

"I didn't know then that the talkies were coming in and would make all that possible.

"At any rate, I quit the movies to study acting and voice culture. I had always had a singing voice, but it was my husband who discovered its possibilities. He thought enough of it, anyway, to encourage me in my study of grand opera.

"Now that I've had a taste of it, I love it. Some day I hope to reach the goal I've set out for myself."

What goal is she trying to reach, this charming creature who has already been a star of the screen and has sung grand opera rôles both here and in Paris? Has that goal anything to do with the talkies?

Ask her that and she smiles. A mysterious, Mona Lisa smile.

"Well, yes," she says, "in a way."

**Y**OU wait and she looks at you through dreamy, eager eyes and says:

"My real love is grand opera. I'll never give up that dream.

"But the talkies are a wonderful thing. I've had several offers that I am considering. I'd like to make a talkie or two and see what it would be like now. But my opera career comes first."

You gaze at this wisp of a woman in utter amazement.

Rich, beautiful, a life of elegance before her, and yet she prefers to study difficult arias eight hours a day, deny herself many personal luxuries, as those who sing opera must do, and keep regular, simple hours.

Is it any wonder she has been a success?

The talkies loom on her horizon now. Opportunities are hers for the taking. She's considering them all, in between preparing for her season of grand opera. This Summer she sings in Europe with the Monte Carlo Opera Company. In October she will sing in four different operas with Gigli of the Metropolitan Opera Company in California. After that, who knows?

However, California is a part of Hollywood, they say. Perhaps this proximity to the scene of her early success may have some deep significance. Let us hope so.

At any rate, everyone is speculating if the talkies will lure Hope back to the screen again.

Maybe we shall hear Hope in grand opera in the movies; for opera has come to the realm of the silvered screen.

Do you follow Herb Howe's Hollywood chat every month?  
Mr. Howe's comments appear in no other publication.



# The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 118)

Next Month Jim Tully will resume his fascinating adventures in Interviewing. Watch for this feature.

tain awe. He is listened to with rapt attention by people who know even less about the subject of which he is talking than he does himself.

**W**HISTLER accused Oscar Wilde of taking the crumbs from his table and scattering them in the provinces. Chaplin, while often sharing social honors with Madame Elinor Glyn, is about on her level as a student. Gifted with a powerful mind, he makes no use of it.

Chaplin is a peddler of intellectual crumbs.

The comedian was sued some time ago by a writer who claimed an idea had been stolen. The majority of the jury before whom the case was tried was for conviction. Although I do not know the full history of the case, I would be inclined to lean toward the innocence of Chaplin. In my opinion, his honesty is beyond question. Being quite human, he has his petty qualities. But he is above deceit and connivance as practiced so frequently in the modern business and political world. He may be petty in order to save himself, but as long as other citizens let him alone, Charlie will treat them likewise. He is much too self-centered to worry over or mix much with the affairs of others. He may thumb his nose at pomposity and hypocrisy, but not while it is watching.

When I contracted to write the life of Chaplin for *Pictorial Review*, the editors asked that I write the comedian and explain my purpose. Their intention, although perfectly just, was one of utmost unkindness toward the little

genius. Accordingly, I wrote to Chaplin and told him that I would do all in my power to be gentle, or words to that effect.

He did not answer my letter. Instead, through his New York attorney, he filed suit against the magazine, and against me, too, I think, for a half million dollars. He was a magnificent optimist.

Common sense on the part of attorney and jester would have told them both that no magazine such as *Pictorial Review*, read mostly by women and children, would have allowed anything unkind or unjust to be printed against the idol of millions of readers.

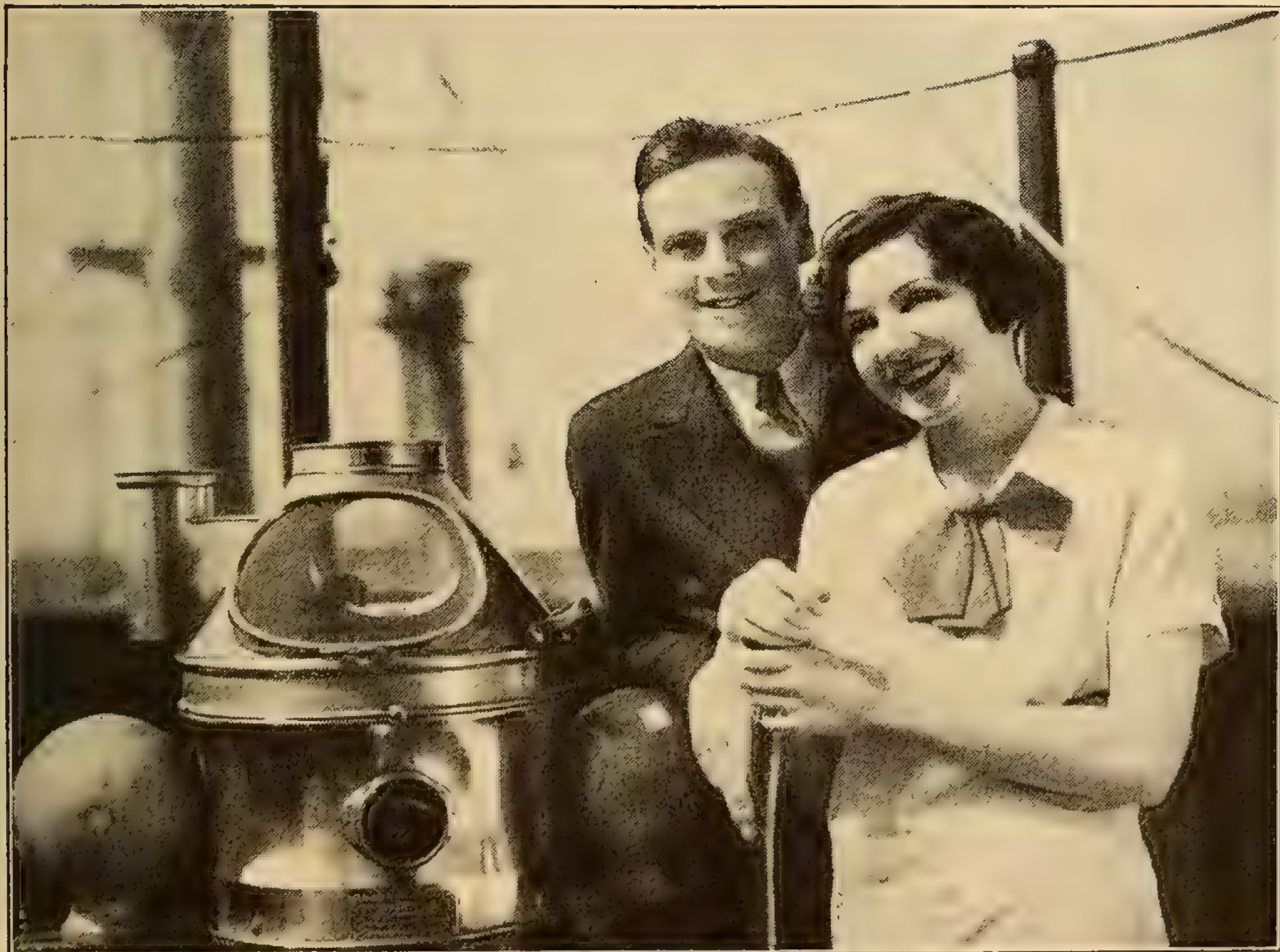
Expensive lawyers were retained on both sides. My manuscript was carefully combed until it was as lifeless as a romantic serial. The case went to trial before Federal Judge Thacher. He dismissed it almost immediately.

Hoover has since promoted Judge Thacher to a higher position in Washington. Whether the judge's action in regard to my case was read at the time by the future president, I do not know. But the life story ran in the magazine.

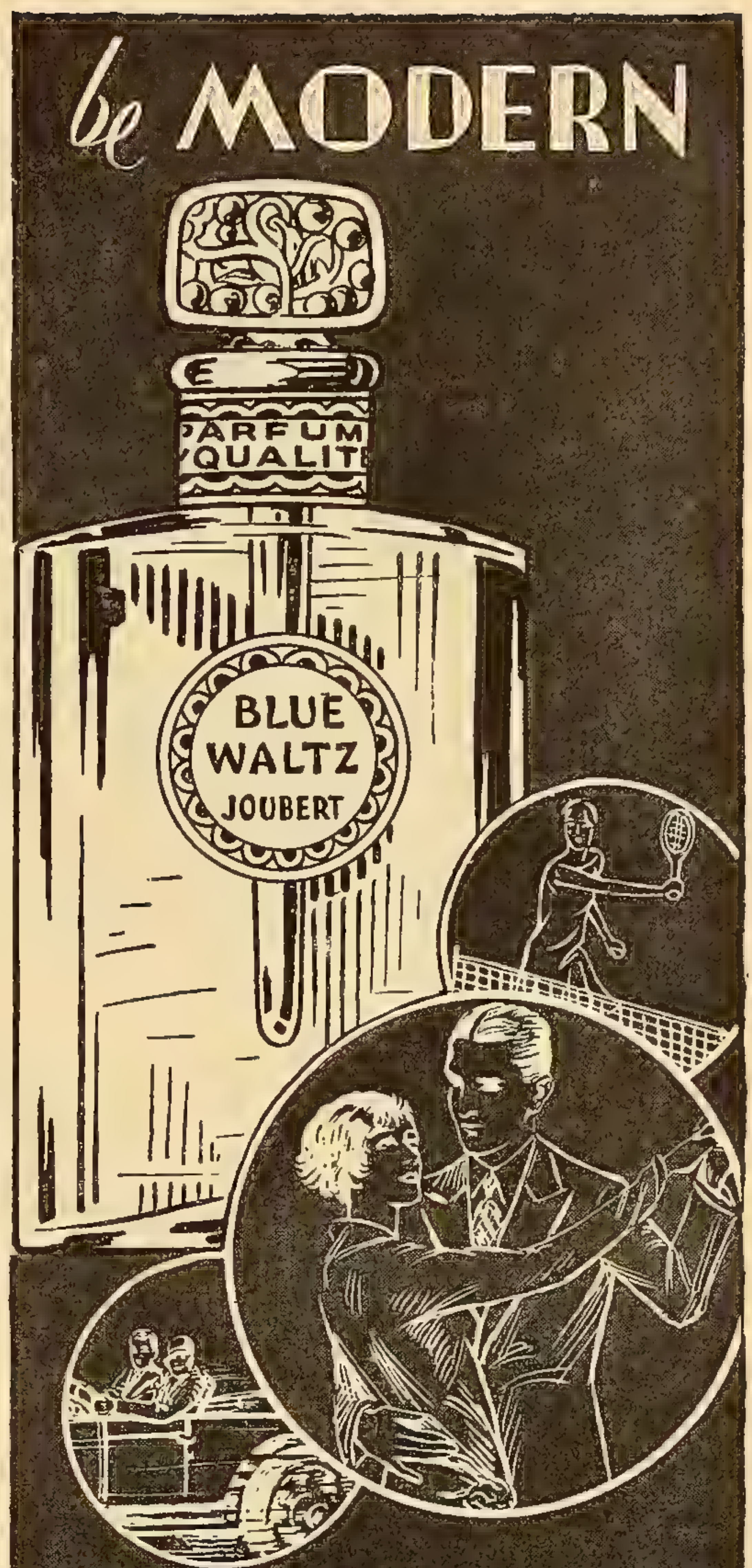
It was, without doubt, the greatest piece of publicity Chaplin ever received. So far he has not thanked me.

I have often wondered just why he sued the magazine. Did he imagine I would write something different?

Charles Chaplin is, as men in general are measured, a high type of citizen. He attends as many dull dinner parties as any Rotarian. But, all in all, he is a far from usual fellow, and, as they say in the hinterland of Ohio, "I am glad to have metten him."



Claudette Colbert has departed on a five months' tour of the world with her husband, Norman Foster. Miss Colbert completed her role in the new talkie version of "Manslaughter" before her departure. The world tour is being made on a freighter—so the popular star will be far from the maddening throng for her lengthy vacation.



use  
**BLUE WALTZ**  
Perfume

When you dance, play, or work, be your loveliest—Use BLUE WALTZ, the Perfume of Modern Youth. For the final perfect touch to your toilette, you will want its fragrance always. Popular 50c and \$1.00 sizes at Drug and Department Stores.

Buy a liberal purse size of "Blue Waltz" Perfume at leading 5 and 10 Cent Stores

Ask for these other "Blue Waltz" Toiletries:

|              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| Face Powder  | Talc         |
| Brilliantine | Toilet Water |

JOUBERT CIE, Inc.  
71 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Gentlemen—Please send me Blue Waltz lingerie sachet and sample of face powder for which I enclose 4 cents to cover mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_



# Freckles Vanish!



## Tells How to Rid Your Complexion of These Ugly, Rusty-Brown Spots

If you freckle easily, yet find these blemishes hard to remove, read what thousands of women do to fade out every last freckle and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. They use Othine, and no longer dread the summer sun and winds.

You, too, will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles have disappeared, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these ugly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

# OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

## Learn to Dance

### This New Easy Way

You can learn all the modern dances—Charleston, Black Bottom, Valencia, Cantor, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waltzes, Fox Tots, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. Win new popularity. Be in demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost \$20 if taken privately.

### Send No Money

Just send your name and address. We'll ship the complete course—323 pages, 49 illustrations—without one cent in advance. When package arrives, hand postman only \$1.98, plus delivery charges, and this wonderful course is yours. Try for 6 days. Money back if not delighted. Send your name NOW.

FRANKLIN PUB. CO. 800 N. Clark St. Dep. B501, Chicago



## WONDRÉ SKIN LOTION

It takes the burn out of sunburn. It soothes, heals and prevents blistering. Send \$1.00 for your first bottle, or we will send it C. O. D.

Used for all skin irritations—chapped hands, pimples, burns, scalds and eczema. Sold on a money back guarantee.

DR. SCHOLZ CHEMICAL CO., Est. 1902  
Bank Bldg., 63rd & Lansdowne Ave., Phila., Pa.

# The Thunder Thief

(Continued from page 33)

expends enough energy to move a good-sized mountain in attempting to make the bid—and nine times out of ten pulls a rabbit out of a hat.

If her partner is a good player, she calls attention to his mistakes in the manner of Queen Elizabeth sentencing Essex to the block. If he isn't a good player, she smiles benignly and pets him on the back for losing only two tricks by misplays.

As Bill Haines says "Playing bridge with Marie is like living through a cyclone. But it's stimulating. I'd rather play with her than with Work, myself."

**S**PEAKING of work—Marie Dressler is the actress to her fingertips. She has that poise, that graciousness, that brilliant play of voice and facial expression, that ability to make her point which are part of the finished personality of every great stage star, as ease of muscle and bodily control belong to the great athlete.

Talk to Ina Claire for an hour and conversation with any woman, no matter how sweet she may be or how worth while her thoughts, becomes as insipid as a cold cup of coffee.

The let-down from Marie's conversation to that of most people is the let-down from Helen Wills to a high school champ.

When she talks—and she loves to talk, loves an audience, loves people—when she talks all that swift change of mood, all the delicate shadings to awaken laughs and heart throbs, the little pauses for emphasis, the mobile play of every feature, hold you spell-bound as she holds an audience. Yet she's never affected. It's all become

part of herself. That is Marie Dressler.

If you saw Marie Dressler in "The Callahans and the Murphys," which brought her back to the screen after a long absence, it may be difficult to realize that Marie Dressler is very much the *grande dame*—oh, very much. No one takes liberties, no one ignores the usual formalities of polite society in her presence.

**I** KNOW one young man who had the misfortune one evening after dinner in her house to follow an old Chinese custom, which in that older civilization is considered naught but a compliment to the excellent food provided by one's host. In the good old Anglo-Saxon which is becoming more and more popular all the time, he belched.

Marie turned upon him a frozen countenance and a lifted eyebrow.

"Perhaps you had better take a little walk in the garden" she said. "I am a comedienne only on the screen."

That is true. Marie is witty, she tells a funny story well, her laugh is hearty, but unlike her friend and co-star, Polly Moran, she doesn't do spontaneously funny things, she never pulls her stuff in the drawing-room. Polly just naturally can't help being funny. Marie can—and does.

Perhaps the sweetest thing about Marie Dressler is her honest interest in everybody else. What you are doing, how your life and work are progressing, is of real interest to her. If you don't see her for months, she remembers how old all your children are, and their names and some little story about them.

There is no affectation in her idolatry

## COMING

## IN NEXT MONTH'S NEW MOVIE

## HERB HOWE'S HISTORY OF HOLLYWOOD

Remember Herb Howe's Guide Book to Hollywood? That was perhaps the most popular feature published by NEW MOVIE up to date. Next month Mr. Howe relates the fascinating and colorful history of the world's most romantic town from the days of the Indians and the coming of the pioneers.

Here is a feature you will want to save. Watch for it! Mr. Howe's History of Hollywood will be illustrated with numerous unpublished photographs showing the old and the new Hollywood.



where children are concerned. Frances Marion, the famous writer, is her closest friend, and Marie will desert any party on Sunday afternoon, no matter how brilliant, to play with the kids in their sandpile.

Really, she should have had a dozen running around. But the one great love affair of her life was overshadowed with tragedy. The man she loved was for many years an invalid and Marie cared for him and nursed him to the day of his death. In spite of the unfortunate circumstances, Marie would have no one else. So her life has been lonely at times, and lacked those things which should have been hers—a home and children. Much of that repression, and of the grief she felt at his passing, have gone to make the undying pathos

that is hers in such parts as Marie Smith in "Caught Short."

**M**ARIE never wanted to be a comedienne.

Like all great comics, she is terrifically sensitive. Her feelings are easily hurt. Her lower lip trembles and she assumes an enormous dignity. Probably no woman was ever more *woman* than Marie Dressler.

And let me tell you something that I have discovered from long association with the great women comics, such as Fannie Brice and Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. No woman likes to be funny. It robs her immediately of something that is a woman's birthright. They live above it, they solace the deep feelings which must be beneath all comedy with the pride of giving laughter to the world, but they carry within themselves a certain wistful withdrawal, a spot of hurt pride.

Polly Moran can kid about herself and her figure. But even her best friends can't kid her about it—and Polly is a great scout and has a sense of humor big enough to cover everything else in the world.

So always Marie Dressler—for thirteen years the great drawing card of Weber and Fields—has wanted to play drama. She knows what everyone connected with the theater knows, that comedy is the hardest thing on earth to play, the supreme test of the actor. Anyone who can play high comedy can take a rest in a heavy dramatic rôle. There was more dramatic power, more actual technique and hard work in Ina Claire's performance in "The Gold Diggers" than in Jeanne Eagels's Sadie Thompson.

Thus the rôle in "Anna Christie," which had a deep undercurrent of drama and tragedy, delighted her.

**W**E were sitting in a corner at one of Sadie Murray's parties one night—Sadie is Beverly Hills' leading hostess and the Alice Roosevelt of Hollywood—when she told me about it.

"It's a marvelous thing to have a dream come true after forty years," she said, giving me that encompassing smile. "I have waited forty years to play a part that had drama as well as comedy. I used to go around New York when I was with Weber and Fields, begging managers to give me a chance in drama. Begging them, my dear. And they'd pat me on the back and tell me how funny I was."

"Charlie Frohman was going to give me a chance. He thought I could do it. We had it all arranged when the Titanic went down and he went down with it. Even the icebergs were against me. So I went into 'Tillie's Nightmare' and played it for so many years it became an institution—and I finally did it in pictures."

Yet deep down, Marie loves comedy, respects it.

I sat next to her at Mabel Normand's funeral. I felt pretty badly myself, because I had loved Mabel Normand like a sister, we had been chums in our youth. I tried to keep a grip on myself, not to break down, and I was doing pretty well as I gazed at the masses of flowers that hid Mabel from us forever, when I looked at Marie's face and that finished me.

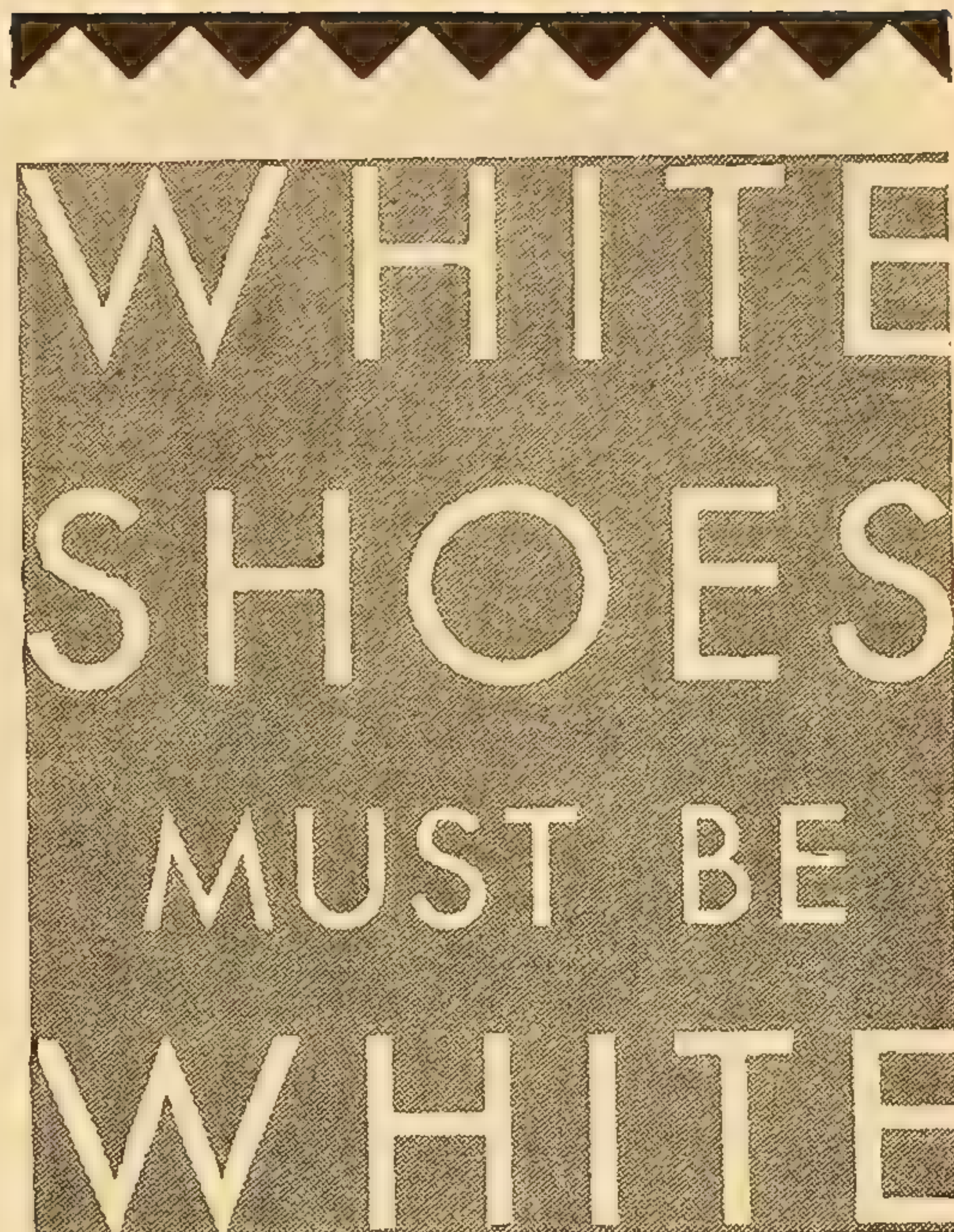
"The waste," she whispered, "the waste. The genius. That noble spirit. To go so soon and with so little accomplished of all she might have done."

Later, as we all stood outside, she said

(Continued on page 125)



What? Formal evening pajamas! Honest. They appear in Joan Crawford's "Our Blushing Brides" and were designed by Adrian. Will the modern girl adopt them? Who knows? The young woman inside is one of the pretty models in the picture.



**T**HERE'S nothing smarter than a white kid shoe . . . but nothing smart about white kid that has lost its whiteness.

Keep a bottle of ColorShine White Kid Cleaner within easy reach. It will remove all trace of soil and stain and restore the original snowy lustre.



Sold in  
5 and 10¢  
stores  
15¢ in the  
far west.

10¢

There is a ColorShine Polish for every shoe

**ColorShine**  
SHOE POLISHES



Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.





# The NEW MOVIE ALBUM

It tells you all the facts you want to know about your favorite stars . . . their hobbies, careers, best roles. Specially posed photographs, too . . . the kind you like to keep for frequent reference.

Apictorial directory of who's who in Hollywood . . . fine photos and life stories of the stars.

**10¢** IN U.S.  
**15 CENTS** IN CANADA

**A COPY**

**SOLD AT MANY F.W. WOOLWORTH CO  
5 AND 10 CENT STORES**



**Bea Nurse**

**Make \$30-\$35 a Week**

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 31 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved \$400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 60 years. Money-back agreement.

**CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages. Dept. 1378, 421 South Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



The Star motion picture theater at Westbrook, Maine, where Rudy Vallee worked his way from sweeper to projection machine operator.

## Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 45)

in having a college education was to attain culture, poise and to know how to obtain more knowledge. Although Rudy remained at Maine University only a year he experienced his first taste of fame in a small way.

Scattered all over the country are men and women who boast that they used to dance to Rudy's saxophone, playing back in the days when they were college students. The love for this university has never ceased to be big and sincere. Today he has popularized University of Maine's Stein Song all over the country. Thousands of radio fans who have heard Rudy's interpretation of this stirring marching song have begged broadcasting stations that it be repeated.

**W**HILE in the university he went to New York to see Rudy Wiedoeft, from whom he got the nickname "Rudy." Mr. Wiedoeft told him that his artistic ability was there, but that he lacked technique. If Rudy lacked technique he would achieve it. And he did, by playing three nights a week at dances to earn his way through college and the other nights practicing in various buildings on the campus. During the year some prig complained that his practicing kept the students awake. Rudy then hired the town hall and an old Victor. There, night after night and far into the morning he would practice with the phonograph records to guide him as a teacher.

The next year he went to Yale. There he organized the Yale Collegians—the same bunch of boys that are now with him as the Connecticut Yankees. The same popularity that later was to come to him in the public eye was his while he was at Yale.

He first became known as a crooner of tunes to his fellow students when

he and his orchestra were engaged to play during meals in the college dining hall. The Yale men had expressed the opinion that sometimes the food was "not so hot" but that good music would have a balancing influence. Later, when the college executives felt the need of reducing expenses, the dinner orchestra went under the knife. A most awful howl of protest went up from the student body, but the orders stood. Two days of eating, without the mellowing influence of Rudy's crooning, passed and became unendurable.

One night there was the usual gathering of 500 and more students in the dining hall, and apparently nothing was unusual. At a given signal, however, the lights went out and pandemonium broke loose. Tables, chairs, dishes and food were overthrown and thrown over everything and in a united voice the cry went up "We want Vallee and his music." Order was restored and the happy ending came with the reappearance, permanently, of Rudy and his music.

**R**UDY received his A.B. at Yale in June, 1927. He then took his boys to New York, where they started to play in Don Dickerman's Heigh-Ho Club in the Village.

"We got the chance to play in this club catering to the ultra-elite and we won. I worked out my own ideas. No one helped or hindered me."

Loathing steady night engagements, he tried to break into the club racket which paid better. Finally he went to Herman Birnie. Birnie, who really needed a sax player, wasn't favorably impressed but later, after looking through Rudy's scrapbook, changed his mind and Rudy came back the second time. The third time Birnie gave him an audience. Rehearsal was ready

(Continued on page 127)



# The Thunder Thief

(Continued from page 123)

to Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, "There is the end of genius. None of us could hold a candle to her. We have been here today—you and I and Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd and Ben Turpin and Constance Talmadge and Roscoe Arbuckle and Mack Sennett, all of us who have loved comedy, to pay our last respect to the very spirit of comedy, to the muse of comedy. The joy she could have given the world! Let us not forget that, nor forget always to defend her memory against those who did not know her and could not understand the problems and the circumstances which defeated her. I wish she had been my daughter."

There speaks the real Marie Dressler.

**Y**ET there is a ruthless, impatient streak in her, too. An old-time stage star who has a habit of long reminiscences which bore almost to extinction, came up to her on the lot the other day.

"Go away," she said, "go right away. I'm too tired. I haven't time. Do go away."

Half an hour later on the set I saw her take little Sally Eilers off behind a bit of scenery and spend two hard hours teaching pretty Sally how to get the most out of her lines.

Marie loves work—her own and everybody else's. If ever a trouper died in her boots, Marie will. Yet she's always crabbing.

When after "The Callahans and the Murphys" she was out for almost a year, she literally had fits all over the place.

"Everything is going to be all right," Frances Marion told her. "Just be patient."

"I can't be patient," said Marie, with that well-known twist of her shoulders. "I'm not a patient woman. I want work. I've worked since I was fifteen. I want a job."

When she began to get one job after another, two pictures at once, she said, "What do they think I am—triplets? I don't do anything but work, work, work. Can't they give a woman a rest. I'm sorry. I'd love to play bridge, but I'm too tired. I'm too tired to do anything but work."

But she always has time to help everybody else, straighten out everything, be on hand when there is trouble. And she said recently, "If I'd keep my nose out of other people's business and my mouth shut, I wouldn't be so tired nights."

But then she wouldn't be Marie Dressler.

Born in Canada, she has a passion for Europe, where she is very popular socially—a distinguished figure among distinguished groups. They understand and value Marie. She is invited to stay in English country houses and French chateaux and Italian villas.

"When I'm through in pictures," she says, "I shall live in Europe."

But I doubt if Marie will ever be through in pictures.

Watch for Herb Howe's  
**HISTORY OF  
HOLLYWOOD**

in Next Month's NEW MOVIE



## Betty Lou

### POWDER PUFFS

# 10¢

"Confidentially, I never make an appearance without Betty Lou's support. She's right with me every time I shoot a scene!"  
*Nancy Carroll*  
famous Paramount player

for sale exclusively at

**F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5<sup>th</sup> & 10 CENT STORES**

**GOTTSCALK'S  
METAL**

## SPONGE



The little sponge that does the big job. Brightens the kitchenware. Lightens the housework. Squeeze it in your hand, it's as soft as lamb's wool. Caked and crusted greasy pots and pans shine like new with very little rubbing. Effectively used on silver, china, glassware, woodwork or floors; aluminum or Pyrex ware. Removes spots from glass; grease and film stains from nicked, plated or metal surfaces. Will not splinter or scratch—keeps the hands dainty and white. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 10c for full size sample.

**METAL SPONGE SALES CORPORATION**  
2728 Mascher St., Philadelphia

Good Housekeeping Institute  
Good Housekeeping Magazine



## How JEANETTE LOFF ...keeps her hair golden

"I DEPEND on just one shampoo to keep my hair bright and silky so that it always photographs well—Blondex," says Jeanette Loff, lovely Universal star. "It's wonderful. Prevents darkening—leaves my hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights. It's fine for the scalp, too—promotes healthy growth. And that's something, these days!"

Blondex brings back true color to dull, faded blonde hair. Safe—contains no harmful dyes or chemicals. Gives new life to hair and scalp. Used by over a million blondes. On sale at all good drug and department stores. Get Blondex TODAY!

## Instant relief for

# SUNBURN

**Noxzema best remedy  
Beach Authorities Find**

What better recommendation could a sunburn remedy have than that of the doctors, life-guards and beach authorities at America's largest resorts? At Atlantic City, Coney Island and other big beaches, they use and advise Noxzema Cream.

John McMonigle, director of 85 life-guards at famous Coney Island, N. Y., says of Noxzema, "This is the fifth season we've been using it in our First Aid Station here at Coney. It cools and soothes and relieves the soreness and burning almost instantly."

Don't let sunburn spoil a single day of your summer. Apply Noxzema before exposure to prevent burning. Apply it promptly after burning for quick relief. It's greaseless—cannot stain your clothes. Sold at all drug and department stores—small size at most Woolworth Stores.



John McMonigle  
Chief Life-Guard  
Coney Island

# NOXZEMA

"Feel It Heal"

**Sta-Rites**



Long hair—  
Short hair—  
Curly hair—  
Straight hair—

Sta-Rite Hairpins are cleverly made to fasten into the hair with a twist that holds • No pinching or scratching. Very few needed... They accomplish that trick of making your hair seem moulded rather than pinned. 10¢ direct to us will bring you a full size package of any one style

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co.  
Shelbyville, Illinois

**STA-RITE** at Stores

All kinds  
All sizes



## AFTER BATHING



and OTHER  
SPORTS  
YOUR HAIR  
NEEDS...

### STYLSET

The hairdressing used everywhere by men, women and children because it keeps the hair neat and orderly and is not greasy. Can be used for water and finger waving.



### STYLWAVE

The new water and finger waving lotion receiving spontaneous endorsement from women everywhere. Sets a finger or water wave easily and quickly and is non-greasy.

STYLSET and STYLWAVE

Sold in 5¢ and 10¢ stores

15¢ in the far west and Canada

GARRY & COMPANY, New York, N. Y.



USED AROUND THE WORLD

## IMMEDIATE RELIEF and FOOT COMFORT! Dr. Rudolph's Arch Belt

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Can't be beat— For aching feet"

DON'T SUFFER from Cramps in Toes, Legs, Burning Soles and Heels, Calluses, Aching Knees, or Instep, Backache.

A. This bone is the first to fall and throw the other bones out of alignment.



B. Dr. Rudolph's Arch Belt holds the small bones in place.

Slip on a pair of Dr. Rudolph's Arch Belt! Walk, Stand, Work, Dance, Play, with real comfort. Never before, sold less than \$1.00 pr. For Sale at most 5 and 10c and other Chain Stores. Made according to shoe sizes. 10c PAIR.

**COLOURA** Your Eyebrows & Lashes PERMANENTLY UNAFFECTED BY BATHING OR PERSPIRATION



One application of Coloura darkens eyebrows and lashes permanently. You don't need any daily eyebrow make-up. Used by stage and screen stars. Unaffected by bathing, perspiration, etc. Easily applied, harmless. Sold at toilet goods counters and beauty shops. Order black or brown, box \$1.25 postpaid.

V. SPIRO, 26 West 38th St., N. Y.

## SOFT Corns

BETWEEN THE TOES relieved and healed by these thin, soothing, safe, sure pads.

At all drug, shoe and dept. stores

**Dr Scholl's Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!



## WANT A GOVERNMENT JOB?

Railway Mail Clerks \$158—\$225 MONTH

Many Government Jobs open to women Mail coupon today, sure.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. L-313 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me, without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of Government Jobs now open to men, women, 18 up. (2) Tell me how to get a position.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



Cecil De Mille, Kay Johnson, his leading woman, and Elsie Janis, who is now writing Hollywood songs, caught between scenes of the new De Mille production, "Madam Satan."

## Won by a Nose

(Continued from page 36)

sion, the person without the third bump is lacking in ability to defend against aggression in others. This leads to the development of timidity, jealousy and sarcasm, each more of an exaggeration of the same basic lack. These are unpleasant traits, but ones generally ascribed to actors and actresses by their own jokes among themselves. This lack of self defense makes an actress with a retroussé nose an ideal person for the slick-tongued salesmen, glib Romeos and poor relations. She may realize she is weak, yet will give in in spite of her good sense.

The string of poor relations and other dependents that hang on the skirts of picture stars is still further testimony for this lack of self defense. Verily the retroussé is the actress's nose!

A racial example of this lack are the Chinese. Of passive nature, idealists, dreamers, they possess the concave nose.

THE retroussé is frequently accompanied by the short upper lip. This was considered a beauty point, and still is, to some extent, for the mouth when at rest shows part of the teeth and is considered to lend animation and appeal to the face. The phrenologist's side of the story is that a short upper lip means love of applause. The retroussé, which in itself means lack of force and ambition, must have a feature in the face to supply this lack. An overpowering love of applause is told by the short lip. This then supplies the motive force.

Any true artist must possess this, whether found in the nose, lip or some

other feature. The response of an artist to an audience is a well-known phrase for that pickup in her work that the actress has when the applause tells her the audience is with her. A true artist exceeds himself when stimulated by applause. Love of applause, as it is called, laudation, is a heady stimulant to ambition, and the short upper lip supplies this.

Love of display, of dress, of form and color, are accompanying traits in the short lip. The dress shops and jewelers and furniture shops tell the tale in Hollywood.

WHILE the retroussé expresses weakness, as opposed to force in the character, this trait can be made up for by width of nose, at the tip, or along the whole nose, viewing it from the front. Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters, possesses such a nose. A wide nostril also expresses strength. Cogitation, or thoughtfulness, is expressed by the base of the nostril. This is called by the phrenologists reason. Look at Vivian Duncan; when confronted with all the charm of Nils Asther, did she lose her head as most girls would? No, she actually broke her engagement to think it over while she went on a long tour and, while the engagement has been re-established, the marriage does not seem so imminent yet. Then there is Clara Bow and Harry Richman; the red hair and retroussé nose can't get Clara past the cogitateness of the broad-ended nose.

Without this wide nose end, the retroussé is not a reasoning nose. It is an emotional nose, a feminine nose that

(Continued on page 130)



# HomeTown Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 124)

when he invited Rudy to play. There in the dusk of a smoky room with other musicians around Rudy Vallee played his saxophone. Then and there Birnie offered him nine engagements at \$14 a week, barely enough to keep from starvation. It was the beginning of the breaks.

On March 13, 1929, the folks back home in Maine received word that Rudy had taken a contract with the Paramount Company of New York at a salary of \$4,000 a week for a period of ten weeks. A letter to his parents stated that he had insured his voice for \$250,000. The breaks were coming fast.

Previous to the contract he was a National Broadcasting artist and broke records at a Keith Broadway theater. It was during one of those broadcasts that he announced to his orchestra that he was going to sing the choruses of the selections. The boys thought he had gone "daff." Rudy sang, however, and the result was more fame.

ONE of the biggest breaks was the trip to Hollywood where he and the Yankees made "The Vagabond Lover" for RKO. Rudy's own song, "The Vagabond Lover," was one of the popular hits of the day. Flashlights boomed and cameras cranked at the Santa Fe station at Hollywood and the Governor and Mayor's representatives pushed with the belles of film-land for a glimpse of the crooner of love songs. A twelve-foot key was presented to him. It was a typical movie welcome, with the exception that the cynosure of all eyes had his arms around a little wisp of a woman, his mother, and a rotund man, his father. Not allowing them to stand in the background, Rudy introduced them, too, and the crowd went mad with delight.

"It's because you are my mother that people tell you those nice things about me," he remarked to his mother when she repeated praise heard on a certain occasion.

"And that has always been his attitude toward his success," she explained. "He hardly ever takes credit for himself. In the band it's the boys and in the picture it was the other members of the cast."

From Hollywood Rudy went back to New York. Back to his beloved radio, night club, theater public which necessitates getting up in the morning between eight and nine o'clock, devoting the morning to business at hand, such as making records, holding rehearsals and sitting for his pictures. Between twelve and one o'clock he goes to the theater where his orchestra plays from four to five shows a day. At eleven o'clock the day is still young. Three hours more of music at his Villa Vallee, a place of mirrored, paneled walls and soft hued hangings, brings the clock near 3 A. M. That puts him to bed about four in the morning. He appears twice a week now on NBC; Thursday night on a coast-to-coast chain and late Saturday nights in a broadcast from his club on WEAJ only.

HIS book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True," was published the latter part of last winter. Rudy's autobiography is a straightforward account of his struggles, sincerity marking the entire story. One cannot help but admire him for this. His love of music is stressed throughout the story. He proves in the book that he is not a home wrecker, a warbling sheik with lots of luck and a few brains. Rather does he prove that he is a capable young man who has brought talent and intelligence and hard work to his fight for success.

He's a tall, blond-haired youth with a bit of curl in his hair. He has blue eyes, peculiarly close together and half open, as if he were sleepy. But he's no Adonis. Rather not, just a clean American boy with a personality.

"I have no illusions about myself, my success or my voice. My voice isn't musical in the exact sense of the word. I have tried to sing songs that tell a story—sentimental songs that bring back memories. I try to sing clearly, pronouncing each word distinctly. The sympathetic quality comes from my mother, whose voice has a soothing quality.

"I realize that ours is a radio band. We owe our success to the radio fan. I hope that the day will never come when I am not a source of pleasure and interest on the air. I know that I will always want to broadcast, as I am never so happy as when before the microphone. When I broadcast I put my theories into practice and these theories are that people are tired of jazz. Millions come home worn out after a day's work with the jangle-jangle of life's activities still in their ears and they want to relax, to listen to something soothing and softly sung."

THE personality of this boy whose meteoric rise to fame has carved a niche for himself in the public's affection is an amazing combination of showmanship and reticence. His views on love and marriage would be considered old-fashioned. His showmanship is best expressed by these words—"I know I have a damned good band. I slaved my fingers to the bone to whip it into shape. I felt that some day I would receive tremendous results. It was only a question of sincerity and feeling. Any little thing I ever did in my life, I tried to do better than anybody else. I dislike the commonplace. If I did anything seriously, I wouldn't present it to you unless it were different, yet simple, natural, so that streetcar conductors, stenographers, mothers, flappers or grocerymen would understand."

If fame is fleeting—and who can deny it is not—it is not unattainable for a time. Those who capture it and hold it for a short space of years possess a quality that eludes being caught and shaped into words. Perhaps Rudy Vallee can be more easily understood if you know he receives more money a year than the President of the United States, but he shaves himself and delights to eat in cafeterias.

The Home Town Stories of Amos 'n' Andy

The real boyhood romances of radio's most popular idols who are coming to talking pictures. Watch for this sensational feature.



to REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR » » » SAFELY » SURELY » PLEASANTLY

A little of this delicate cream patted on and left just five minutes, may then be rinsed off with water to reveal the beauty of white, smooth, hair-free skin. Absolutely safe and pleasant to use. X-Bazin cream is an ever-present companion to the woman who prizes personal daintiness. It also definitely retards future growth.

X-Bazin—the cream, or the powder—50c at all drug and department stores. Trial size 10c at the better five and ten cent stores.

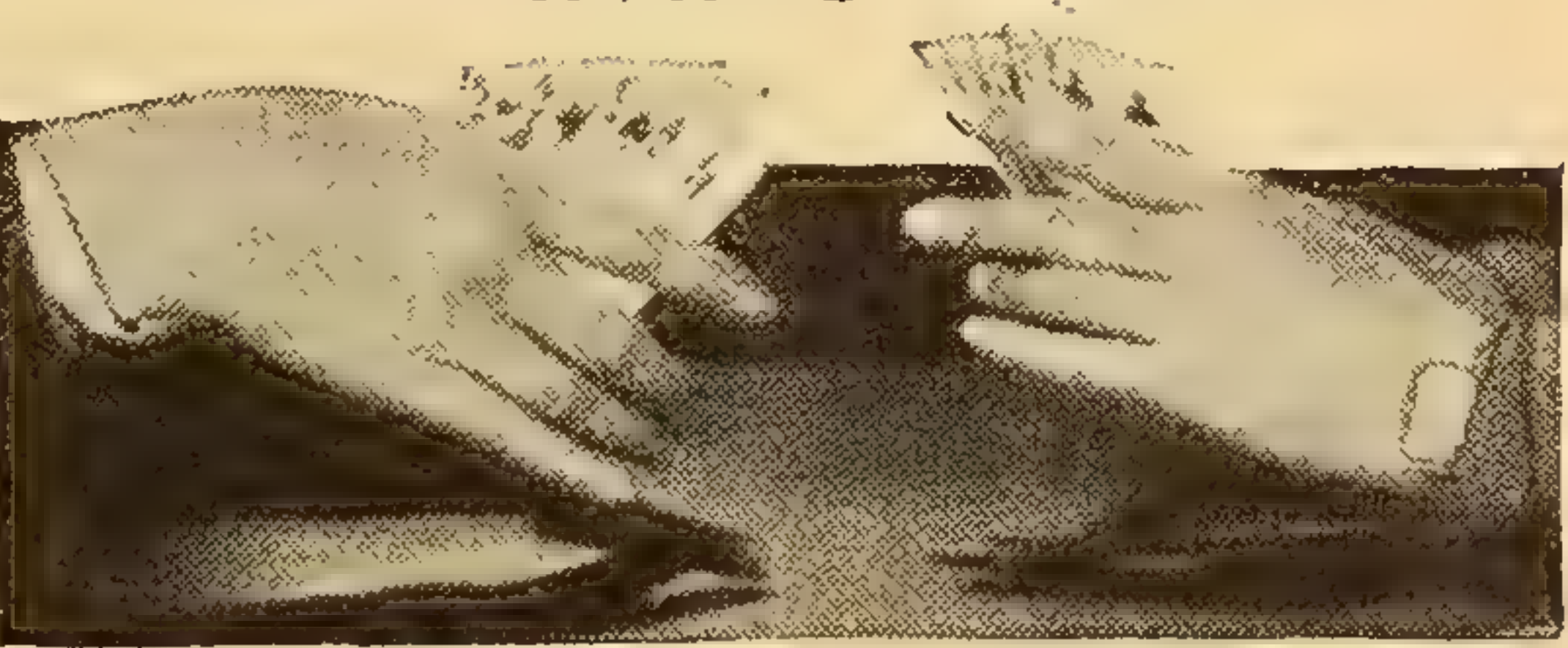
HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

X-BAZIN IS DELICATELY PERFUMED

X-BAZIN CREAM DEPILATORY

Watch for your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE . . . every month on the 15th

WHEN YOUR HANDS ARE IMPORTANT



COUNTLESS times in the course of a day, eyes focus on your hands. Use F-O Nail Polish and you will know that your nails always look well cared for. It imparts an even, lustrous and lasting finish and is not affected by water.

You will find F-O Nail Polish at most chain stores. Choose the shade you prefer—Dark Red, Natural Pink or Colorless.



F-O NAIL POLISH

10¢

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO.

Albany

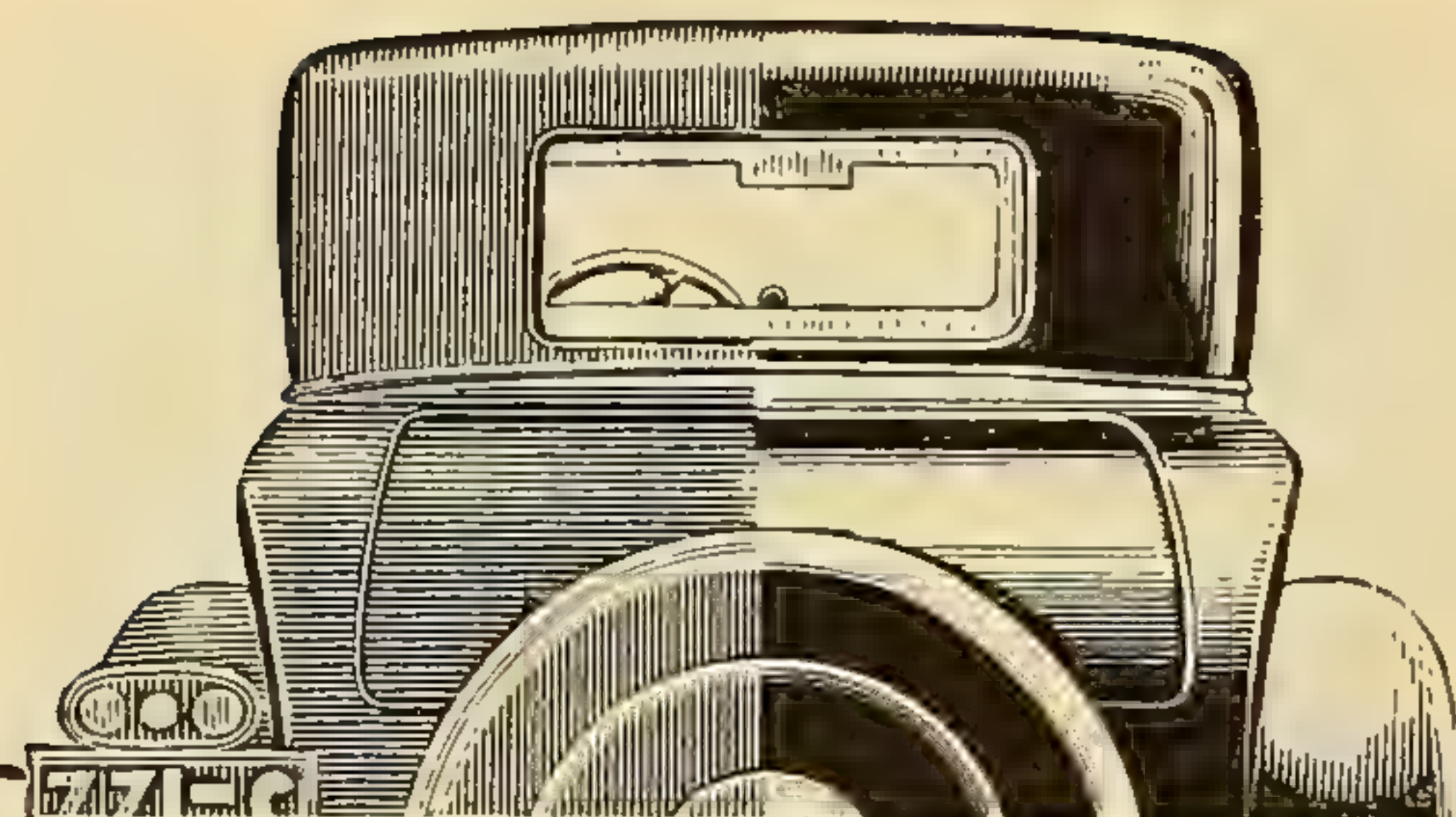
New York



# Last Days of Valentino

Lest We Forget—**RUDOLPH VALENTINO**  
Born—Castellaneta, Italy, on May 6, 1895  
Died—New York City, on August 23, 1926

(Continued from page 43)



## New Fluid Restores Finish of Old Autos

Unquestionably this is one of the greatest discoveries in the automobile field. Think of it! A marvelous liquid called NUREX, almost magical in its effect, does away entirely with all polishes and waxes.

### WITH A SWEEP OF THE HAND

NUREX requires no rubbing, painting, cleaning nor waxing. Just a sweep of the hand and the drab, dull surface vanishes before your eyes and the hidden color gleams forth with wonderful lustre. Your car then looks like it just came from a paint shop and the beautiful new finish will last indefinitely.

### PAYS BIG MONEY TO AGENTS

By merely showing NUREX you will make big money. Every car owner to whom you demonstrate will buy. Sales rapidly multiply. Every sale brings you enormous repeat business. In your spare time you can easily make up to \$5 or \$10 an hour with little effort.

### REFINISH YOUR OWN CAR FREE

We are now appointing men in various localities to take care of the big demand. Just write us and say, "Send me your FREE sample and big money making offer and tell me how I can refinish my own car free."

Nurex Products Co., Sta. C, Dept. 259, Milwaukee, Wis.



**Keep Wires Off the Floor!**

The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of six colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

**JUSTRITE PUSH CLIP**

**10 cents**

Sold at Most Woolworth Stores

## Feet Ache?

Don't Suffer

Use PEDINOL Foot Tonic

on sore, swollen, burning, aching feet, get quick, lasting relief—safe—cooling—cooling. Wear Any Shoes You Like. 5 and 10c stores or mail ad with 10c. Ped Company. Agents wanted.

Box E, 9th Floor, 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.



**Candy Making**

TURN your kitchen into a candy shop. Handsome income almost from first day. Many rich started with no capital. Trade secrets taught by retired manufacturer who made big success himself. We furnish tools. Write for free book. Capitol Candy School, Dept. E-5516, Washington D. C.

**NEW!**

**Amazing EXTRA MONEY PLAN**

**Taking Orders for**

**HERTEL Personal**

**CHRISTMAS Greeting CARDS**

This 25-yr.-old company offers entirely new plan to develop your own business, without capital or experience. Cards Sell on Sight. Earn \$2 to \$5 per hour easily. Full or spare time, men or women. \$10 Sales Outfit Free: Weekly Pay Plus Extra Monthly Bonus Checks.

**JOHN A. HERTEL CO.**

**318 W. Washington St. Dept. 8562**

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

## Ladies — you need Articles

for labeling things - fruit jars, jelly glasses, bottles, boxes, etc., also for titling or dating snap-shots in albums and other surprising uses. 10¢ buys 100 at your staty. or photo dealer or send 10¢ for pkg. and various samples.

Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co.

Dept. B-5 4717 N. Clark, Chicago



though possessed of the devil, he would leap up and go forth to a company that was always awaiting him.

He squandered money in lavish gifts. He bought a hundred suits of clothes. He indulged in all the expensive pleasures of the most siren city of the world.

Suddenly, tired of Paris, he drove his Isotta Fraschini, costing ten thousand dollars, to the Riviera. One night in the Casino of Cannes he flung away a half million francs at baccarat, which he did not know how to play, simply because he had the whim of impressing a pretty girl at the table.

**M**ONEY never meant anything to Rudie. When he parted with Natacha he asked her to choose what she wanted. She selected a collection of ivories which he had purchased in India at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. He gave her, besides, the furnishings of his New York apartment and jewels that have been estimated at fifty to a hundred thousand.

From Cannes, Rudie motored to Paris. There again he plunged into the vertigo of night pleasures.

"He goes through life like a bull through a china shop," exclaimed Bertelli, American news correspondent in Paris.

On a sudden whim, Rudie took off for Berlin without heeding visé regulations. He entered Germany easily enough but was refused permission to leave. His papers were not in order. The Germans resented a movie actor taking such privileges. They particularly resented Rudolph Valentino, who had played in the anti-German picture, "The Four Horsemen." His case was so serious that Manuel appealed to Ortiz Rubio, new president of Mexico, who was then Mexican Ambassador to Germany. Señor Rubio sent Rudie's passport direct to Stresemann. He sent it at nine o'clock in the morning. It was not returned until six that evening with Stresemann's O. K.

Back in Paris, Manuel decided to give Rudie a dinner that would delight him. Rudie did not seek dissipation; his craving was aristocratic society. He wanted more than anything else to meet the Prince of Wales, an ambition that was never realized.

The banquet Manuel arranged for Rudie was one of the most brilliant Paris has known. It delighted the boy spirit of Rodolpho. On his right sat the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, on his left Madame Bertelli. Circling the great round table were such celebrities as the Comtesse Bernsdorff, Comtesse D'Orsay, Lady Millicent Hawes, Baronne Daubet, Marquis de Castellane, Comte San Just, Henri Letellier, M. Andre de Fouquieres, the Mexican Ambassador, and many other distinguished persons of social and diplomatic circles.

I think that night the worldly dream

of the simple peasant of Apulia was completely realized. The Paris papers next day said: "Forty pairs of friendly eyes drank in the magic of the Master Sheik at a luxurious dinner given in his honor at the Ritz..."

**B**ACK in the United States to which he was forced to return by the terms of his contract, Rudie found exhilaration in driving his car sixty miles an hour. Driving from San Francisco to Los Angeles, he shot straight into a freight train. Oddly a post intervened and whirled the car around. Undaunted, laughing, Rudie leaped out and took a picture of the wreck.

His continued rashness brought a rebuke in the form of an editorial in *The Los Angeles Examiner*.

Rudie was not attempting suicide. He had too much egotism for that. It was simply that he was jaded with the things the world had given him, disappointed in those denied him. So he sought the thrills of the moment.

He was taken from a party in New York to a hospital, where he died, without a friend near him. No one knows what his last words were. I like to think, knowing Rudie, that they were the same he murmured dying in "The Four Horsemen"—*Je suis content*.

The ceremonials of three weeks attending his burial were arranged by producers who wished to keep publicity alive while prints of his last picture were being hastily distributed.

**F**OR a week his body lay in state like an emperor's, the populace surging around the catafalque to pay tribute or gaze curiously. Then, in triumph, he was brought back to Hollywood, whose magic lamps had transformed him in the space of five years from a penniless cabaret dancer into a fabulous Caesar of a fabulous realm. Meanwhile, behind the curtain of these prolonged ceremonials, the film men worked feverishly, rushing out two hundred prints of his last picture; previously when a favorite had died, his unreleased picture had been a total loss, but theaters cashed in on Rudie's while headlines fanned the public interest—and to their surprise continued to cash in long after the funeral fanfare had passed.

Thus, even as taps sounded over his earthly triumph, there was the insistent note of a relentless irony.

"*Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine.*" Incense buried the flowers in a cloud, submerged their fragrance. Over the heads of the kneeling people rolled, at length, the final chant of the requiem mass. Cameras clicked, flashlights boomed. In the street the milling thousands were held back by police.

He went to his grave as princes go. Through it all I kept recalling what he once said to me in a long discussion of spiritual matters: "Why should I go to church, since God is everywhere?"



# We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 91)

**MARY BRIAN:** Let all you people who have scornfully asked the question, "What becomes of all the beauty contest winners?" now hang your heads in shame, for next on the program tonight we have one of them. She is none other than Mary Brian. Now don't you wish you hadn't asked it? It shows that some of them reach the top and turn out all right after all.

Our Mary was born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908, and the name written down in the Bible is Louise Dantzler.

This is how she got the name Mary Brian: She was named for her mother, whose first name was Louise; when time came for her to select her name she decided to take some other name than her mother's and chose the good old stand-by of Mary. Her father's middle name was Brian, and also she was attending the Bryan High School in Dallas, and so Mary Brian she became.

Here is a queer thing about Mary Brian—she is one of the loveliest and most delicate of the film stars. To look at her you would think she had been brought up on a down pillow on Park Avenue. But not at all. Mary's father died when she was a month old and her mother took her to an uncle's ranch in Texas, so she grew up in the great open spaces where men are men and a girl can shoot a rattlesnake in the eye at thirty paces.

Leaving Texas, her mother brought her to Los Angeles and while they were living there a neighbor made a snapshot of Mary and, unknown to her, entered the picture in a beauty contest. When the judges saw the picture they broke into poetry and Mary broke into fame. Her first film part was as Wendy in "Peter Pan."

No, boys, she is not married. She lives with her mother in an apartment, but I won't tell you the address. It wouldn't be fair to the traffic officers in Hollywood. When they saw you rushing in, they'd think Iowa was having its annual reunion.

**BETTY COMPSON:** Do you remember in the days of old how it used to be that all the Presidents of the United States had to be born in a log cabin, or they were simply considered no good? In fact, a man didn't dare to try to run unless he could say that he had been born in a log cabin.

Time passed and the log cabin faded out and no more was heard of it. And now bang! here is a movie star who was born in one—BETTY COMPSON. And it was in a town that had practically nothing but log cabins, for it was the small mining hamlet of Frisco, Utah—so small that an eagle had to put on glasses to see it. The date the big event occurred in the log cabin was March 18, 1897.

But the name they sprinkled on her in the little log cabin wasn't Betty Compson. It was Luicieme Compson, but whoever heard of the given name Luicieme?

Well, that's the reason Luicieme changed it.

Betty's father was a mining engineer and a college graduate, but luck was against him and he never found the mother lode. He died when Betty was

only a child and the wolf came and scratched the bark off the logs.

Betty's mother picked her up and they moved to Salt Lake City, and there Betty grew up at 464 Third Avenue, if you happen to stroll down Third Avenue and want to look at the number.

The wolf followed them and kept snapping at their heels until Betty's mother had to take a job in the linen room at Hotel Utah in that city, and Betty, at the age of fifteen, had to take a job playing in the orchestra at the Mission Theatre. At the age of sixteen she started out alone for San Francisco to conquer the world with her fiddle, so you see Betty has a backbone where a backbone ought to be.

She conquered the world all right, but it was with her acting, although she could go out today and bring home the family meat with her fiddle-bow.

October 14, 1924, she married James Cruze who gave the world "The Covered Wagon." But Jimmie and Betty have separated.

**GEORGE O'BRIEN:** If you have ever been a bad man in San Francisco you must have met George O'Brien's father, as he was Chief of Police in San Francisco for twenty years and knew practically everybody in that racket. But if you have just entered upon such a career recently, you may be excused for not knowing him, as he has given up meeting underworld characters and is now living in Hollywood.

Here in San Francisco, George was born September 1, 1900. George O'Brien has the best physique in Hollywood, and when he hangs a cane on his arm and walks down Hollywood Boulevard, girls follow along behind him, sighing and quoting poetry. And when he puts on a bathing suit and saunters up and down the beach before taking a dip, the police have to come and club the girls back so that the tide can come in.

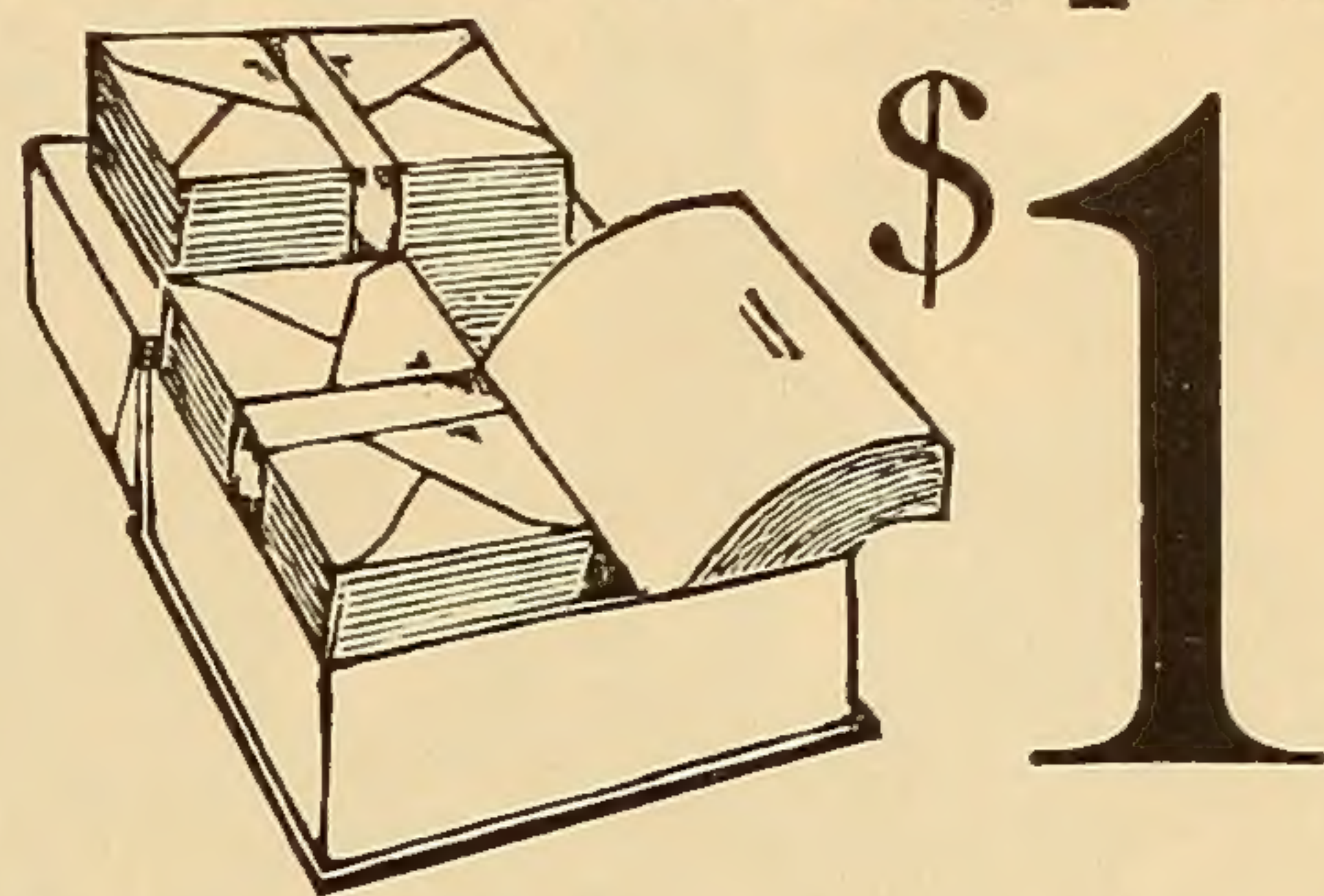
Once it looked as if he and Olive Borden were going to Niagara Falls together, but quite a bit of water has gone over since then, and they have not taken the plunge, so, girls, you still have a chance to get on the good side of the police department.

George lives with his father at Malibu Beach, which is a suburb of Hollywood (or so Hollywood says) and every morning he puts on his bathing suit and goes out for a swim. Bring your field glasses and come.

George does not smoke, and he does not drink, so you would never have to sweep up any cigarette ashes or a husband from the floor. If you prefer the kind of husband who gets lit up and is the life of the party until the others have gone home—and next morning is as cross as Leo, the M-G-M lion, being moved to a new cage, then don't send your picture and description to George, for he hates liquor and you could get a spoonful of liquor down his throat only by throwing him and using a medicine dropper. And to do this you'd have to call in the marines, so maybe you had better take him just as he is.

Address him at Malibu Beach, post paid. His secretary will answer your letter when he gets to it.

▼ 200 Sheets ▼  
100 Envelopes



Personal Stationery...  
"Made Just For You!"

High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface, with that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery.

YOUR NAME and ADDRESS on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is especially designed for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be proud to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3-letter monogram if you prefer. Just send \$1.00 (west of Denver and outside U. S. \$1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SIGNET STATIONERY CO., Box W-8, Binghamton, N. Y.

## Freckles

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream

you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores, 50c

Write for free booklet. Tells "Why you have freckles. How to remove them."  
Box 30. STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Ill.

## MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited  
955 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

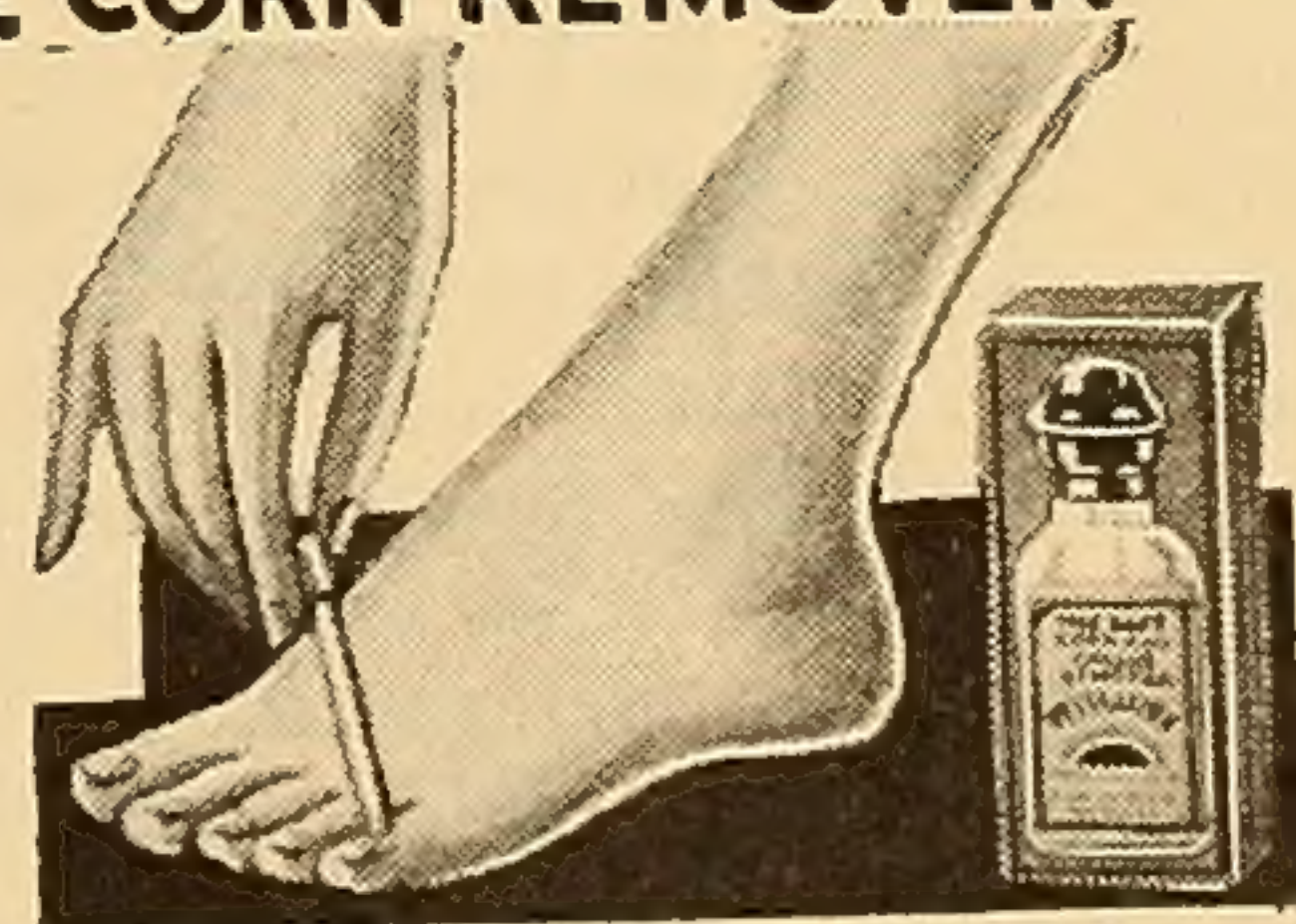


## REVELATION THE SAFE CORN REMOVER

THE  
SAFE WAY  
IS THE  
BEST WAY

LOOK FOR THE  
YELLOW BOX WITH  
THE CELLOPHANE  
WRAPPING

10¢



SOLD IN 5 & 10¢ STORES  
FROM COAST TO COAST  
IN CANADA 15¢

ALLEN CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.





Out on the desert near Yuma, Arizona, Alexander Korda has been making the battle sequences for Fox's "Women Everywhere." This is another yarn of the Foreign Legion.

## Won by a Nose

(Continued from page 126)

makes decisions on feeling. It is impulsive and versatile (a fine trait for an actress), it has a gift for mimicry. It is a nervous, sensitive nose, often of a delicate constitution, expresses amiability when the sarcastic and jealous part of the nature is not roused or developed; it expresses refinement, a spasmodic energy rather than a sustained steady energy such as is possessed by less imaginative and emotional people; it has diplomacy and tact. It is inquiring, obstinate (nature's way of overcoming the lack of aggression). It is frequently capricious, due to lack of firmness; in fact, it seems time to tabulate a few complimentary and uncomplimentary traits that you can incorporate into your own theme song.

### Complimentary

adaptable  
humorous  
talkative  
optimistic  
intuitive  
sociable

### Uncomplimentary

inquisitive  
changeable  
silly  
pert  
obstinate  
jealous  
capricious  
frivolous  
impulsive  
timid  
sarcastic

**T**HE retroussé also expresses a capacity for memory (what a help that is when a girl has a lot of lines to learn every night), but ordinarily not a capacity for profound thought. This is considered a feminine trait by male phrenologists but, joking aside, women are conceded to be superior linguists, and to excel in a great many things which require superior memories. The psychologists seem to feel that memory and reason are opposed, that is, that few people can excel in both, though a certain amount of memory is necessary to reason well, for if one had no memory one would have nothing to draw deductions from.

A large love nature goes with the retroussé nose.

Perhaps the greatest gift of all possessed by the owner of the retroussé nose is the gift of cultivation. Speaking plainly, that means the ability to adapt one's self, to improve and to take the best from one's surroundings and profit by it. The Irish are a nation of retroussés.

The owner of the retroussé can start at the bottom and rise to the world's highest places and grace them. The retroussé can slip on Cinderella's glass slipper and it fits; the Prince Charming really need not look further than the nose.

The pointed tip retroussé, like Gloria Swanson's, brings with it a large capacity for attention and observation and also curiosity. Psychologists say that a baby is given curiosity that it may educate itself by satisfying the curiosity. This is true of adults; the actress may learn by attention and observation and curiosity. Such powers are accompanied by a love of beauty of form and color; scenery, architecture, painting, all of them mean much to the sharp tipped nose. Swanson has quite a gift for sculpture, it is well known.

**P**OSSESSORS of the long-pointed retroussé seem to be the most distinguished dramatic actresses. This class includes Swanson, Gish, Pauline Frederick, Louise Dresser, Anna Q. Nilsson, Betty Compson, Barbara LaMarr, Mary Philbin, Fay Wray, Norma Shearer and Colleen Moore. Colleen, though a comedienne, has demonstrated her dramatic talents in past pictures, as in Edna Ferber's "So Big," made several years ago. The point, with its qualities, we have described; the long septum, or nose bone, means the possession of inspiration and intuition, a quality that would lift mere mimicry to the level of an art. No great actress can be without this quality, no matter how great her gift of mimicry, memory or personal charm.

Where the tip of the nose is level with the bottom of the nostril where it

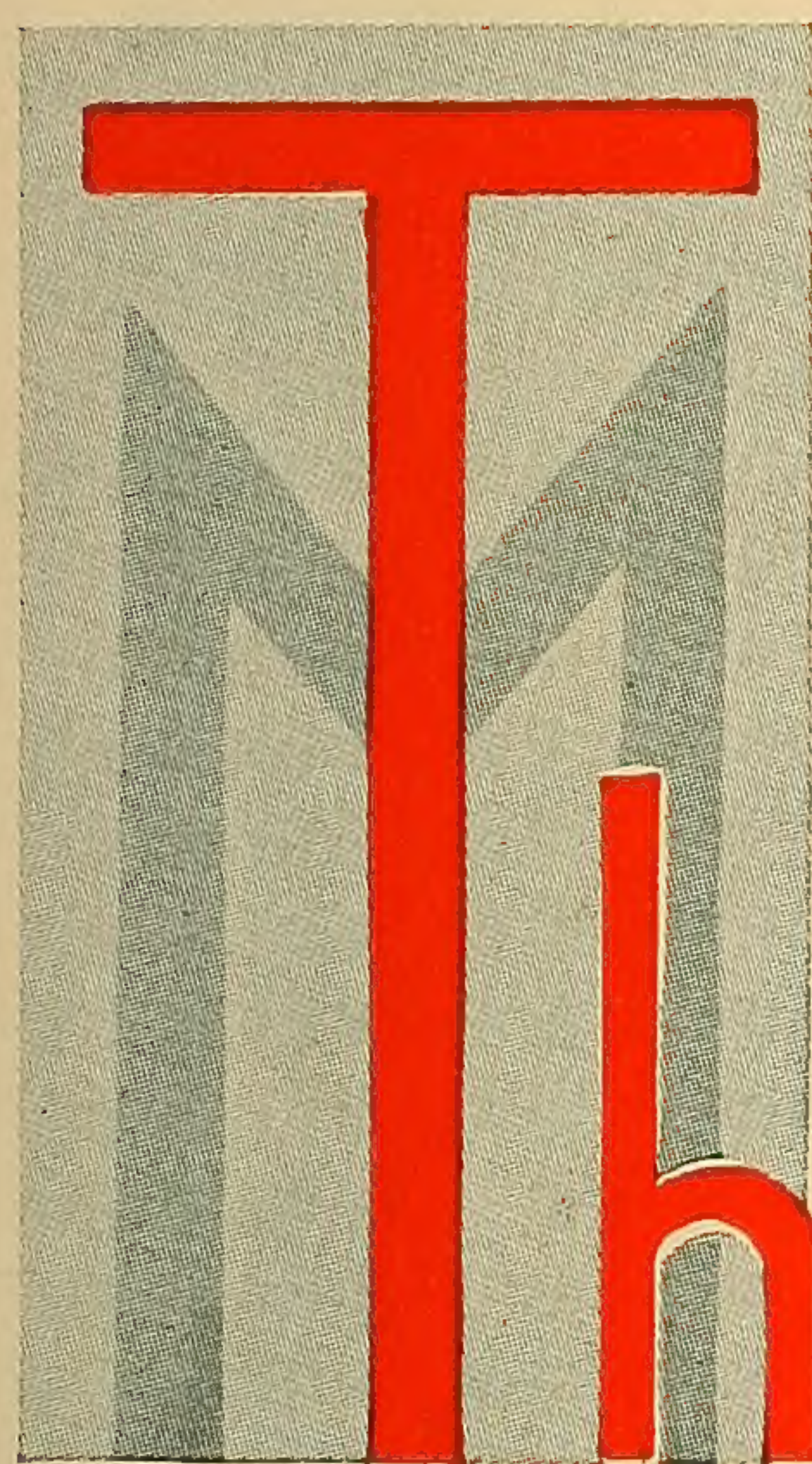
joins the face, you will find maturity, a sane outlook on the facts of life as they are, and in exaggerated cases this comes to mean pessimism. This is a change that time brings to the moderately upturned nose tip. Dr. Josef Ginsburg, plastic surgeon of Hollywood, says that when he is restoring youthfulness to the face surgically, he often removes a bit of the cartilage from the tip of the nose, as a shorter nose tip is so much more youthful.

**C**OMING to the second type of retroussé, the short nose with the blunt upturned tip, we find in this group Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Mabel Normand and Anita Page.

The third type, the between type, not very long and not very short, with broad upturned tip, the type best represented by Dolores Costello and Irene Rich, has all the gifts of retroussé, but with slight modifications. This type is not so possessed of inspiration as its longer-nosed sisters. Possessed of large memories, their reasoning is not a controlling feature, though they are canny. Phrenologists describe this type as more inclined to self-advancement than self-improvement.

To sum things up, the retroussé is the typical actress's nose. Perhaps your favorite is in the following list of Hollywood stars who possess the retroussé: Gloria Swanson, Jetta Goudal, Lillian Gish, Pauline Frederick, Renée Adorée, Laura LaPlante, Louise Dresser, Barbara LaMarr, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Lupe Velez, Vivian Duncan, Ruth Chatterton, Dolores Del Rio, Gwen Lee, Betty Bronson, Fay Wray, Marguerite Churchill, Anita Page, Olive Borden, Betty Compson, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Nancy Carroll, Lucille Webster Gleason, Eleanor Boardman, Madge Bellamy, Catherine Dale Owen, Anna Q. Nilsson, Marie Prevost, Norma Shearer, Pola Negri, Mae Murray, Lila Lee, Kay Francis, Zelma O'Neil and Camilla Horn.





# he NEW MOVIE ALBUM

**10¢**  
IN U.S.  
**15 CENTS**  
IN CANADA

What do you want to know about your favorite film stars? Their start in pictures? Their best roles? Their hobbies? How they work? How they live? The NEW MOVIE ALBUM will give you all these interesting facts and many specially posed portrait photographs.

**SOLD AT MANY F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES**



# Precious!

"Watch those Camels, Peg. They're  
nine-tenths of the vacation."



*Don't deny yourself  
the luxury of*

# Camels

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.